Collier's
TEN CENTS
NOVEMBER 20, 1943
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

DEBUT IN BATTLE

By Frank D. Morris

Radioed from the Western Pacific

"CHRISTIANITY MUST GO—" SAYS JAPAN

By Robert Bellaire

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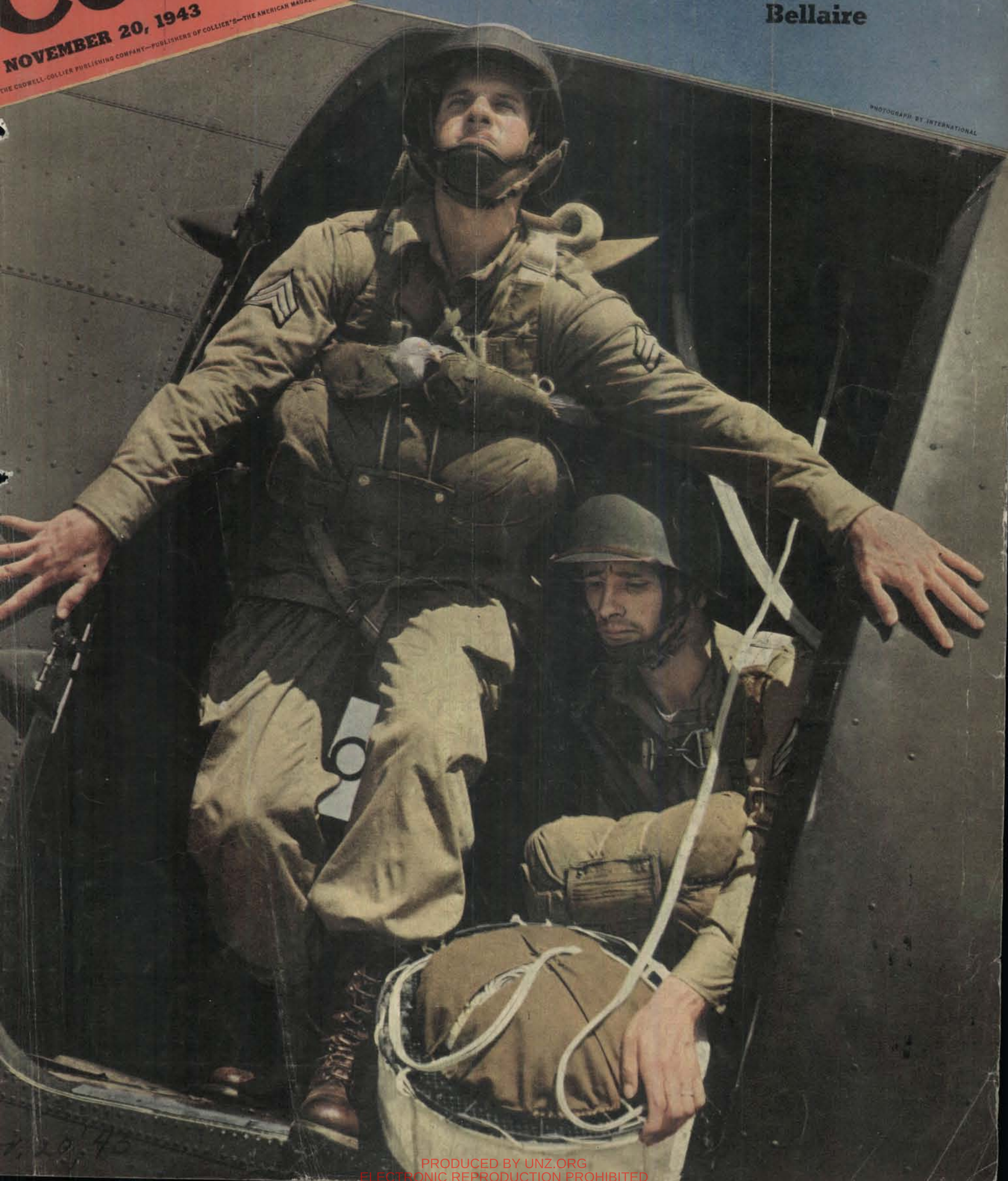

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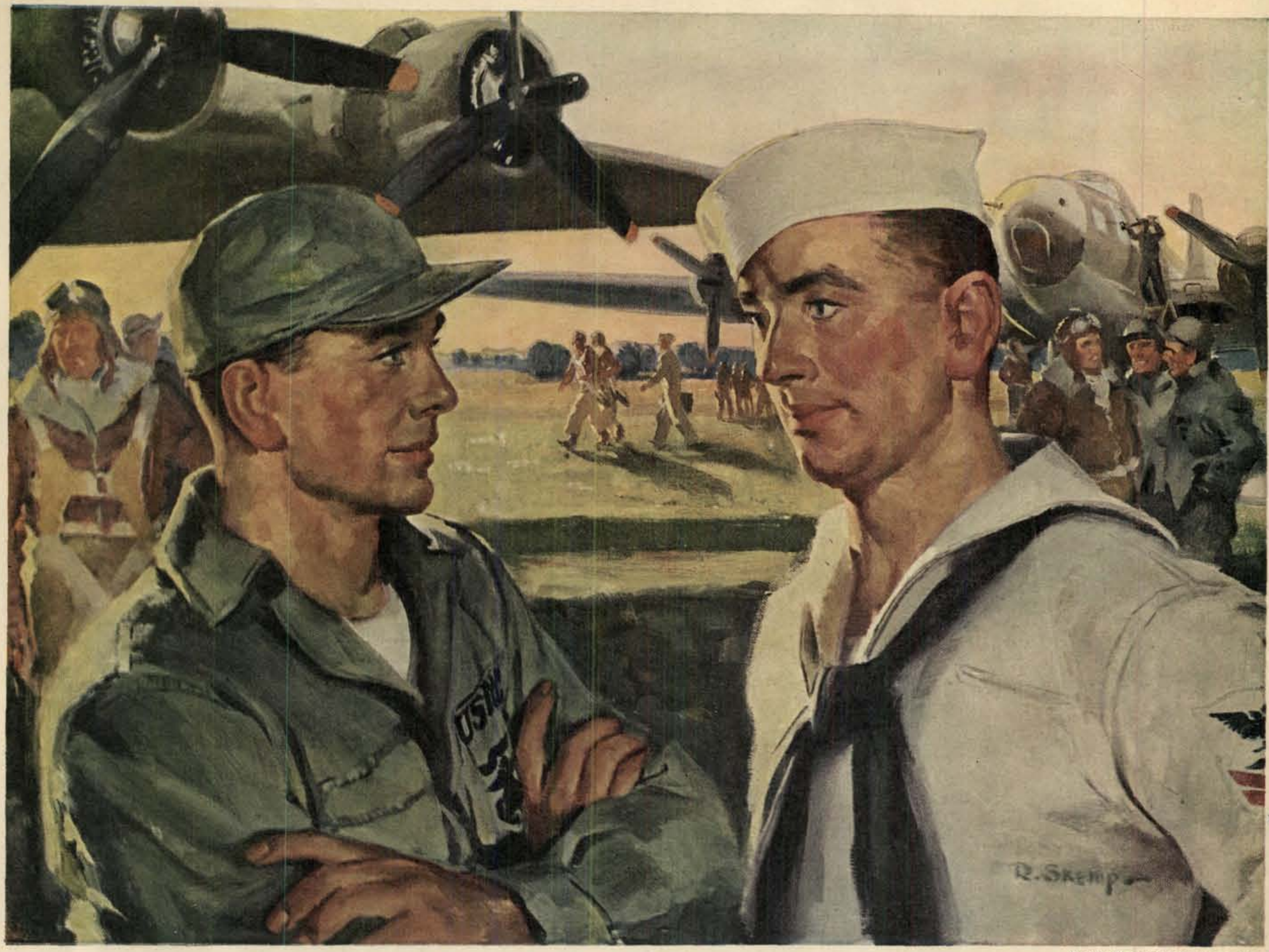


© 1943, The Studebaker Corporation

The Connells of South Bend are traveling...

They've left the job of building Flying Fortress engines at Studebaker to their Dad

GEORGE CONNELL is in the Marine Corps. His brother Francis is in the Navy. Both are in the air service.

Only a little while ago they were one of numerous family groups in the Studebaker factories—headed by a father who has seen active service as a Studebaker man for over 28 years.

War has separated many of the famous father-and-son teams that have long made fine craftsmanship one of the great traditions of Studebaker's home community.

Boys who worked with their fathers on the Studebaker production lines are now seeing military equipment bearing the Studebaker nameplate in grim action in far-off places. Some write home to tell how heartening the quality of Studebaker craftsmanship is to the men-at-arms of our Nation and its Allies.

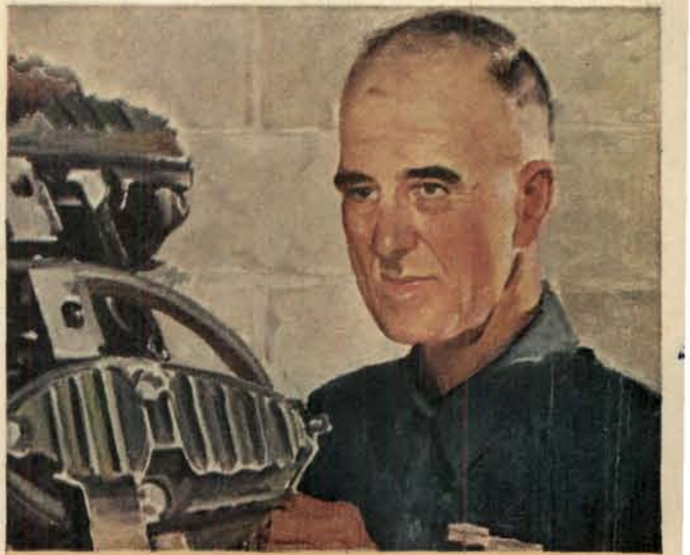
Steadily, off to the fighting fronts, from the Studebaker factories, move ever-increasing quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the mighty Boeing Flying Fortress—tens upon tens of thousands of big multiple-drive military trucks—as well as other vital war matériel.

It's reassuring to every Studebaker man—on the production line or the firing line—to know that each shipment Studebaker makes today is helping to hasten the dawn of a safe, new tomorrow. After victory comes, still finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever will be built.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-drive military trucks and other vital war matériel



On his Studebaker job over 28 years

Charles R. Connell began his Studebaker career before either of his air-crew sons were born. From early boyhood, their ambition was to follow in their father's footsteps in the Studebaker plants. That has been a typical family experience in Studebaker's home community for over 91 years.

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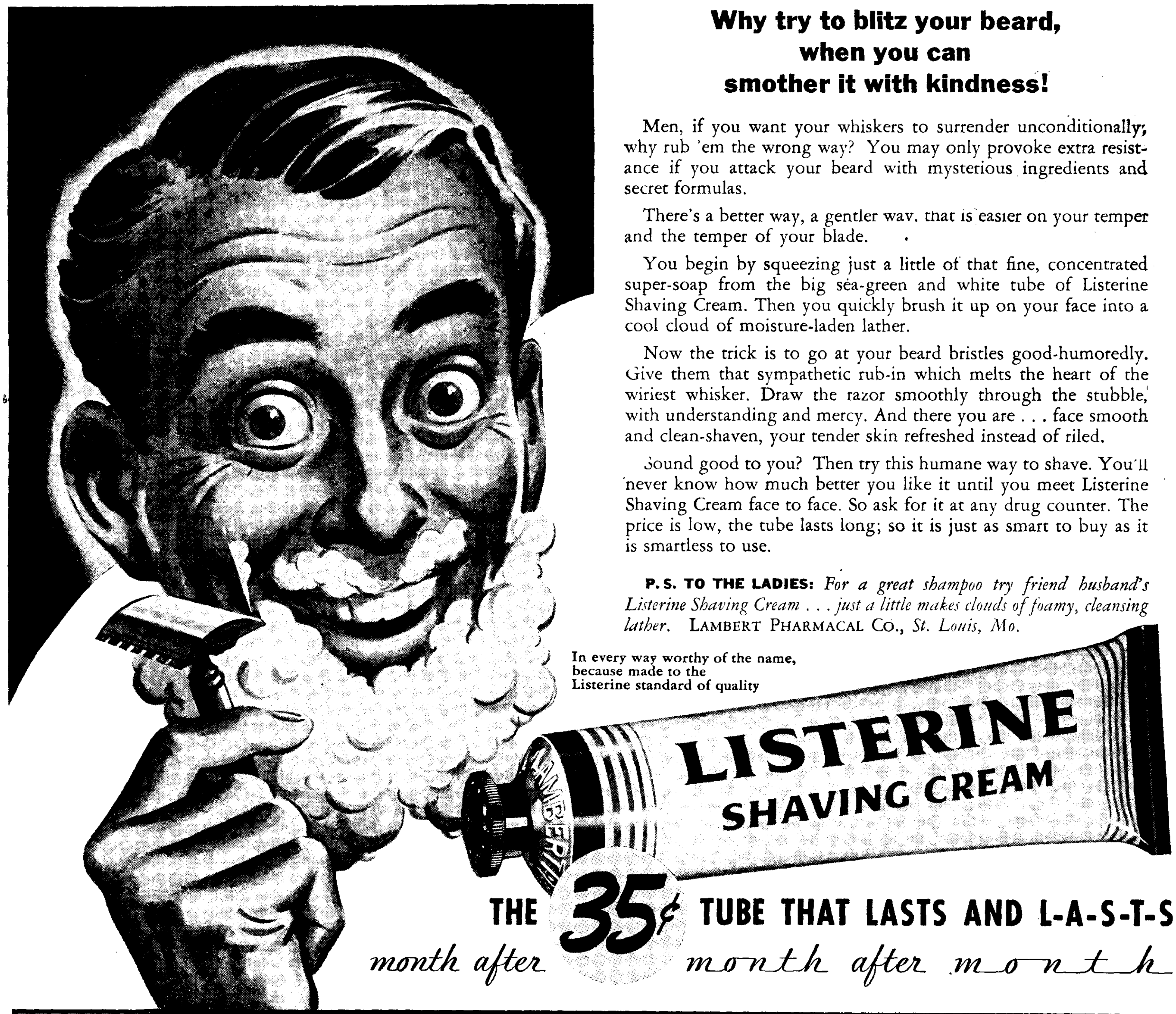
Why not try a SHAVING CREAM *Guaranteed not to contain any* SECRET WEAPONS !



Why try to blitz your beard, when you can smother it with kindness!

Men, if you want your whiskers to surrender unconditionally, why rub 'em the wrong way? You may only provoke extra resistance if you attack your beard with mysterious ingredients and secret formulas.

There's a better way, a gentler way, that is easier on your temper and the temper of your blade.

You begin by squeezing just a little of that fine, concentrated super-soap from the big sea-green and white tube of Listerine Shaving Cream. Then you quickly brush it up on your face into a cool cloud of moisture-laden lather.

Now the trick is to go at your beard bristles good-humoredly. Give them that sympathetic rub-in which melts the heart of the wiriest whisker. Draw the razor smoothly through the stubble, with understanding and mercy. And there you are . . . face smooth and clean-shaven, your tender skin refreshed instead of riled.

Sound good to you? Then try this humane way to shave. You'll never know how much better you like it until you meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. So ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

P. S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.* LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

In every way worthy of the name, because made to the Listerine standard of quality

THE 35¢ TUBE THAT LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream

Nv. 20, '43

Save the Doctor's Time . . *for someone else!*

With fewer doctors available, it's smarter now than ever to avoid sickness. That's why Duofold Underwear is *more valuable* to you than ever before.

Duofold's 2-layer fabric guards against lowered resistance. The outer layer contains warm, body-protecting wool blended with other fibres. The inner layer is all cotton. The wool can't touch your skin. No itch.

Duofold is *more* than underwear. It's a *service* to your welfare. Now more valuable than ever, so—

Take Good Care of Duofold

Wool requires care in laundering. Wash and rinse in warm (not hot) water. Do not use washboard. After washing, while damp, lay flat and stretch to proper shape. Hang out to dry where it will *not* freeze. Do not use a *hot* iron.

In Great Demand

We are producing underwear for our Armed Forces, and as much Duofold for civilians as conditions permit. The demand for Duofold is unusually heavy. If your dealer may not have the style or size you want, please don't blame him.

DUOFOLD, INC. • MOHAWK, N.Y.

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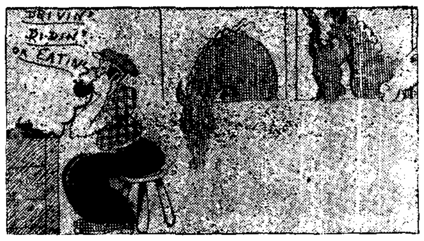
ANY WEEK

MR. JOHN B. TABLEAU of Chicago, Illinois, having decided to purchase a horse, telephoned a dealer. This seems to us to have been the proper thing to do When Mr. Tableau made known his wants, specifying the size, color, age, etc., of the steed he had in mind, the gentleman on the other end said: "Well, what will you be wantin' this plug for—drivin', ridin' or eatin'?"

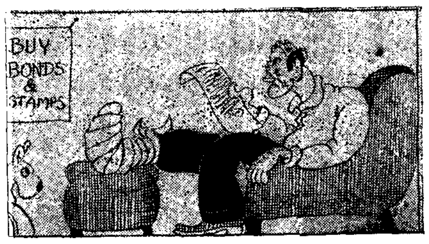


AND Mr. Chester Bowles, general manager of OPA, has written a letter to Colonel Kenneth Littauer, one of our fellow toilers. In his letter, Mr. Bowles sets forth what he hopes to do as OPA's general manager Doubtless, he says (and no man has ever been righter), Colonel Littauer would "disagree with many points in this memorandum." As an old acquaintance of Colonel Littauer, we assure Mr Bowles that the colonel is one of this world's great disagreers. Anyway, we have the letter and shall save it for Colonel Littauer, who is now with the Eighth Air Force in England, not flying, but assigned to a job so shush-shush that they haven't told him all the details. But we do know that. whatever it is, the colonel is objecting vigorously. Meanwhile, we've suggested to Mr. Bowles that he go ahead without the colonel's approval and take his chances.

WE'VE been looking back through the files of Collier's. We became so engrossed in what we read that we've forgotten why we started In the December 26. 1903, issue, for example. there's the editorial assurance that the Republicans were "endeavoring to prevent the renomination of President Roosevelt," adding: "And yet what chance have they of doing it?" We also found a loud shout from a Brigadier General Tymning. U.S.A., in the issue following that one. The general asked us to discontinue his subscription He was refusing to "waste any more of my valuable time reading a magazine run by idiots who think that some day flying machines would completely change the science of warfare, even attack battleships and fight each other at heights up to 500 feet above the earth." The general was very, very angry.

ALAS, there's nothing we can do for the writer of the following: "My draft board called me. I had to go sixty miles. My girl friend saw me off on the train. You never saw a girl friend so friendly. I am sorry to say she made a sight of herself, crying all over the place that I was her hero and was going to get killed for my country. I was proud of such a girl friend. So the board turned me down for my eyesight, and I came all the way home. I go to the girl friend's house, and she says get out of here, nobody can make a sucker out of me more than this once, scram. Dear sir, is there anything to be done to a girl friend like that? Do not mention my name as we are not speaking yet."

AND we also have a letter from a gentleman in Los Angeles who wants us to understand that absenteeism in the aircraft industry is meeting with pretty stern measures. For example, a master carpenter had four bones broken when a heavy timber fell on his foot. The aircraft plant's management not only provided him with excellent medical care but even furnished a car to take him to and from the doctor's office And, of course, it paid him full time for the six weeks he was laid up. But on the day following his reporting back to work he received a long and reproving letter from the personnel department wherein it was pointed out that absenteeism was unpatriotic and worse. Enclosed was a form which he was asked to fill in stating his reasons why he should shamefully absent himself from work "for no good reason known to this company"



BUT today a great many of our readers are thinking about taking up arms in defense of Mr. Roy Lewis Christisen who was arrested by the F.B.I. for cutting the loud-speaker cable in the Kaiser shipyard at Richmond, California. Mr Christisen is accused of destroying valuable and scarce war material and making it necessary to employ an electrician two hours to repair this cable at $1.34 an hour His

(Continued on page 72)

Vol. 112, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. *Other foreign subscriptions including postage:* $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

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"War's showing the public what QUALITY means in tires"

GOODYEAR TIRES

THERE'S one thing tire rationing has done for us Goodyear dealers: it has convinced many customers that Goodyears are even better tires than we said they were — by a handsome margin.

A lot of folks who bought Goodyears from us before the war are still riding on those tires — and mighty pleased at the mileage they've rolled up.

You can see what I mean from the Goodyears pictured below. Mr. W. D. Lostrom of Dos Palos, California, has put 50,622 miles on them since 1940, and there's still plenty of non-skid tread remaining.

Today numerous owners all over the country are traveling on Goodyears with mileages which equal *or better* this one — performance that attests the superior quality built into Goodyears.

You want Goodyear quality in synthetic tires

If you're a driver eligible to buy the new synthetic rubber tires now being produced in limited quantity, you'll be wise to get Goodyears. The same tire-building skill that has made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for 28 years makes these new Goodyears the best synthetic rubber tires that can be built today:

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

YES — 50,622 MILES!

Note the excellent condition of the treads on Mr. Lostrom's Goodyears when recently photographed after 50,622 miles of service on California roads. Tires like these are striking evidence of Goodyear quality.

Bear in mind, please, that the tire shortage is still critical. So it's your duty to get all the miles possible from your present Goodyears—by having them inspected regularly, by observing wartime driving rules, and by installing LifeGuards to help prevent extensive injury from punctures.

When you see how much greater mileage Goodyears give you, you'll join the chorus that's saying: *"As soon as I can get new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

The New **GOODYEAR**

SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE

for eligible drivers

A New Thrill in Radio
GOODYEAR "SALUTE TO YOUTH"
with Raymond Paige and his
Young Americans, Nadine Conner
NBC TUESDAY NIGHTS • *See local paper for time*

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

BUY WAR BONDS to Speed Victory

LifeGuard—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE *ONE* PAIR OF SHOES YOU *CAN* BUY
SHOULD BE THE FINEST YOU'VE EVER WORN

FLORSHEIM
SHOES

for Longer Rationed Wear

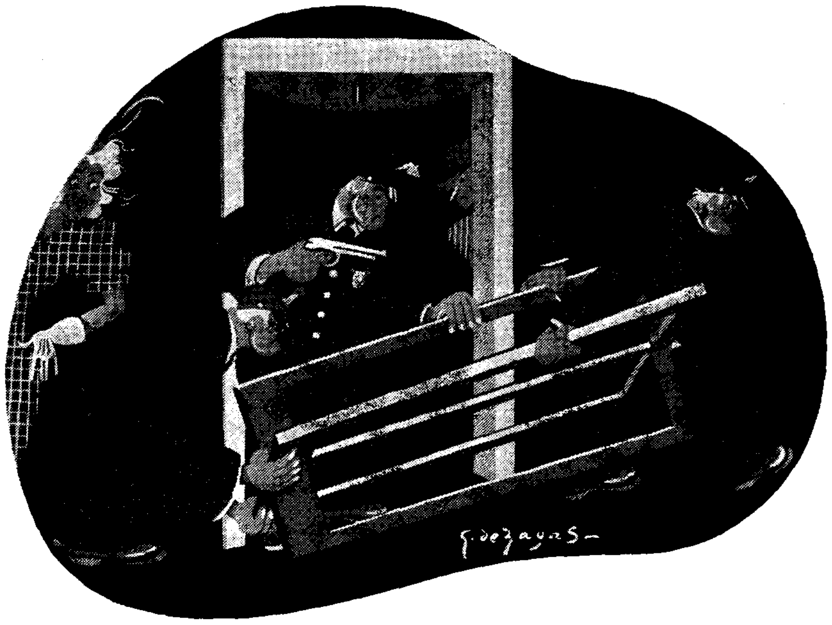
The EXMORE S-1106

Florsheim solves the problem of *fewer* shoes by providing you with *better* shoes—designed and built to wear longer. Care for the shoes you own; buy new shoes only when you need them—and then insist on the best. Remember, America's fighting men are hard on shoes; you can't afford to be.

Most Styles
10^{50} *and* $11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Because a jammed revolving door was responsible for many deaths in Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire last November, Massachusetts has outlawed the use of this type of entrance in buildings in which more than 50 persons live, work or assemble; and all present installations of these doors in such structures in the state must be replaced by August 30, 1945.

The Army's new Celestial Navigation Trainer consists of a mockup of a cabin plane, suspended in the center of a special building, in which a pilot, radio man, bombardier and navigator work together on long "flights" during which their operations are recorded on graphs. With his sextant, the navigator checks their course by the stars in the ceiling, which is an exact reproduction of the night sky. These stars are not only accurately scaled, but also shift their position as they would during an actual flight.

Seamen who operate the listening devices on our submarines have in the past frequently mistaken the purring and drumming noises made by some kinds of fish for those of the propellers of an approaching vessel. Today, however, these men are able to identify virtually all fish sounds, having been taught to recognize them from a series of recordings made for this purpose.

Several surveys on the incidence of common colds in the United States reveal that they are slightly more prevalent in rural districts than in cities, occur most often among children under ten years and least often among persons between twenty and twenty-nine, and affect nearly 20 per cent of the entire population in February as compared with only five per cent in July.

Unlike all other oxygen masks which must be regulated by the wearer, the latest type, now being made for United States military airmen, works automatically and eliminates a great deal of worry and guesswork. At all altitudes up to 38,000 feet, it supplies the flier with the proper mixture of air and oxygen, the flow of both being regulated by valves which, in turn, are controlled by atmospheric pressure.

Since 1940, newspapers in neutral countries have frequently reported that the German navy includes from two to four aircraft carriers, but not one has yet been seen in port or at sea by a ship or plane of the Allied Nations.

Although tattooing predates Christianity, no way to obliterate it was discovered until a few years ago; today 18 methods are in use.—*By Warren Fellingham, Arlington Heights, Illinois.*

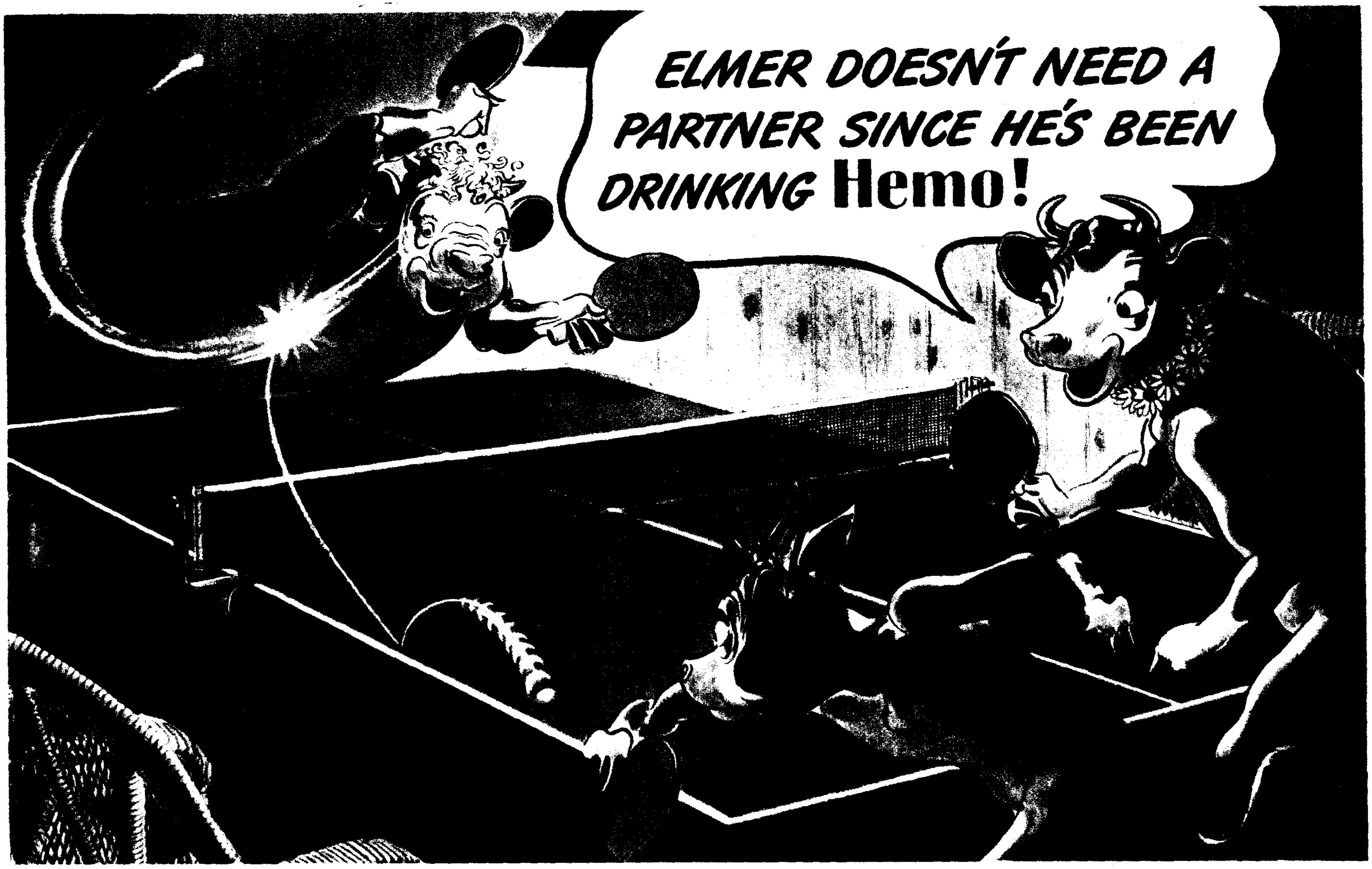
For identification purposes, 15 American police departments now maintain indexes of the code marks of local laundries and cleaners that are written on flat work and clothing to designate the establishment as well as its customers. Through one of these indexes, which contains 200,000 marks, detectives have been able to locate the laundry, and the laundry the person in question, in 95 per cent of the cases handled in the past three years.

The quantity of salt eaten by Americans in home-cooked and commercially prepared foods constitutes only three per cent of the 10,000,000 tons produced here annually. The rest of it is employed, directly or indirectly, in manufacturing processes. —*By Tommy Dean, Berkeley, Calif.*

A new portable device picks up and records incoming and outgoing telephone conversations with a sapphire stylus on roll film, one loading of which will take down 15 hours of talk. Recording by induction, the machine does not require any physical connection with the telephone instrument or the wires, even being able to operate some distance from them.

Of the 6,100,000 farms in the United States today, 5,000,000 do not have running water, 5,400,000 do not have an inside toilet, and 5,500,000 do not have a bathtub.—*By Rose Anita Glackin, McSherrytown, Pa.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

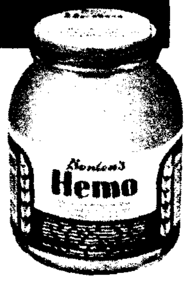

ELMER DOESN'T NEED A PARTNER SINCE HE'S BEEN DRINKING Hemo!

More swing to your step with HEMO–
the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo



IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"IF I DO say so myself," said Elmer modestly, "I swing a mean paddle for *my* age!"

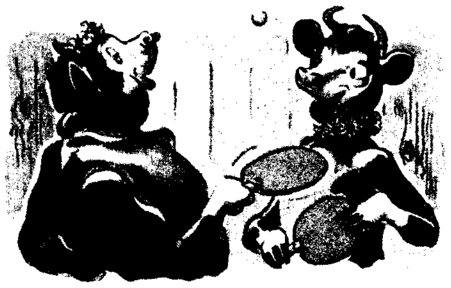
"*Your* age!" protested Elsie indignantly. "What's age got to do with it? I always say, if you get all the vitamins you need every day, you're bound to feel and act young longer! . . . Now, that glass of HEMO I give you every day—"

"My *dear* Elsie!" bellowed Elmer, "don't you think of anything but HEMO?"

"Just now," answered Elsie sweetly, "I'm thinking that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals. That's what government nutritionists say! Just think what a glass of wonderful-tasting HEMO every day would do for *them!*"

"Would it make them all ping-pong champs like daddy?" asked little Beulah.

"Maybe not, baby," smiled Elsie. "But getting enough vitamins does *help* folks, you know. JUST ONE GLASS of HEMO (2 teaspoonfuls mixed in milk) gives you half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D, and Niacin. Of course, wartime conditions prevent putting Vitamin C in HEMO. We'll do it as soon as possible. Meanwhile—"



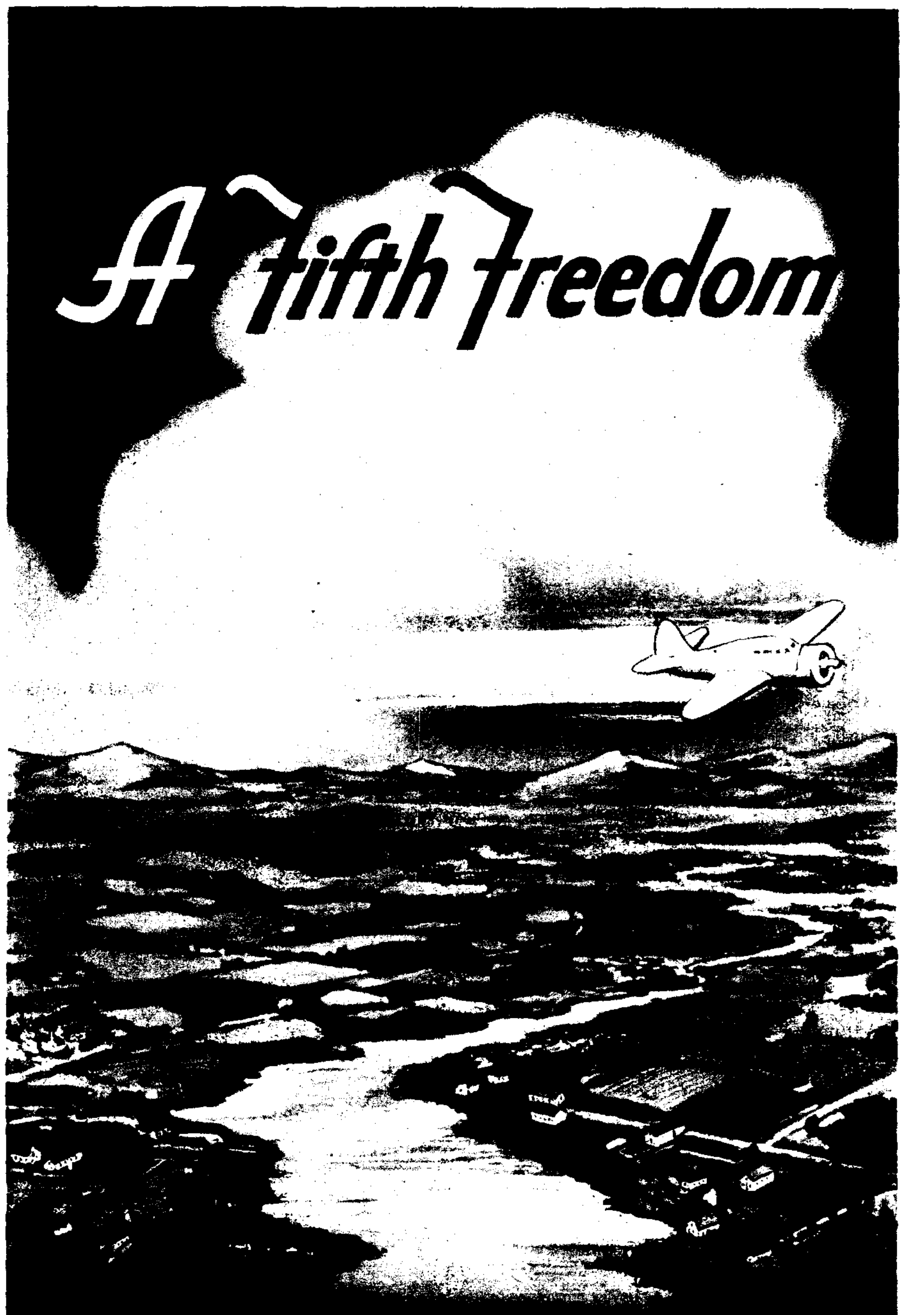
"Meanwhile," interrupted Elmer, "it's my serve."

"Then *do* be a dear," gurgled Elsie, "and serve us all big, cool glasses of HEMO!"

▶ ***For a delicious, nutritious lunch*—a glass of HEMO and a cream-cheese sandwich on wheat bread . . . Have HEMO made up *in any flavor you prefer* at the fountain.**

***Keep HEMO on the pantry shelf at home!* The full-pound jar (enough for 24 glorious drinks) costs just 59¢ at drug or grocery stores.**

© Borden Co.



Many think of the air simply as a thrilling new dimension for man to explore. Actually, it is far more. For here is a great new freedom for man—freedom to move at will, straight as an arrow, from any point on the Earth's surface to any other, unhindered by mountain, city or sea—freedom to range far and wide, as a bird, through the clear and illimitable reaches of the sky.

The all-out effort of all citizens must be concentrated on War until the Axis slave-masters are crushed, if we are to enjoy any freedom. Today Jacobs employees are devoting their utmost to this vital objective—producing engines by the thousands for the United Nations.

After this War is won, the technical developments created by Jacobs engineers and wrought by skilled Jacobs workmen into sturdy, long-lived engines will enable you to use this new freedom of flight with utmost confidence and enjoyment.

JACOBS
AIRCRAFT
Engines
POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

JOE DEARING

Wing Talk

George R. Clark (left) and Howard Trunell, the only United States civilian test pilots flying solely in the British Isles

RADIOED FROM LONDON

THE two most interesting American fliers in the European Theater of Operations—for themselves as much as for their work—are George Rogers Clark and Howard Trunell, test pilots of the Lockheed Overseas Corporation. They're the only American civilian test pilots flying exclusively in the United Kingdom as well as the only ones who, because of high rating, are permitted here to fly anything, anywhere, at any time. They ferry and test new and repaired planes, American types chiefly now, but sometimes British ones, too. They seek bugs, try out new things before they are accepted as modifications; and at the end they give each plane a damn' good throwing around, practicing the most violent evasive action to make sure it will hold together when it goes into the hands of combat kids. Obviously their work saves the boys' lives. Each often makes as many as fifty test flights a week. Both are comparative "early birds."

Howard Trunell is from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where his wife now lives. He came to the Lockheed Overseas Corporation after two years of ferrying with the Air Transport Auxiliary of the R.A.F. He learned to fly 'way back, at Kansas City, in one of the old American Eagles of barnstorm memory. He worked five years at dangerous cotton dusting and later instructed for the Air Corps at the Parks Air College in East St. Louis. After the war, he's going to quit professional flying but will get a flivver plane for his own amusement. He believes Gypsy Rose Lee has the right idea about the value of War Bonds and is plunking eighty per cent of his salary into same.

George Rogers Clark—like his famous patriot ancestor of the Revolutionary War, General Clark, hero of Vincennes and the leader of the Kentucky Long Knives against the British and Indians—is tall, fair, brawny, with astonishing, direct blue eyes. His mother lives in Nashville. A typical soldier of fortune, he started as a mechanic and "just picked up flying." He worked for Sikorsky at Bridgeport, for Pan American, and was associated with the great Eddie Allen and served three years in the U.S. Air Corps. He flew in Mexico, Central America, and Peru. He was in the Colombian air force for a year; in China as a member of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's famed Headquarters Squadron. He flew for Ilo Negros Air Express in the Philippines and spent two years in the ATA of the R.A.F.

Both Clark and Trunell regard their work as hard, serious, painstaking research and quite unglamorous. Neither has ever had to bail out.

Clark's narrowest brush came when a Beaufort crashed into a Boston in which he was sitting, off the runway. Nobody involved was scratched, although the planes were so completely wrecked, it took four days to cut them apart. Something of a record!

He broke his neck once—but that was from running his automobile into a carabao in the Philippines. Dangerous business—that driving.

EVIDENCE is seldom lacking for an amused general impression here that all Yanks—especially Yank fliers—are nuts. For example, there was this scene in an American Red Cross club that is famous among officers in the European Theater of Operations for its real home-style waffles. Mrs. Browne, a beaming and devout Irishwoman, is the presiding genius of the skillet who considers nothing too good for her "bhoys."

Since a waffle iron takes a long time to heat properly, she had kept it on—just in case—long past her quitting time. But when the last hungry straggler had apparently gone and the café was deserted in the wee small hours, the good woman cooled her iron and had just finished the arduous job of cleaning it, when in came a looey.

Several minutes later two other pilots entered and stopped dead at the sight before them. The looey, his cap beside him on the floor, was down on both knees in front of Mrs. Browne with clasped hands raised in supplication to her. "What gives?" asked the newcomers. "Is he proposing?" Mrs. Browne was blushing furiously. "The irrivirint devil," she said, "is praying for waffles after all me explainin' that the iron's cold and clean and everything's laid away!"

Instantly the two dropped to their knees beside the other. "Mother Machree," three young voices chanted in unison, "dear Mother Machree from whom the waffles flow. Heed our humble prayers. Answer them with the fullness of your mercy and wisdom—and waffles."

She did, bless her, warning them, she would have to square their blasphemy with her own more decent prayers the very next time she was on her own knees.

(Continued on page 57)

No "Duds" allowed,

SAYS THE ARMY

Grenade in hand, an American soldier creeps belly-down toward an enemy gun emplacement. He pulls the pin. And hurls the grenade.

Suppose it were a "dud"? His life might be the price.

But the grenade *will* explode . . . because Uncle Sam demands perfection in war material.

Not more than one imperfect part in a hundred thousand. Not more than one in a million. And sometimes . . . not more than one in a *billion!* That's the kind of specifications America's manufacturers live up to.

To do this, United States Steel research these days is aimed at more and more perfect steels for vital war needs. The delicate steel springs which set off the grenade *must* work perfectly, with the exact, split-second timing that means life or death.

This development of better steels is just as important as other U. S. Steel war developments. Like portable airfields. Or a new way of spinning bombs that turns them out 10 times faster.

A better America for *you* after the war

From the war will come better steels for hundreds of peacetime products, from your kitchen sink to your automobile. And you'll find the U·S·S· Label on the best things of post-war America . . . because no other material rivals steel in its combination of useful qualities and long-range economy.

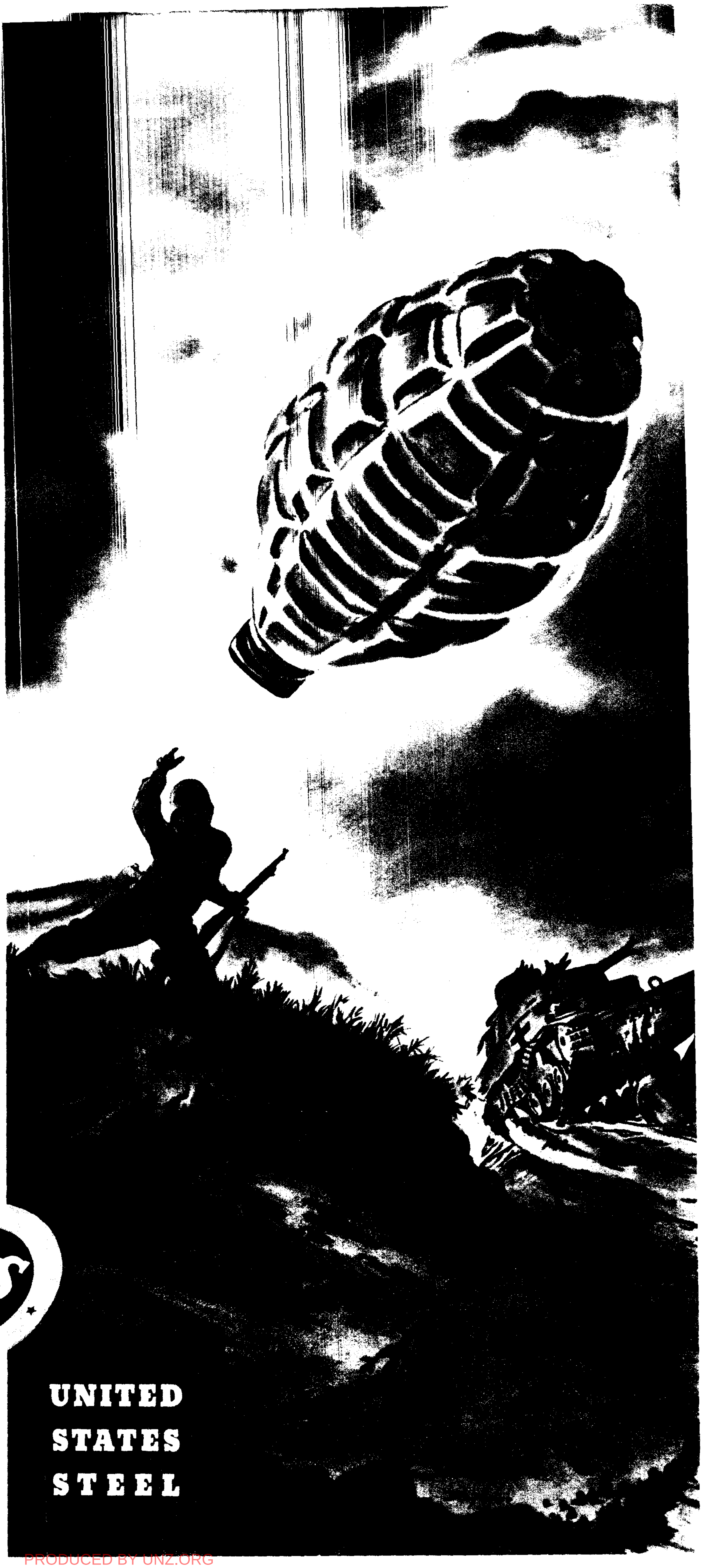
NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.

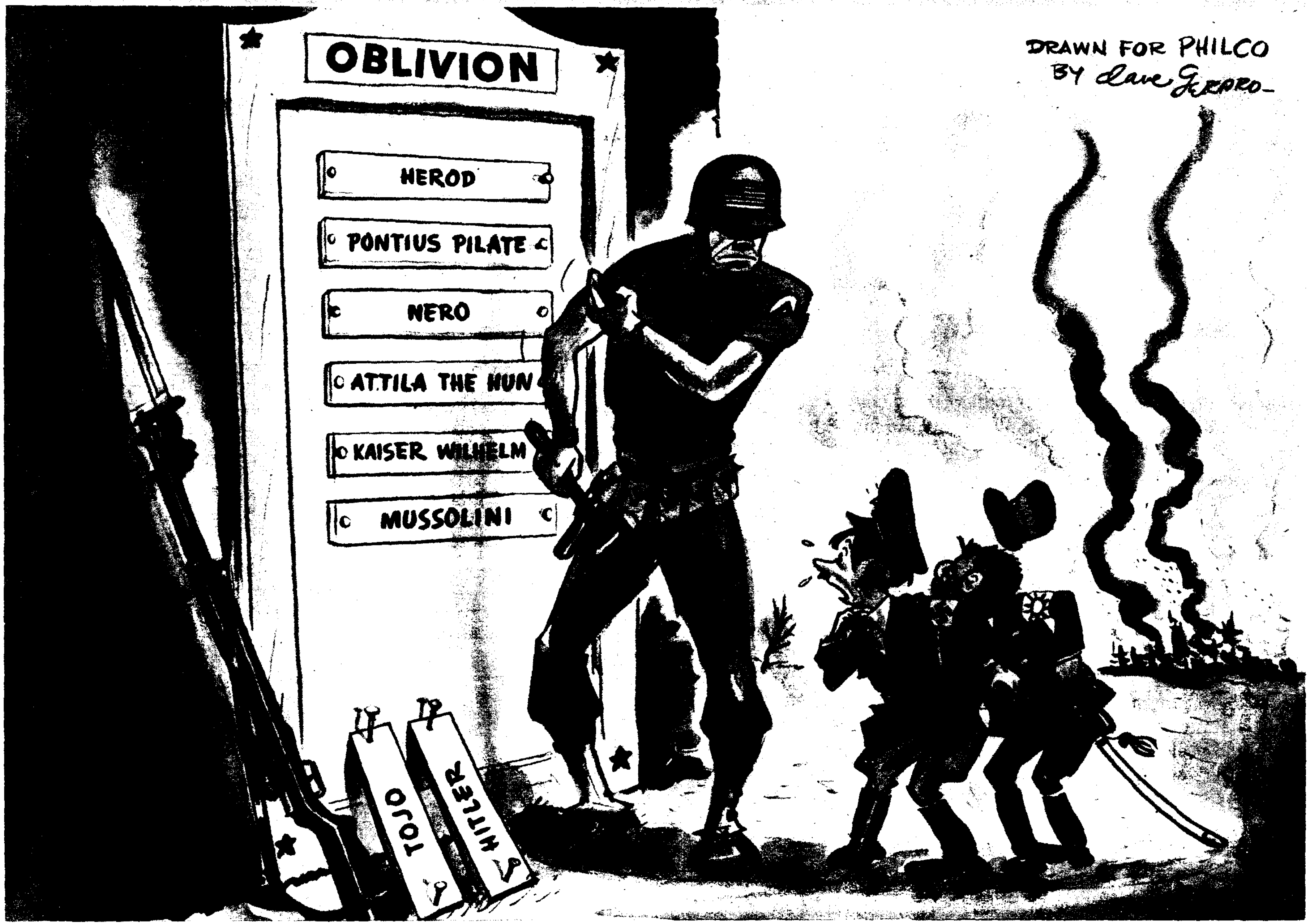
USS STEELS

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY



UNITED
STATES
STEEL

Next!



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Dave Gerard makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists, depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 68C.

WHEN PHILCO speaks of the future and the rich legacy which war research will leave to the peacetime world, they do not forget that without victory there can be no peace and no future for free men.

So the one thing that the men and women of Philco are thinking of today is the only thing that matters for us all . . . *winning the war.* Their total effort is devoted to the making of weapons for our fighting men—radio and communications equipment, ordnance and storage batteries.

But all this research and production for war creates new knowledge, new ideas, new skills. Men of science see their dreams spring to reality. And no matter how much the product of their brains and labor may be destroyed in battle, *their ideas live!* When victory is won and peace made secure, those ideas will survive for the happiness and good of all mankind.

This is the basis of Philco's post-war planning. In this, the picture grows clearer each day of the peacetime miracles which will appear under the famous Philco name . . . in radio, television, refrigeration, air conditioning and industrial electronics.

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BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY

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In time of Peace

BUY PHILCO FOR QUALITY

Collier's The National Weekly for November 20, 1943

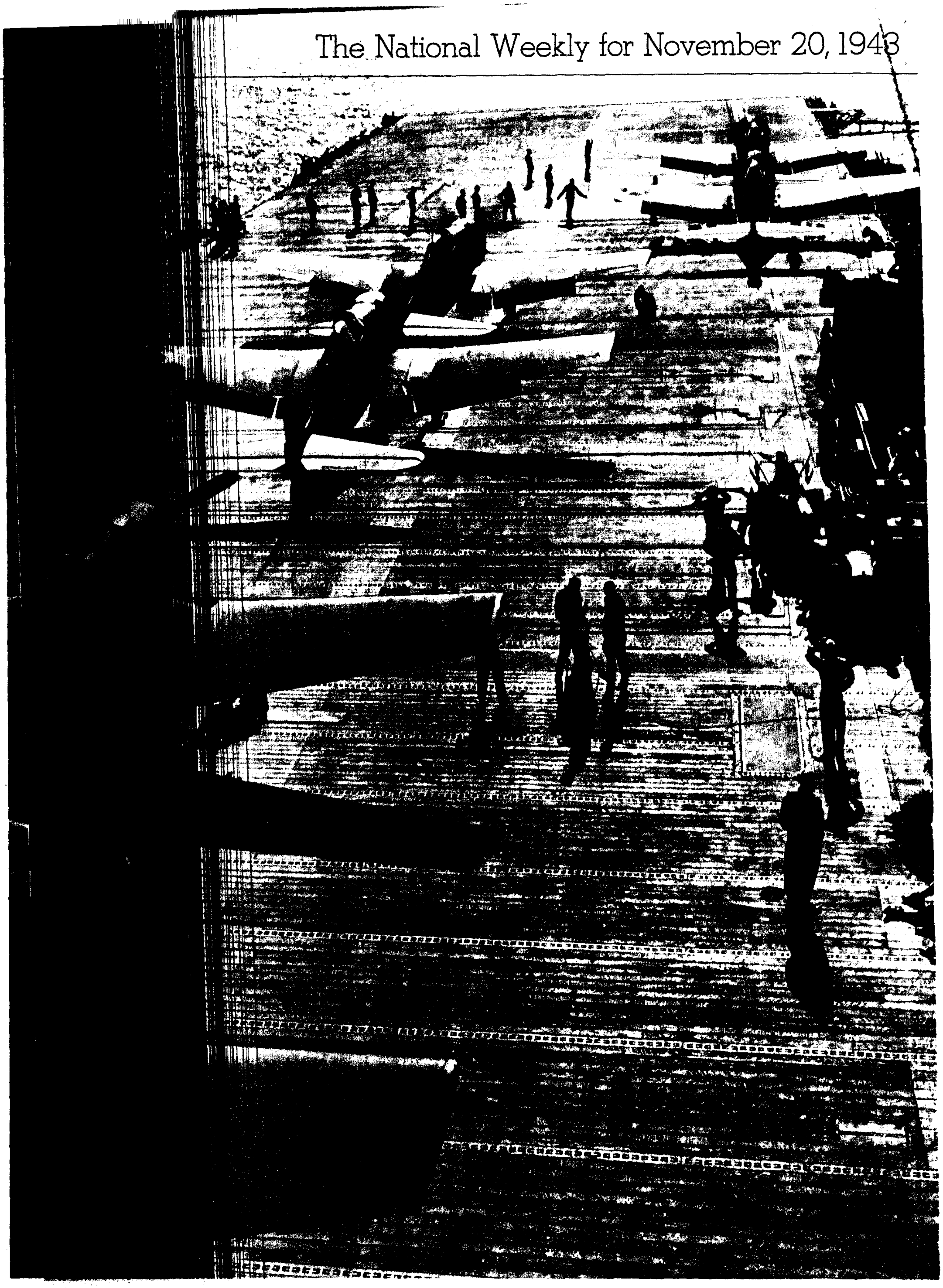
DEBUT IN BATTLE

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

RADIOED FROM THE WESTERN PACIFIC

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Collier's correspondent in the Pacific tells you what happens aboard a new aircraft carrier when its brood of fighters and bombers undertake their first hot mission—the plastering of a Japanese island air base



"More Hellcats were coming up from the hangar deck to be launched in a second attack wave." Above, a Hellcat squadron heads into the sun

THAT parachute flare scared hell out of us. The carrier had just settled down for the night, the most important night of her debutante career. Huddled together on the flight deck, wing to wing, were dozens of her planes poised for an early-morning attack. Gas tanks had been filled to capacity, bomb bays were glutted, and there wasn't room for another round of ammunition in the machine-gun belts. The few remaining mechanics and ordnance men, weary after a twelve-hour day, were drifting below decks when it happened.

The flare, a magnesium torch used to light up an enemy target at night, somehow slipped from its rack in one of the Avenger torpedo bombers parked on that crowded flight deck. An alert ordnance man saw it fall and tried to catch it before it hit the deck. He was too late. The flare's sensitive fuse hissed, and a blinding white glare illumined the ship.

"Fire on the flight deck" bells sounded, and men swarmed topside like bees from a hive. Repair Crew 8 got there first with carbon-dioxide extinguishers, opening valves as they ran, but magnesium burns at a very high temperature and doesn't extinguish easily. The fire fighters sprayed plenty of CO_2 on that intense white flame with no immediate results, while just a few feet away were thousands of gallons of high-octane gas and tons of demolition bombs. If the plane nearest the blaze had ignited, the rest might have popped like a string of giant firecrackers.

In a few minutes, it was all over. Fortunately the flare was smothered before a fire could spread, and it was quickly tossed into the ocean.

That worry was over, but we had another coming up. Our Task Force was closing in at high speed for a bombing attack on the Japanese air base in the Gilbert Islands, and every precaution had been taken to approach without being seen.

Suppose a snooper (enemy patrol plane) had sighted the fiery beacon and reported our presence to its base? If so, we could expect a hot reception within a few hours.

Our skipper didn't bother about sleep that night. He knew a bright moon was due to rise well before midnight and, in its revealing light, the task force would be a perfect setup for low-flying enemy torpedo planes. Our ship, a bulky flat-top, presented a most inviting target. Such a prospect didn't please the captain. His command, one of our new 1943-model carriers, untried in combat, was to strike her first blow against the enemy.

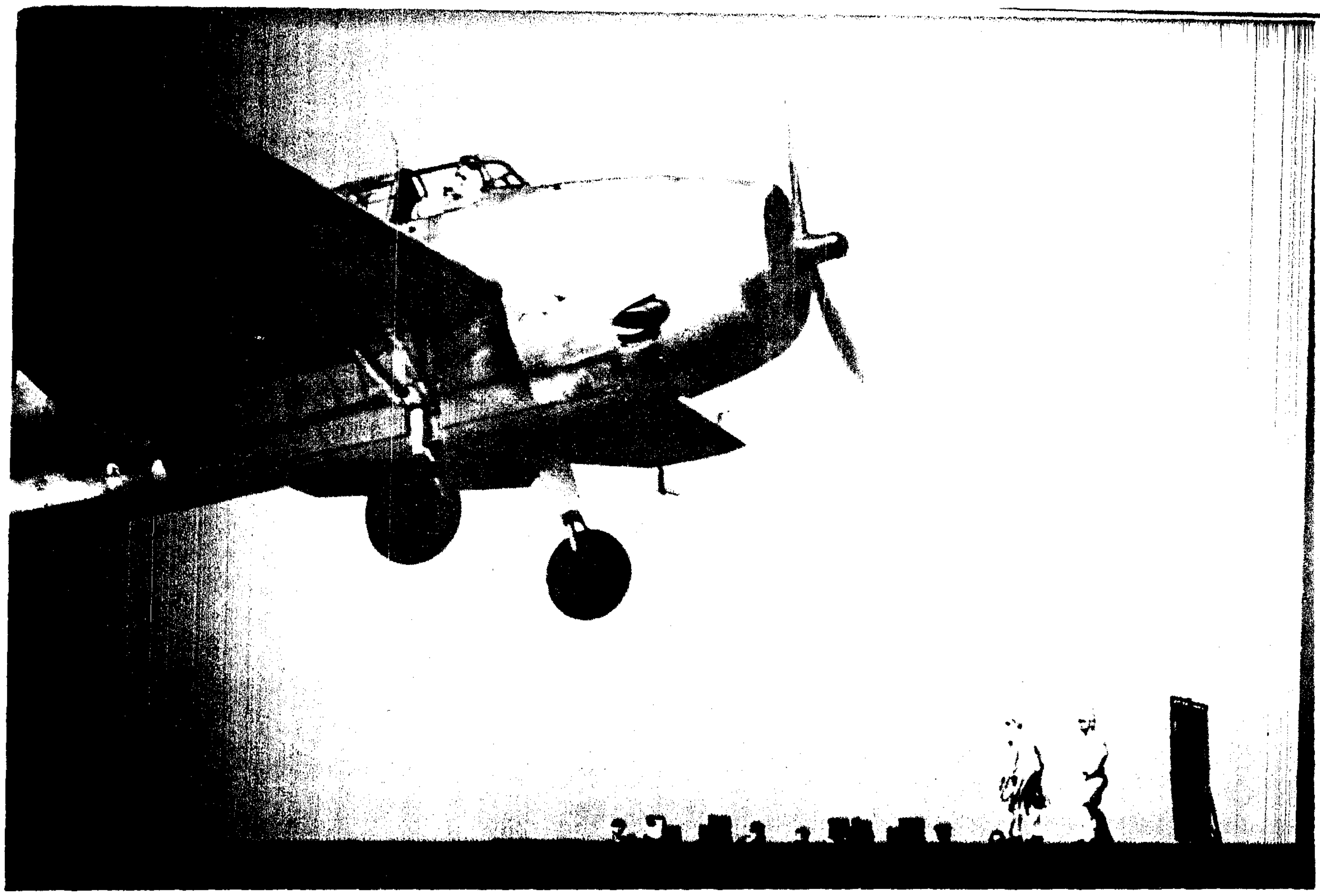
I was privileged to be aboard when the captain first took her to sea early this year in a howling gale, to start a shakedown cruise, and I was still with her when she joined the Pacific Fleet an unmentionable time ago. Watching the captain do an alchemist's job of converting a green ship and a greener crew into a fighting machine of steel and men was a rare education. Originally, there was only a nucleus of trained carrier men on her roster, and when pilots flew planes aboard the first time, most of the crew had never seen action except on a newsreel screen. Now, as an entire ship's company wound up for the first right jab at the Japs, we would soon see how well their mental and physical muscles had developed.

Our task-force commander, Rear Admiral Charles A. Pownall, had recently returned to port with all ships intact after a highly successful raid on Marcus Island and had been ordered to take on another job. Jap bombers based in the Gilbert and Marshall islands had been attacking our own bases in that area and the admiral was asked to do something about it. "Baldy" Pownall in turn called in the air captain and explained the proposed mission.

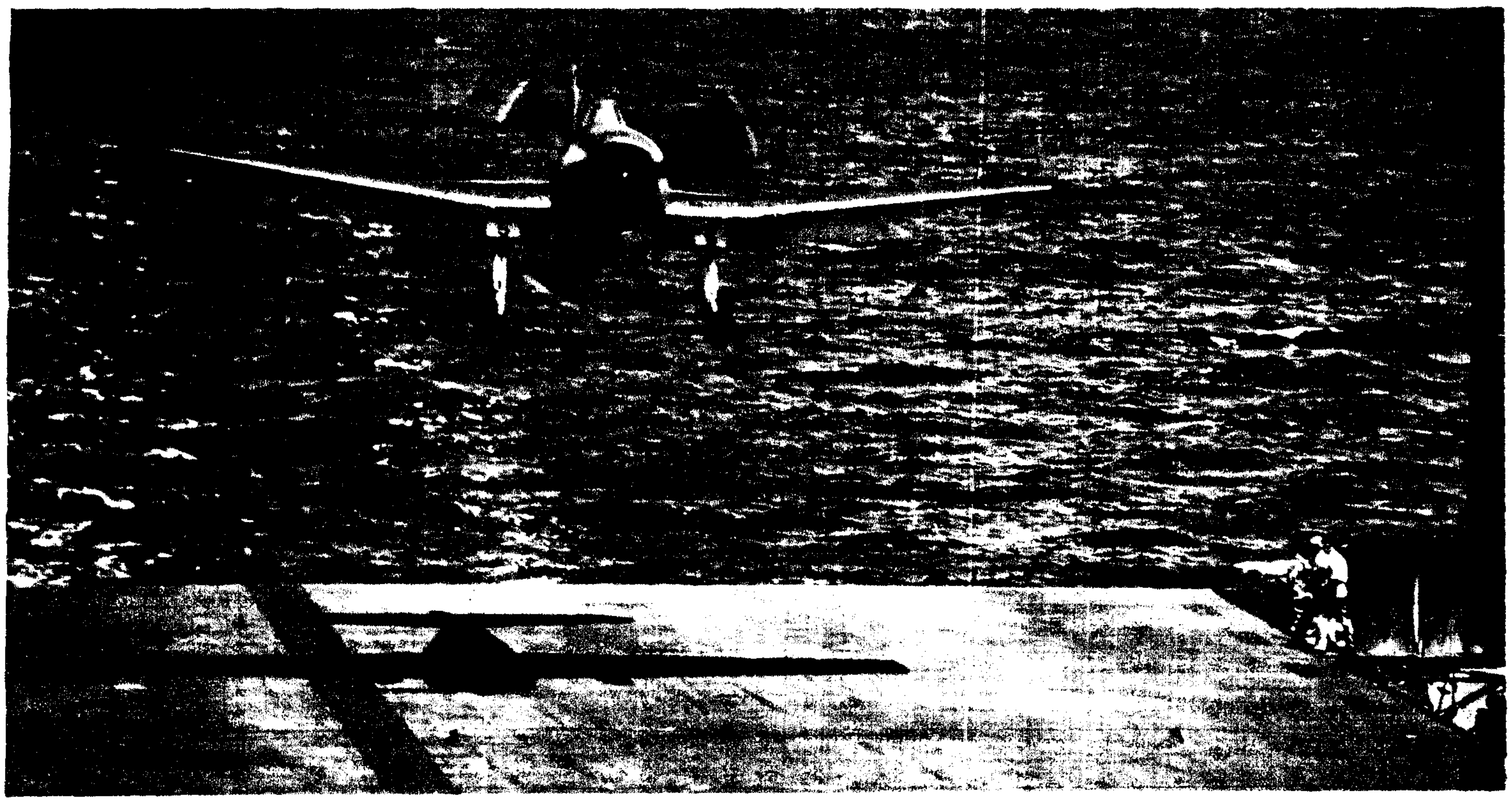
"Are your boys ready?" the admiral asked.

"They're ready for anything," the captain said. "When do we start?"

In a matter of hours, we headed for



"The Avenger Torpedo Bombers and Hellcats came in. Four of our planes were missing. Forty-nine had sustained damage and had landed safely. Our carrier was now a veteran." Planes above and below *in a ticklish moment* of the landing routine



Tarawa atoll, a chain of islands in the Gilbert group a few degrees above the equator.

The local Baedeker informed us that Tarawa was the headquarters in the Gilberts of the British senior administrator, and within its precincts was a mission, a hospital, a leper station, a lunatic asylum and a jail. The 1931 population was 3,103, including 23 Europeans.

Since 1931, however, the atoll had undergone extensive alterations. Less than two years ago, Jap troops and labor battalions had moved in and, on one of the islands, Bititu, they had hacked runways out of a coconut plantation, built hangars, and barracks and flown in bomber planes. Bititu was our immediate objective.

As a prologue for our attack, Army and Navy long-range bombers were scheduled to take off from land bases in that general area, arrive over Bititu at midnight and drop lethal loads to soften up and disconcert the island forces before we arrived. For good measure, another group of these planes were dispatched to wreck and worry the Nauru Jap base 400 miles southwest of Tarawa.

In the ready rooms of our carrier that night, pilots were getting last-minute instructions. They had already memorized their charts, and targets had been assigned to each of them. They had seen bomb loads hoisted into planes—bombs with messages in chalk on their fat bellies: "To Tojo from Gladys and Marie." "Compliments of the Third Division boys." "This will kill you."

It was getting late, and gradually the plebe pilots, wearing a nonchalant veneer over their excitement, slipped away to try for a few hours' sleep. Finally only one of them was left. Jim, a fighter pilot temporarily grounded with a wrenched shoulder, stayed on to finish a book he'd been reading. The title was Happiness in Marriage. *Incidentally,* Jim is a bachelor.

They were all up before the milkman the next morning. Our high-speed run throughout the night had brought the task force to a position only a short plane hop from Bititu. We turned into the wind and in a few seconds the first bomber had taken to the air. At frequent intervals, other bombers and their fighter-plane escorts were launched. When the formations were completed, they streaked away toward the island.

So far as we knew, the task force had not been detected by the enemy. However, Baldy Pownall was taking no chances. He had a strong combat air patrol of Hellcat fighters from the other carrier, accompanying us. We were then within striking distance by bombers and torpedo planes from the Jap bases at Makin, Mili and Tarawa itself. Lookouts and crews at antiaircraft guns watched the early-morning sky anxiously.

More planes were coming up on elevators from the hangar deck to be launched in a second-attack wave. Soon they were all in the air and away, and a lull settled over the broad, empty flight deck.

"Many unidentified planes bearing one-five-two approaching ship flying low. Distance thirty miles. This is raid one." Loud-speakers blared the warning and repeated it every few minutes. "Raid one now bearing one-four-six, distance eighteen miles. Everybody take cover—bearing one-four-two, distance nine miles. Prepare to repel air attack."

The next two minutes seemed endless. Then the loud-speakers reported again: "Approaching planes have been identified as friendly." They were our first attack wave returning to the carrier. As they dropped down into the landing circle, landed aboard and taxied forward, we could see jagged holes in some of them, and one Dauntless dive bomber left a trail of oil as it moved up the deck.

The boys who piled out of these planes were excited, happy, tired and anxious to be off again. They all tried to talk at once. "Boy, did we give those Japs a pasting! Their folks will never know them again."

"Gotta new theme song for our squadron. It goes like this: Tarawa boom-de-ay. Accent on the boom. Get it?"

A Baptism of Fire

When the pilots finally became coherent, it developed that the torpedo bombers had opened festivities by dropping daisy-cutters and incendiaries on the island, which, from then on, was no longer dark. Fires started by exploding bombs lighted a path for the Hellcats as they swooped in on their strafing runs, and additional candlepower was released when the dive bombers dropped down to unload their thousand-pounders.

A fireworks display of Japanese manufacture followed immediately. As orange-colored streaks of antiaircraft tracers curved heavenward, Bob Isely, Avenger pilot and skipper of the torpedo-bomber squadron, was in a tight spot and he knew it. There were several more of our fighter pilots buzzing around up there, however, and one of them, Elmer, came to the rescue. He threw his Hellcat over into a dive and rode straight down, his machine guns blazing.

As soon as the members of each group had finished their runs, they came back to the carrier for second helpings of bombs and ammunition. Meanwhile, the Japs on Bititu knew no rest. All morning, there were attacking planes over the island or

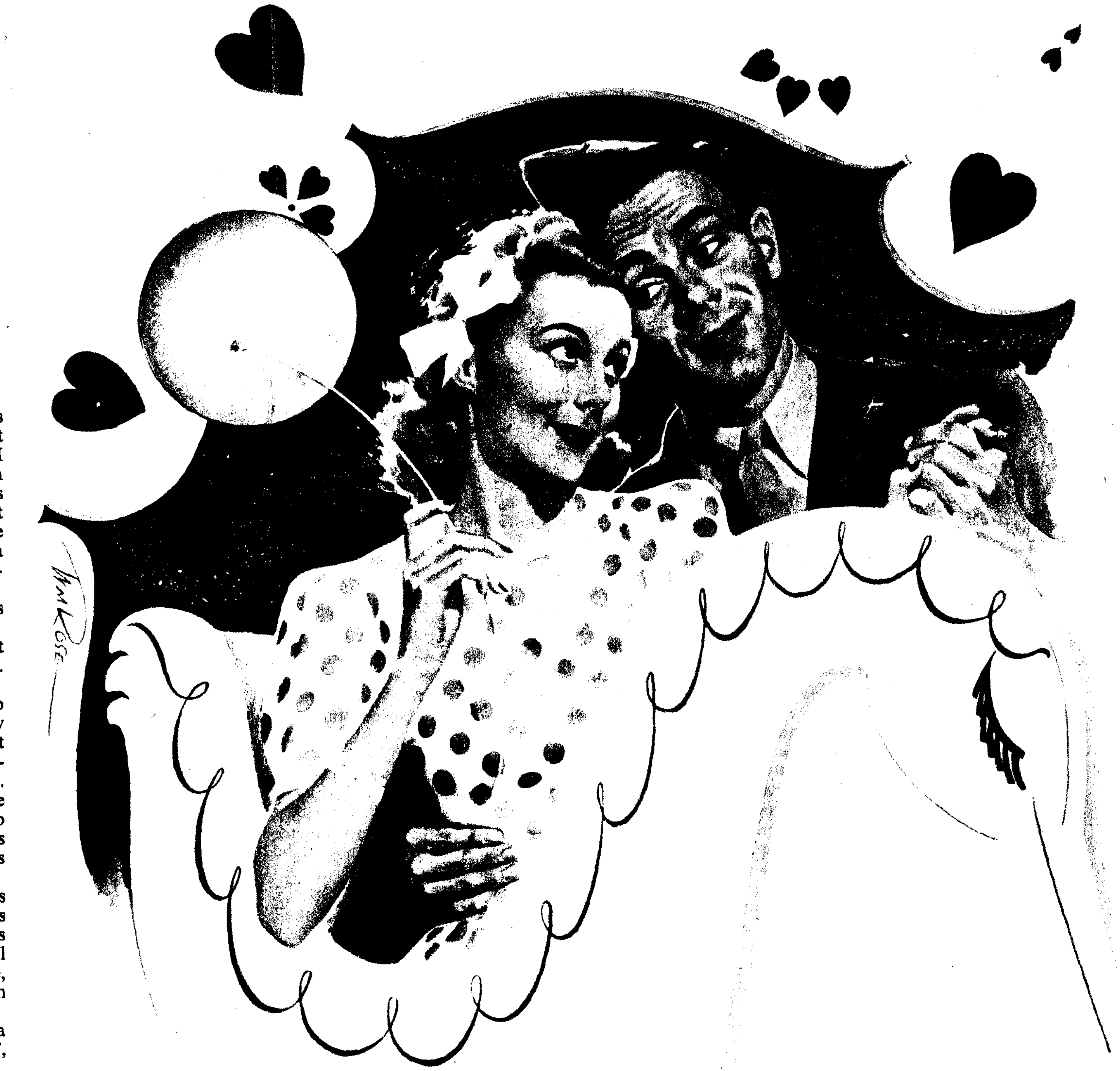
(Continued on page 68*)*

"Our speed was stepped up to get away, and Wildcats were sent out to clear the sky." The one shown at right is warming up for the take-off

GEORGE IS A NOBLE GUY

BY WILL F. JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE



THIS George is a good guy, as guys go, but he is so serious-minded that at times he verges on nobility. I drag him along as the unknown soldier on a double date, because my sugar ration's mamma says double date or no date at all. She used to go out with soldiers in the last war, and she's got a memory like a elephant. And on the way back to barracks, George tells me never no more.

"How come?" I ask. "You and this Carrie gal seemed to thrive!"

"Yeah," says George. "I had fun. But it's wrong for me to have fun on a date. It ain't the right thing for me to do."

He lets down his hair. He's engaged to a girl named Gertrude, he says, and they were gonna get married, only his outfit got shifted and his furlough canceled. Gertrude was much upset. She's still upset. In fact, she's got him biting his left ankle because he ain't heard from her in two weeks, and he don't know whether she's been run over by a jeep or whether she's married Albert.

Albert's a sort of human worm who gets a 4F classification after being Gertrude's ideal from the sixth grade up. He has always been scornful of Gertrude until she announces her engagement to George, but then he shows interest. He is a worm in wolf's clothing, in George's view.

"Yeah," I say, comforting, "but if a girl marries a guy named Albert in 4F, it plumb serves her right."

"Usual it would," says George, "but Gertrude's alone in the world. There's nobody cares what happens to her but me. So I'm honor bound to look after her."

"Okay," I says, indifferent. "Constancy is its own reward, and if a worm named Albert gets Gertrude, it ain't my funeral."

SO I kinda write him off my list. In the next few days I notice he's suffering plenty. He don't get any mail. But I am noticing symptoms in myself, too. So when they get insupportable, I call up my half-pint of heaven. I'm sort of delirious, talking to her, and when I hang up, I've made another double date and absent-mindedly I've agreed that Carrie shall be the other party. So I hunt up George and tell him.

"No!" he howls, when I stop talking. "I told you no! I'm goin' crazy! If something's happened to Gertrude, I'll never forgive myself for bein' mad like this! But if that guy Albert—"

He starts swearing, and I listen admiringly. But I say, "What you need, George, is competent advice."

"You mean the chaplain?" he says.

"I mean a girl," I tell him. "One woman understands another and why they like to give guys trouble. You come along and tell your stuff to Carrie, and she'll straighten you out."

"Maybe that's an idea," says George.

So he parts his hair careful and puts on bay rum and we go pick up the girls. I am somewhat nervous, because I have something on my mind, but we go to the amusement park and I take my hunka curves to the Tunnel of Love and we ride around four or five or twenty-eight times and I explain the most polite part of the emotions she rouses in me, and ask will she like to have my insurance made out to her and get all my posthumous medals. And presently we are interrupted and get out, surrounded by a large pink cloud, and George and Carrie are waiting and look very peculiar. And we break the news, and George swallows, and Carrie bursts into tears.

On the way back to barracks, I feel pretty swell, but when I start to say something, George snarls that he would like to break my neck.

"You introduced me to Carrie!" he says, bitter. "And I have fell for her and she has fell for me. In fact, we love each other."

"Ain't nature grand!" I say cheerfully. "Okay, guy! But remember, about halfway through the Tunnel of Love, there's a place where it comes out into the light. You wanna watch out for that."

"I'm engaged!" says George, frantic. "To Gertrude! Except for an accident, I'd ha' been a married man two months ago!"

"But she ain't written for three weeks now," I object. "She's dropped her option!"

"I don't know!" he groans. "That's it! I don't know!"

Then he explains that Carrie is going to write to Gertrude as a friend, saying that worry is upsetting George's Army career, and he would likely be a private first class by now if it wasn't for worrying about not hearing from her. Which, says George gloomily, will fix everything as it should be.

Four days later, he comes busting in on me while I am putting on my cap at a fetching angle. He waves a envelope like it is a grenade with the pin pulled out.

"Look!" he says, appalled. "From Gertrude! I ain't got the nerve to open it! Listen! I'm coming along with you."

"Not with me and my girl!" I says. "We are engaged. We got private business."

"But Carrie'll be there!" he says, hoarse. "She ain't got a telephone at her house, and she said I could call her there tonight to say if I'd heard from Gertrude. She said she still retains a sisterly interest in me—"

"Save us!" I says. Then I says, "If you must, guy, maybe you must. But don't blame me for what happens!"

He comes along. On the way, all haggard and despairing, he explains that he is going to show Carrie the letter, still unopened, and tell her that he loves her so desperate that he will tear it up unread and therefore jilt Gertrude if she will marry a skunk who'd do so foul a thing.

I LISTEN with my mouth open. The guy don't realize that the worst insult you can offer a girl is to think about acting like a gentleman to another one!

He marches into the house with me, looking pale and sunk-cheeked and glassy-eyed. Carrie is there, and he just flips that letter into her lap and blurts out the whole thing. He don't have any technique at all. And Carrie stares at him, and then a funny light comes into her eyes. She smooths out the letter and feels a lump in it. She jumps.

Then, very slow and deliberate, she opens the letter. He's given it to her, so that's all right. She looks, and reads aloud: "'Dear George: When you read this, Albert and I will be married—' "

So I take my hunka curves to the Tunnel of Love and we ride around four or five or twenty-eight times

Then a engagement ring drops out of the letter to the floor. George jumps. He howls. He's the maddest man I ever saw as he grabs the letter and starts to tear it to bits, shouting "The double-crosser! The dirty double-crosser! There's a woman—"

Carrie says gently, "Are you sorry?"

He blinks. Then he grabs her. Bliss reigns. Me and my girl friend retire with dignity to another room. After a minute or two, George comes out.

"She's a wonderful woman," he says reverently. "She's beautiful and mysterious. She's the essence of purity and spirituality, and she's the one woman who is noble all the way through."

"Sure," I says, soothing, "and she don't look bad in a sweater, neither. How about a movie?"

"No-o-o," he says, noble. "We won't bother you. We have things to talk over. Our whole future to settle, in fact. I guess we'll go over to the amusement park, where we can talk. I've heard," he says, "nice things spoken of the quieter rides over there. Especial," he says, "the Tunnel of Love. We can talk in there."

He goes to get his hat, and Carrie comes in. And what do you think she says? Well, she says, for heaven's sake, somebody get the pieces of that letter and burn them. She says she does not want George to know Gertrude's reaction to a letter which said that George already had two wives and had he, by any chance, married Gertrude, too?

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SHE LOOKED LIKE AN ANGEL

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

She looked like an angel, sure—but she had the blood lines of a Mata Hari. It was Kennedy's business to discover which she was. He took the hard way

HUGH KENNEDY thought, later, that he should have known the tall fair girl for Sophie's when she came on the platform among the others. As a matter of fact, he scarcely noticed her at the time, except as any man notices beauty which has behind it that subtle something of air and motion which is sex plus. He followed the usher to the seat she had chosen for him. Then he quietly moved up to the second row. He could be excused if his heart beat harder as he sat down by Sophie Detmar.

In his eight years with the government this was his greatest triumph. The last few days had been chancy. Sophie, of course, had covered her tracks well. And now to run her down in a convent school, of all places, sitting watching demoiselles give a midyear performance because of a bishop's visit! Well, you could expect anything of Angel-Face. She had been one of the Nazis' star turns since there had been any Nazis. In fact, they said she had first popped up in the last year of the other war, fresh from the famous Munich spy school of that day. Very young then, angelic-looking, tiny, demure. And even then, thoroughly efficient.

She'd worn well, though she looked tired. Her big violet eyes were circled and her ash-gold hair had been brightened. But she kept her look of angelic ladylike innocence that had made the Allies name her Angel-Face, and the Nazis *Das Engelein.* Her gloved hands lay quiet over a smart bag on her gray crepe lap. She was the perfect conventional proud mamma. She turned her head and smiled at Kennedy.

"Fancy seeing you here," she said. "I didn't know G-2 went in for convent schools."

"Only where there's an attraction," he said pleasantly.

She said, "Your organization, I hear, doesn't start to round up till it's sure?" She flashed her coquettish smile again.

He said, "Right." He added, "Attractive handbag. May I see it?"

Sophie, like most good women operatives and Viennese, had charm. Kennedy knew that, being a fanatical worker, her sex was always at the service of her job. He knew also that she was a killer in her quiet ladylike way. She might go the limit with you, but it wouldn't prevent your liquidation if circumstances demanded it. So he went through the bag carefully. Sitting by her like this and informing her that her number was up was not without risk, and he was playing as safe as possible.

The contents of the bag were entirely feminine and innocent, and as he returned it to her, Sophie said lightly, "I'm not a bit upset by all this. I might be if your methods were unpleasant. But everything quiet and polite is the motto, so I'm quite safe. You see, I'm on the edge of dying of heart disease. And I'm here to see my daughter. Her education is practically finished, very satisfactory. On both counts you will make no trouble."

He did not believe her, of course. But she was right that he wanted no unpleasantness. When this was over he would unobtrusively escort her to her modest hotel, where two Canadian policemen and a policewoman awaited them. By eight tonight she should be on her way back to the States, handcuffed to him. She would have to stand trial for sabotage which had caused many young men's deaths in a wrecked Detroit munitions factory last month. There were other official counts; but the one Kennedy remembered most against her was not official: Bert Degnan had been as loyal an F.B.I. man as ever served his country, and Kennedy's best friend, next to Jim Blaine. Jim and Kennedy had no proof that would stand in law. But they were certain of Sophie's trade-marks in the Elsassr trial that ended by Bert's being sworn into jail by the lying little Yorkville girl he'd trusted. She'd turned State's evidence with a brilliance and winsomeness that was unmistakably Sophie's.

"There she is!" Sophie tapped his arm with a proud mother's excitement. "She's going to sing."

He looked. The light, shining hair that brushed her shoulders, the violet eyes and cameo look of simplicity marked the tall girl as genuinely Sophie's. So did the unconsciously alluring and harmonious movement of hip and limb and breast under the stiff convent organdy as she came forward and sang.

"Charming," he said politely. "Built on a larger scale than you."

"She's always had enough to eat," Sophie said. "I didn't. That, in case it interests you, together with a girlish annoyance at having my father and brothers shot by the Allies before I was fifteen, was why I took up our profession."

He said, "Too bad." He remembered vaguely that postwar Vienna had starved, and wondered why she was trying to move him, when she knew everything was cut and dried.

"She's had a movie test," Sophie said. "One of the big companies is interested."

He eyed the girl and decided that, with what she had, she should marry or otherwise manage her way to stardom within a year. "You should be proud of her," he said. "She's like you."

Sophie said, her eyes angry, "She is an honest, affectionate girl. Her father was a good boy from Iowa. I was going to settle down. I was sick of it. Who isn't sometimes? Then Clifford died of flu and I went back. She thinks I'm a buyer for a New York store."

In case the appeal in her violet eyes was real, he said tolerantly, "My dear, we'll see that young Sophie—"

"Jenny."

"That young Jenny continues to think you a buyer. You may be acquitted, you know, in time to escort her to Hollywood."

They both knew better. Sophie looked up at him with her practiced bewitchment, but she caught her breath hard as she said, "Thank you." Then she added more lightly, "You're going to be bored, you know. School entertainments are interesting only to fond parents!"

He was not bored. He was too pleased over catching Sophie.

At the end, Sophie slumped against him convincingly limp. This was no surprise to him—a show of faintness was the perfect excuse for a joint exit. His arm closed carefully on her. The demoiselles were lined up for the bishop's benediction. Hugh held her right wrist firmly, in case. But the girls were melting into their family groups downstairs; the audience was sifting out. Sophie lolled against him, limply still.

Someone cried out. He saw that it was the daughter. She stood there, backed by a small, efficient nun. She pulled Sophie's head to her own shoulder.

She said, "Oh, Mother! Mother! I told you you weren't well enough to come!" Her body as she bent close to them was voluptuous for all its slimness. She looked at Kennedy bravely. She said, "If you would carry her to the dressing room—" Her voice, faintly French, had a deeper sweetness than her mother's. "I saw you were her friend—"

The Sister held up her hand. "Hush, my dear," she said in French. "I am afraid your mother is gone." She crossed herself and whispered Latin. "If Monsieur would be so kind—"

KENNEDY now found himself cast in the role of family friend. "Really, I was only an acquaintance," he protested, after the funeral, to the small nun, who proved to be Mother Assistant. "An old acquaintance."

He was sitting with the two women in the small, neatly standardized bedroom which had been Sophie's. He had let the assumption of a close connection pass, up to then. It was the simplest method of handling Sophie's safe-deposit box without letting Jenny know anything against her mother. He had furnished Mother Assistant with his credentials up to a point: a lawyer of good background, known to the governor, with contacts among responsible Montreal officials.

Jenny leaned across the little desk they had pulled out to put the box on. Soft-eyed and warm in her new cheap black dress and stockings, she was doubly alive against the stiff imitation-colonial interior beside the wrinkled little nun. "But an old acquaintance—that would be the nearest she had to a friend, almost," she pleaded. "You were the last person she laughed with and confided to—I saw. I have been so glad there was someone, not my little mother all alone." Leaning toward him, her hand childishly on his arm, she said, "I hoped you were to be my friend, too." His blood raced under her touch as it had not done for years. He reminded himself that even in bereavement—the girl had cared deeply for her mother—women like Sophie, trained by Sophie, knew half by instinct, half by plan, how to reach a man.

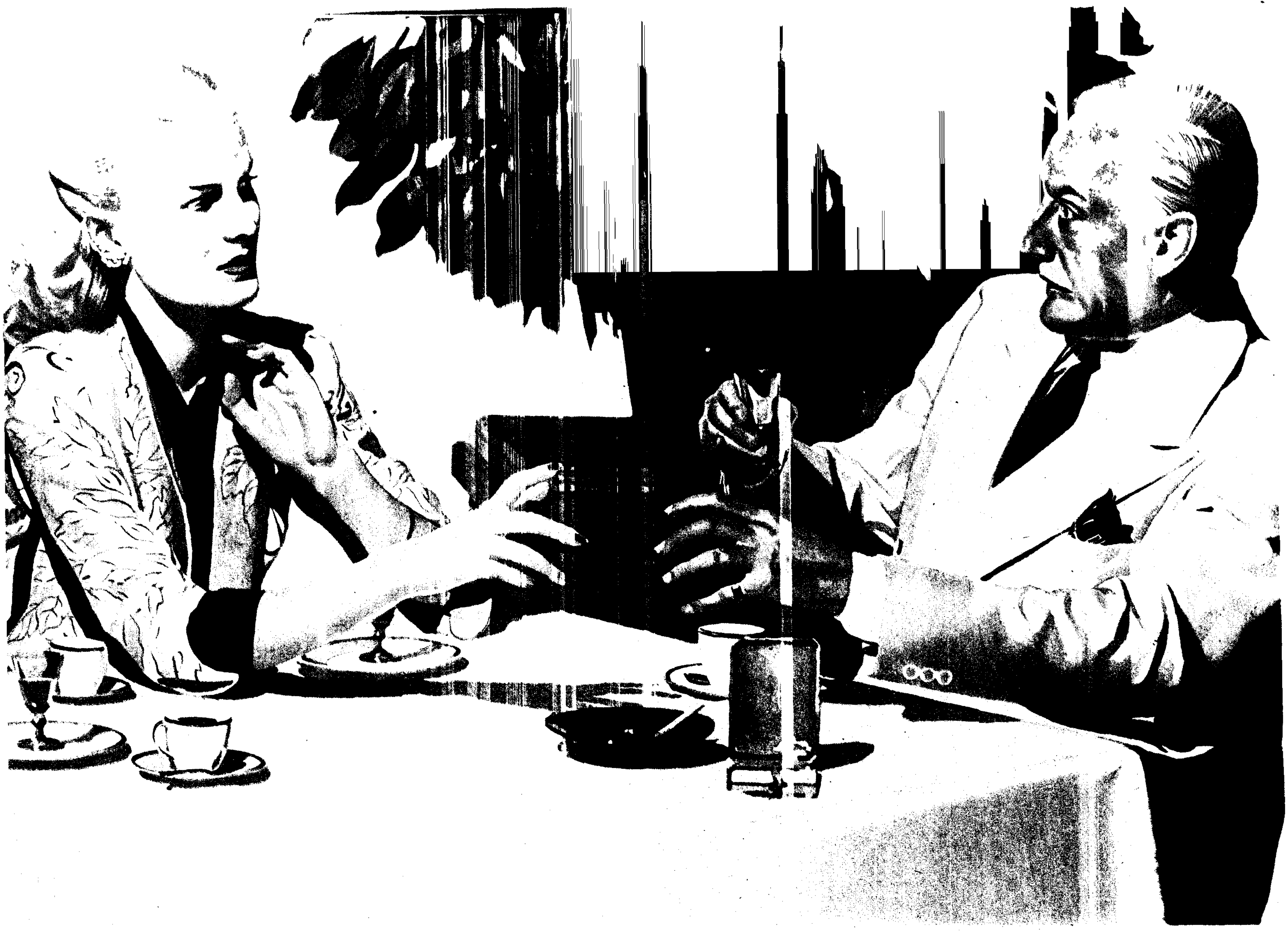
Mother Assistant interrupted, "If Monsieur Kennedy would begin helping us go through the box?"

Sophie had left little, here at least, beyond proofs of a sound background for her daughter. A marriage certificate between Sophia Maria Jadwiga, Baronin von Detmar, and Clifford Smith of Waukean, Iowa. His mother's name had been Jenny. His obituary, yellowed, from a Waukean paper, and those of his parents who had died before him. There was also Jenny's birth certificate and a U. S. War Bond for a thousand dollars—Sophie's final touch of authenticity.

A little of the irony of this was in Kennedy's voice as he said, "This should be enough to give you your start in Hollywood."

Jenny said, "I don't want to go to Hollywood." Her lips quivered. "The test was only because Mother wanted it. She worked so hard; she was so tired. When we were together in her vacations we used to plan. We would settle down in a nice town and stay long enough to make women friends and go to church and join a garden club maybe. . . . Hollywood was to try to earn money for that."

Kennedy withdrew his arm. Jenny, with her heady



Jenny had been leaning toward Carl, stroking his big white hand, when suddenly he reared back with staring eyes. He choked out the words, "Verdamte Hündin!" Then he fell forward

half-Viennese charm, babbling about a little suburban future of narrow respectability! "What will you do, then?" he asked, stiffly.

She said, "I don't know. What should I do?" She looked at him with complete dependent trust. He rose and walked across the room. In another minute that infernal angelhood in her look would have made him tell her that he wanted to keep her loved and safe till he died. . . Which, his sardonic brain reminded him, mightn't be long if he shared bed and board with a girl reared from birth by the best Nazi agent this side of the Atlantic.

"How do I know?" he said harshly.

"Jenny can stay with us until the first shock of her grief for her mother is over. They were deeply attached, Monsieur Kennedy," said Mother Assistant in a voice as cold as his own.

"I have an address for Uncle Carl," Jenny said uncertainly, "but it would take time, reaching him; he traveled too. He isn't my real uncle," she added. "We've always known him. But—"

Naturally, Uncle Carl. The delightful Baron Karl von Dreihausen—or Mr. House if you preferred—big, genial, cultured, musical, a mature wolf with the ladies. Kennedy's pulse quickened. The data he had had on Sophie deeply involved her side partner, too. He said, "If you will write to him, I will arrange to stay on and look after your affairs until he comes." This was safe enough—Kennedy was not the name by which Karl knew him.

She said, "Oh, I knew you were my friend!" She took his hands impulsively. And at their touch Kennedy knew that his heart had gone fast, more because he was staying with Jenny Smith another week than because of the hope of arresting von Dreihausen. But he stayed.

THEY saw each other almost daily after that. He knew he was getting in deeper and deeper with Jenny. She was so beautiful. She had such carriage, such self-possession, such manners. On her side she showed frankly that she was in love with him, and hoped he was with her. He told himself it was only an act; she couldn't be sincerely in love with him. After all, he was a hard-boiled lawyer twice her age, whom she hadn't known a fortnight. . . .

Now they were walking together in one of the parks, in the crisp cold of a typical Montreal bright winter day, between the high-piled snow.

"Have you heard from your Uncle Carl?" he asked her abruptly.

Her fair head drooped under its furred cap. She said, "I didn't write."

"Why not?"

"I—" she hesitated. "Last time I saw him I was angry. He—" she stopped, then chose an old-fashioned phrase. "He took liberties."

Kennedy made himself say stonily, "I'd write him."

"Must I?". . . Before he could reply she smiled and changed the subject quickly in Sophie's way. "You know, you aren't like a lawyer in manner," she said quickly. "You're more like a delightful Jesuit father. Don't laugh. They have the best manners in the world. . . . Always easy, responsive, unsurprised. But always, underneath, impersonal. There is something beneath which you never give."

"What do you want me to give?" He said it idly.

Her color rushed up to her forehead. She did not reply. She scarcely spoke till they were back in the convent parlor.

"Mr. Kennedy tells me I should write to Uncle Carl," she told Mother Assistant, who was awaiting them as usual.

Mother Assistant said, "Run upstairs, my dear. I have a little business with Monsieur Kennedy."

He sat under the little holy pictures and colored statuettes of saints and waited. Mother Assistant folded her hands inside her sleeves. She said placidly, "This Uncle Carl, this Mr. House, came once with Mrs. Smith. He is not a good man. Jenny should not be within his reach. . . . She has fallen in love with you, I am afraid. She is a good girl. You are much attracted; that I can see. I believe you trustworthy. Why do you not marry her?"

He said, "I think you are mistaken, my Mother."

Mother Assistant only said, "Do you hesitate because of her mother?"

"What do you know about her mother?"

"Only," said the religious, with the calm of a woman who has spent forty years judging people, "that she was unmistakably *déclassée,* and as unmistakably the Uncle Carl was or had been her lover. Nevertheless, she was a good mother. And Jenny is a good girl. She will be safe with you. Perhaps not, otherwise."

. . . Otherwise, her only friend was von Dreihausen, of whom Kennedy knew facts he could not tell even this passionless, experienced old woman. This man who had "taken liberties" with Jenny while her mother lived —with Jenny, who loved him, and whom, admit it, he loved. He was shoving her into von Dreihausen's arms for his own cynical reasons. . . .

Suddenly, everything in his head changed pattern like the bits of colored glass in a child's kaleidoscope. Now he saw that he had been believing a lot of crazy suspicious things because suspicion was his job; he had condemned Jenny because she had the same eyes and hair and smile and luscious charm as Sophie. He saw that he'd been a fool.

WHEN he spoke to Jenny she only said, looking at him as solemnly as a little girl who is being promised the wonderful present she had scarcely dared hope for, "From the first time I saw you, you were all that mattered." In that moment she was all that mattered to him, too, and since they were so much in love, they did not wait but were married within ten days.

When Kennedy turned his report on Sophie in to headquarters he also announced *(Continued on page 83)*

Gunners' Green Pastures

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

A little rest between rounds, a little fun and a bit of pampering go a long way for the kids who knock down the Messerschmitts. You don't need a commission for eligibility to this G.I. heaven

WITH THE U. S. AIR FORCES SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND: The sergeant from Brooklyn trails a paddle, and the punt drifts downstream past the water lilies and the cows grazing on the bank. "Boating on the Thames. Tell 'em when you get back. Tell 'em you seen me, and I got an English butler and a rose garden. And 'ow about a spot of croquet before tea? Chawmed, chum, I'm sure. You wouldn't know there was a war." He flips a cigarette at the rear end of a swan gliding majestically by. "You wouldn't know that twenty-four hours ago I was getting my pants shot off over Kiel."

A canoe heads diagonally across stream, and someone yells, "Fighter coming in at three o'clock," and for a moment the air is full of flak splashed from busy paddles. On the riverbank, a group of sun bathers sprawl on their stomachs, reading The Stars and Stripes. The sun is warm, and you wouldn't know there was a war, unless you noticed a newspaper trembling in a still-shaky hand or saw the flak scars on a naked back. Otherwise, you wouldn't know that these kids in slacks and sneakers are the gunners and radio operators and engineers of the big Flying Fortresses, and a few days ago they were sweating it out over Bremen, or tangling with the yellow-nosed Abbeville Boys over Saint-Nazaire, or maybe clinging to a rubber dinghy in the dark and lonely Channel.

It's the gunners' green pastures, a G.I. dream of heaven. The vast rambling Manor House was owned by a former lord mayor of London, but now it belongs to a bunch of guys named Joe. Now, broad-soled Army shoes tramp the clipped lawns, and American slang rings across the tea tables, and the crack of an American baseball against an American bat echoes from the manor's monastic walls.

There's nothing else quite like it in the Army. For seven days, these ordinary soldiers sleep on inner-spring mattresses and lie in bed if they feel like it, and are served steak and fresh vegetables and two real eggs for breakfast by a 70-year-old English butler named Butler.

The Medals Tell the Story

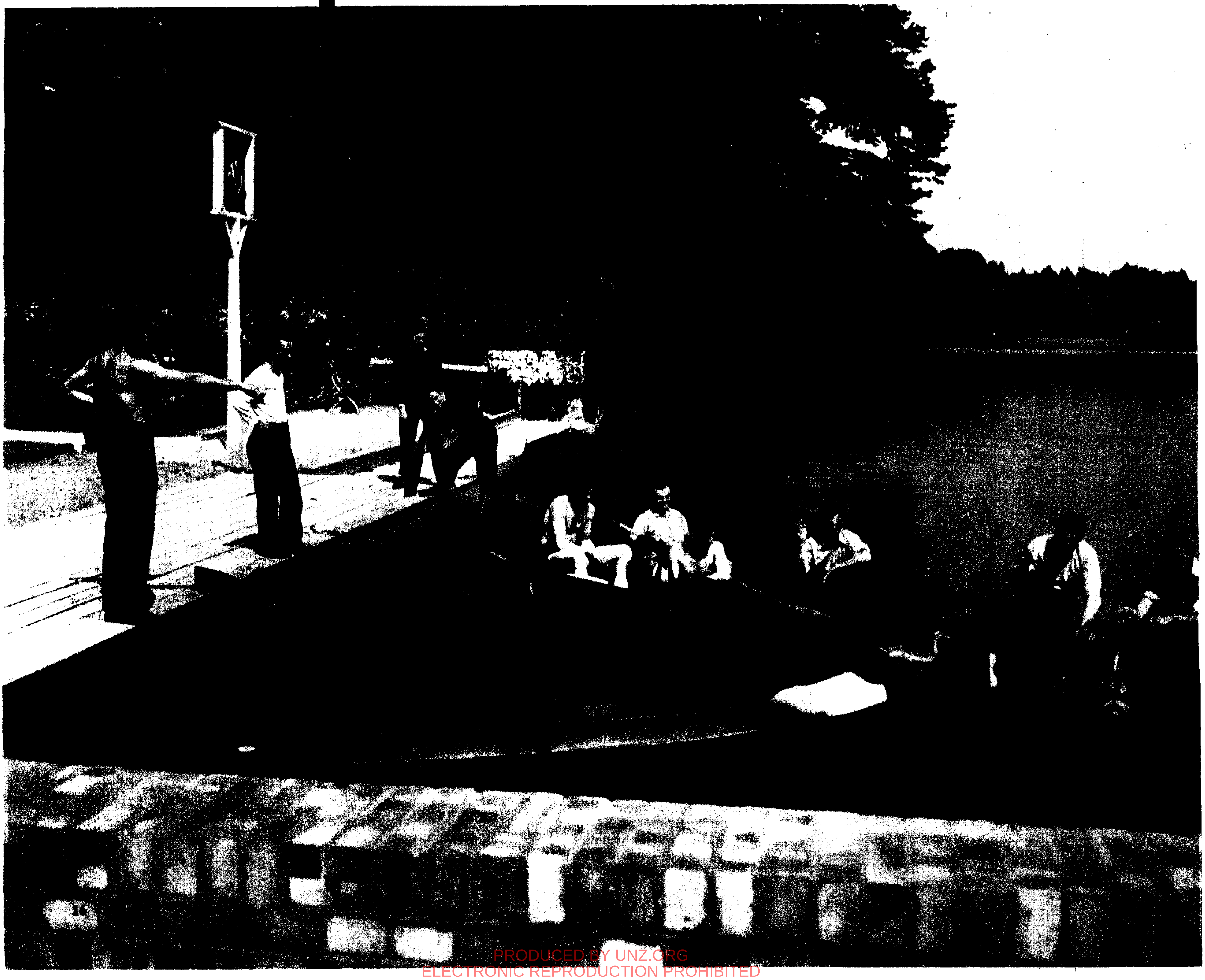
At night they put on their uniforms for evening mess, and you see the silver gunner's wings on their chests, and the Purple Heart and Air Medal and D.F.C. and oak clusters, and you realize who they are and why they are here.

There isn't even a name for it. It isn't a hospital; this is strictly private medicine. It's a brand-new baby of the Eighth Air Force, this idea of giving the combat crews of the bombers a little breather when the strain of battle first begins to tell. So successful is it that similar rest homes are being planned all over England, under the slightly upraised eyebrows of local officials who take a dim view of making all this pother about noncommissioned personnel. (Really, I mean to say, enlisted men and all that.) But the U. S. Air Forces know that there's no head of the table in a Fortress family, that these sergeant gunners are as vital to the success of a mission as pilot or navigator or bombardier, that their steady trigger fingers are writing some of the most heroic chapters of this air war.

"And it pays off in dollars and cents," adds Colonel Malcolm C. Grow, Chief Surgeon of the Eighth Air Force and sponsor of the project. "It's cheaper to keep a hundred men from getting combat jitters than to try to salvage one after he's cracked. A week of prevention is worth a year of cure."

A plane drones overhead, and the sun bathers roll onto their backs and shade their eyes with their hands. Everyone here looks up instinctively when a plane goes over. A kid in bathing trunks and the beginnings of a sun tan fumbles a cigarette; the match jiggles in his hands. It isn't good to see a kid of eighteen with shaky hands.

"It was on my first mission," he explains. "I was tail gunner, and a shell exploded



Butler, the butler, serves steak and French fries to Sergeants Stickler, Watson, Yattow and Stevens. These boys aren't a bit bashful at dinner table. The food is consistently fine and, of course, unrationed

wo strolling American gunners visit an ancient chapel uilt in the time of William the Conqueror. It's on the anor grounds where they rest between assignments

ergeant gunners relax in the sun on the Thames. ennis Keleman of Kentucky and William Stroud f Kansas toss bread crumbs to four wary swans

right behind me. The first I knew I'd been hit, I lifted my arm, and the blood poured out of my glove. So I disconnected my electric-heated flying suit and let the temperature get down below zero. That stopped the bleeding, and I could keep on firing."

You try to remember what you were like when you were eighteen. You worried about algebra, geometry, or whether you could get the family car for the high-school dance.

Opposite you, a thin youngster from Missouri rattles in a high, hurried voice: "Got ours over Lorient. Flak set us on fire. Pilot nursed the ship back to England, but one wing burned through, and she just seemed to go all to pieces in the air. I and one other fellow jumped clear. That night we had to go back and identify eight pieces of carbon. Trained for a year with those guys."

They like to talk; it does them good to talk. Things don't seem quite so bad when they are dragged out into the daylight.

A gunner from Tennessee stares at the sky: "I was flying ball-turret, and I saw this Focke-Wulf coming. I gave it a burst and I saw it was out of control. It just missed us, but it hit the ship right under me, and it sheared off the top turret; sheared off the gunner's head with it. It was right under me, and I could see the stump. I can still see it when I shut my eyes."

Or a little waist gunner from Pittsburgh, chain-smoking: "We were coming back from Bremen. A 20-mm. exploded in the radio room, and I saw the door open and the radio operator came running back toward me with his hands stretched out, like a man pleading for his life. I thought the pilot had told us to bail out and I reached for my chute, but the radioman kept coming, and then I saw his whole back was gone, and he fell into my arms. He had the cot right next to me in the barracks. Looking at an empty cot at night is what gets you worst of all."

They like to get these things off their chests; they'll sleep better tonight, although maybe you will not sleep so well.

The main idea is to rest and relax. The guests—the men are always referred to as guests—wander around the countryside at will, paddle downstream to the thatched-roof village, bicycle to town to keep a date with a local belle. They don't have to be back till midnight; there's no undue restriction or military atmosphere here. Credit the three understanding young officers in charge, Captain McLean Whitcomb, able C.O.; Lieutenant Willard Petre, his adjutant, and Lieutenant John Diamond, medical officer, who join the guests in a game of softball or take their places in a two-shilling-sixpence-limit blackjack game in the paneled living room, or shoot a round of skeet.

Child's Play for a Fighter

Skeet is a busman's holiday for these gunners. "Two o'clock low!" "Eleven o'clock very high!" A clay pigeon disintegrates in mid-air, a sergeant lowers his gun and frowns: "I wish it was an FW. My last mission I was carrying a brand-new cigarette lighter in the breast pocket of my shirt. A slug from an FW went through my coveralls and my flying suit, and the lighter stopped it. Believe me, I got a score to settle with the FW some day. New lighters are hard to get over here."

Or there is tennis or croquet or golf, the equipment furnished by Special Service or by the never-failing American Red Cross. Or the guests stroll through the manor's luxuriant gardens or tiptoe into the ancient chapel built in the time of William the Conqueror.

A tail gunner from Iowa ponders a moldering tombstone: "Funny thing about praying. My old lady always told me to have faith. The other day on my thirteenth mission we got jumped by a bunch of 109s over Hamburg, and they shot out our oxygen system and our controls and set our number-three engine on fire, and it looked like any moment we'd have to bail out. I reached for my chute, and then I thought: No, the old lady said to have faith. Each time I started to reach for that chute, I'd remember and pray instead. We made it back over the Channel and landed okay, and then I picked up my chute and found a shell had gone clean through it, and it was nothing but holes. Boy, I was glad I prayed. Twenty-seven thousand feet is a long ways down, if I'd had to walk."

Or, after supper, they drop down to the local pub for a game of shove-ha'penny or darts. Sometimes they take along Butler the butler, resplendent in cutaway and black bowler hat, and he instructs them in the proper technique.

For seven carefree days, they soak in the sunshine, and their hands grow steady, and the flak scars are hidden under a coat of tan, and their eyes are young again. You wouldn't know there was a war; except that one morning a jeep backs up to the front door, and blue barracks bags are tossed into it, and a quiet group in neatly pressed uniforms say, "So long," and climb aboard and head back to combat. Only now they're in shape to face it; now they're hard and healthy—ready to tackle the hottest job in the skies once again.

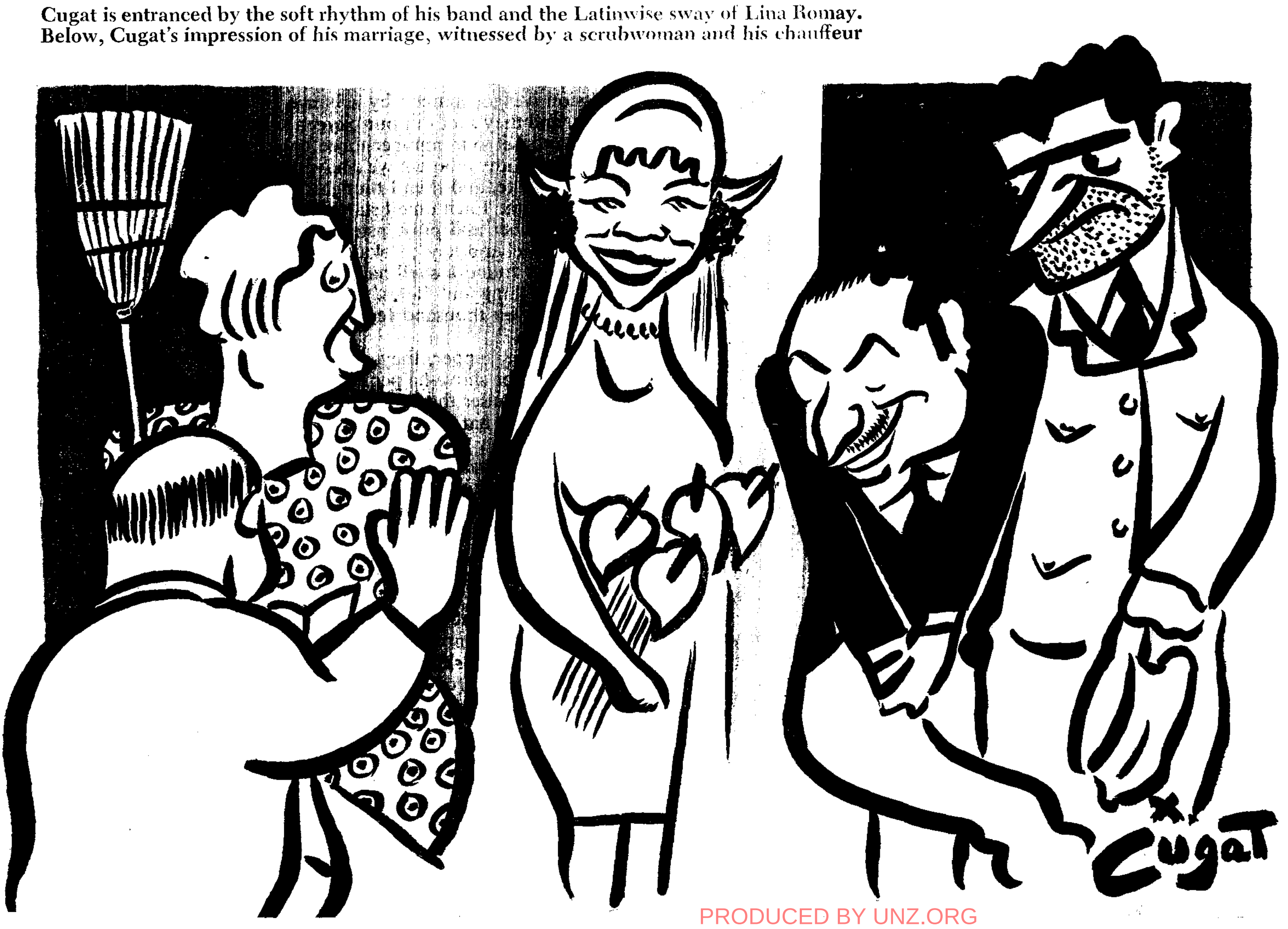
The sergeant from Brooklyn waves from his perch at the back of the jeep: "Tell 'em on Broadway you seen me, chum. Tell 'em I'll be back to teach 'em shove-ha'penny as soon as I get my missions done." ★★★

RUMBA ONE MAN

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Cugat is entranced by the soft rhythm of his band and the Latinwise sway of Lina Romay. Below, Cugat's impression of his marriage, witnessed by a scrubwoman and his chauffeur



Xavier Cugat made America rumba. Always up to his baton in ideas, his latest postwar ambition is to make Latin America do the rumba!

Collier's is proud to be the first magazine ever to publish a recipe which it *doesn't* recommend. It's like this:

Xavier Cugat thinks he can cook. That isn't unusual, because there are cooks who think they can rumba. Coogie's favorite recipe is Lobster à la Chocolate Sauce. This is known to some who have never tried it as How to Get the High Horrors in One Lesson. If your insurance premiums are all paid, you might like to tempt fate. Here's how:

Buy a mixture of red and green peppers. They must be sweet and hot. Put some olive oil in a pan and fry the peppers. Take them out to dry, pound the peppers to powder, mix the mess with olive oil, a few drops of saffron, a pinch of cinnamon. Then, in a pot, make the chocolate sauce. Get the unsweetened kind. Make it thick, then mix the pepper goo into it. Mix it thoroughly.

Pour the sauce over the lobster—you have a lobster, haven't you?—and eat. Any resemblance to food living or dead is purely coincidental.

ONCE upon a time there was a little rhythm called the rumba, and when orchestras played it everybody sat down and waited for the next fox trot. Debutantes detested it. Housewives hated it, too. Brokers were bored stiff by it. But one day Xavier Cugat came to the rescue. This bandstand prestidigitator wore a red silk handkerchief on his balding dome, waved a baton three times longer than Toscanini's and commanded his extravagantly beruffled musicians in an accent by comparison with which Gregory Ratoff sounds like Anthony Eden.

"Abacadabra!" he cried, and he bestowed upon the rumba a potent philter that made yokels yen for it, stenographers swoon over it and dowagers die for it. Cugat's magic touch set the hips of this untropical nation swinging Latinwise, like cautious pendulums, and made *"Agua!"* a cry equally dear and familiar to Mormon, Damyankee and Pennsylvania Dutch.

In the process of promoting this sultry terpsichore, he ran up his fortune from a handful of dimes to nearly three quarters of a million dollars a year, *Americano,* and acquired the sobriquet of The King by which he modestly prefers to be known.

He is a fairly fabulous fellow, mustachioed, somewhat chinless, and bordering on the rotund. He wears a blue beret almost all the time, even when breakfasting in bed, and he panders to the conventional conception of the successful musician by flashing a set of eccentricities ranging from the sartorial to the vocal.

The Pay-off is Good

There is no one who approaches him in the field of purveying Cuban and Brazilian music to people who have never been to Cuba or Brazil.

His phonograph records sell by the millions, being snapped up as hotly in Wabash and Oshkosh as in the bigger cities where the rumba learned to walk. His royalties on recordings for home consumption and juke boxes run to $40,000 a year. He gets $2,100 for each radio broadcast, and $9,000 a week for theater appearances. It costs the movie moguls from $42,000 to $65,000 to hire him for a film and, at the moment, he has just finished one picture and is booked for five more as fast as he can make them.

He draws between $1,500 and $2,500 for one-night stands, which he dislikes because of the travel involved. He prefers to suffer a mere $2,000 a week and stay at the Waldorf-Astoria, where he has played thirteen engagements at the highest fee that hotel has paid any band leader, including Eddy Duchin and the late Hal Kemp. Additional pin money—about $50,000 annually—finds its way into the sharply tailored pockets of The King from ASCAP (he is a highly rated composer, too) and from the sale of his murderous caricatures to newspapers, magazines and syndicates.

But these are just vulgar figures which might lead the casual deducer to infer that Coogie is interested in money. Actually he cares far more for dogs, bird life, solid comfort, and having people get up to dance when a band plays Mama Inez.

He is ecstatic over the present wave of enthusiasm in this country for Latin music which he feels is just at the beginning of its crescendo. "Haffter the war," Cugat says happily, "eet weel be fantastic."

He foresees a gigantic exchange of musicians and bands between the two friendly continents of North and South America, stimulated by postwar travel and the

(Continued on page 70)

"Christianity Must Go" Says Japan

By Robert Bellaire

"After rising from the dead, Christ reappeared in Japan, where He died again and was buried." Thus runs the Japs' version of Christ's life, part of their campaign to abolish Christianity and establish Shinto as the world religion

ONE evening in Shanghai's most luxurious geisha house, I was sitting with diminutive and toothy Colonel S. Nishihara, spokesman for the Japanese army. Nishihara had partaken of too much of his native wine, *sake*. Between bites of raw fish, he told me of the "virtues" of his emperor, Hirohito. The wine-flushed colonel soon was so overcome by emotion that he broke into tears, as so many Japanese do when they speak of their emperor.

"You should become a Shintoist and follower of the emperor," he told me.

I tried to laugh that off, but the sobbing colonel persisted. Finally, I recalled something another Jap officer had once told me about him.

"Come, now, Colonel," I said firmly. "I understand you are a Christian, registered in the Christian church in Japan. Your Christian Japanese don't feel the same about the emperor as other Japanese do—or do you?"

Nishihara pulled himself together slowly, but with terrifying determination. Obviously, I had deeply offended him.

"I was registered as a Christian for only one reason—for the emperor!" he shouted, glaring at me through bloodshot eyes. "The Imperial army ordered me to attend a Christian mission school so that I might learn English from your American teachers. Many of us in the army and navy qualified ourselves for code and translation work in foreign languages in this way. That is how I could become army spokesman for you American and British correspondents."

Education for the Army

Nishihara said that in the early days of Christian missions in Japan, many Japanese officers had registered as Christians not only to learn foreign languages, but higher mathematics, sciences, foreign history—subjects considered vital in building a world-conquering army and navy.

The mission schools actually had never required students to register as Christians. But Nishihara said the Japanese army and navy requested many young officers to register because they feared the missionaries would close their colleges unless they could show their financial supporters in America an impressive record of "conversions."

"But we aren't dependent on mission schools any more," Nishihara said. "Japan has developed her own teachers. Our universities and hospitals now are far better than the mission institutions. The only use the army has for Christianity today"—this was before the war—"is that the missionaries still bring large amounts of American money into Japan. We need this foreign exchange to buy your raw materials."

I asked Nishihara whether the average Japanese felt any gratitude toward the Christian missionaries for the humanitarian work they had done in Japan.

"Gratitude?" The little colonel smiled. "Self-respecting Japanese resent the fact that we have had to accept anything from you foreigners. We are a superior race. We descend from the gods. It is you who should be learning from Japan. Some day Japan will control the world. Christianity will be wiped out. Only then will there be peace." A half-melancholy look came into his eyes. "You know," he recalled, "I did like those Christian hymns. Very funny music."

He launched into Onward Christian Soldiers. Before he had finished, I excused myself and departed.

I found something too sinister in the way Nishihara was singing that hymn. Just a few hours earlier, I had reported to the United Press the bombing of another American Christian mission in interior China. That had been the twentieth such raid in less than a year.

The Reverend and Mrs. Arthur Nyhus, American Lutheran missionaries in Honan Province, had been at breakfast that morning with their two little daughters.

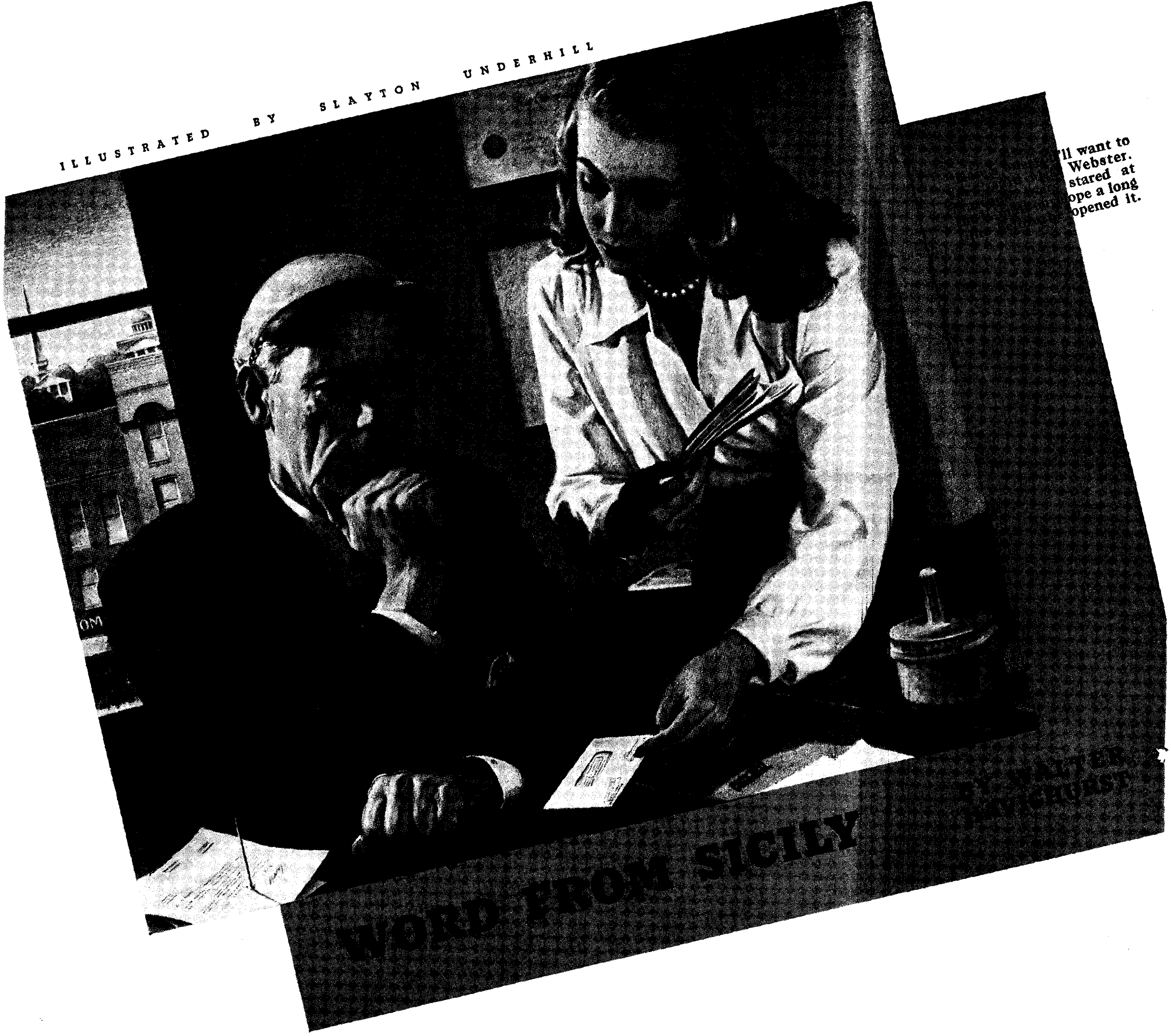
Without warning, the Nyhus home and near-by mission buildings, all clearly marked with enormous American flags, suddenly were rocked by heavy explosions. As the plaster cracked and fell, the

(Continued on page 66)

ACME

Father Jantzen of the Mission D'Etrangers de Paris is silhouetted by the blazing ruins of his church in Chungking. The Japs want to bomb Christianity to death

ILLUSTRATED BY SLAYTON UNDERHILL



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WORD FROM SICILY

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

With everything he cherished lying shattered, Matthew Ayres learns that it is possible to wring triumph from defeat

AFTER midnight, in the dimness of Center Street beyond Capitol, he heard the presses of the Clarion turning out the morning edition. He stopped by the wide, street-level window and for a moment he looked in at the big, dark, oiled machinery, all in motion, with the newsprint flowing through it like a wide white ribbon. On the platform, the fresh-folded papers kept piling up, and with their rubber-tired pushcarts the boys trundled them away.

He went inside, climbed slowly to an office above the pressroom, and entered through a ground-glass door labeled "Matthew Ayres, Editor." The night was warm, and he pulled off his coat, throwing it on a couch against the wall. The swivel chair squealed as he sat at the old roll-top desk and flicked on the stand lamp. He slipped a green eyeshade over his half-bald head, ruffling the white hair over his ears. He had a fine head with firm, clear features even at sixty-three, but his mouth was tired, and the light was gone from his blue eyes. There was a pile of news photos on the desk; the top one showed three helmeted men flattening on the earth as a bomb-burst lifted a black geyser.

His eyes strayed away, his broad shoulders were sagging. The chair creaked again as he lifted a lined, once-genial face, half listening to the murmur of the presses beneath him. On the office wall were maps, several framed certificates of newspaper awards in the class of cities under 100,000, and a quiet painting of Monte Pellegrino rising above the roofs of Palermo into the blue Sicilian sky. Now his gaze rested on that scene. His wife had painted it, from memory, the year before she died. It had hung on his office wall ever since, as though it were waiting.

He didn't look around when Fred Pickering came in. The managing editor crossed the room in his faintly dragging step.

"Here are those pictures, Matt." When he got no answer, he added: "Some good ones, some not so good. But there's all we need to make a good spread for Sunday. The tents those Jamaicans are trying to live in, with mud up to their ankles, and the melons and tomatoes rotting in the fields. Some of this stuff speaks for itself, and for those Jamaicans. Maybe it will help persuade the governor to open up that housing for them."

At last the tired blue eyes swung round. "It's all over, Fred. We're through. Somebody else will print the Sunday edition. And they won't want your pictures."

"You mean—the Chicago outfit?"

"Yes. They've made a good offer. I wired them to come down tomorrow. O'Connor himself is coming."

"How soon will they take over?"

"Well, they've been after the Clarion for twenty years. I guess they won't lose any time now."

"You've thought it through, Matt?"

"I haven't thought of anything else for weeks. Ever since—" his head came up with a faint defiance. "It was for Webb. You know that. Now what is there left?"

Fred Pickering, tall and stooped and patient, looked down at him like a tired old schoolmaster. "What the Clarion stands for—that's left. What it has meant, even before your time."

"Yes, my grandfather began it before the Civil War, with a four-page weekly. My father made it a real newspaper, a good one. And I've worked at it for forty years. But now there's no one to follow me. It's ended."

"It's hard to think—"

"Oh, I'll take care of you, Fred. And the others. That's already settled."

"That wasn't what I meant."

While the managing editor stood there, the lamp throwing shadows across his long face, his eyes went to the framed certificates on the wall.

The Midland Clarion was not just another newspaper. For ninety years, through wars and panics and depressions, through the strife of time and trade and politics, it had been a voice. It was independent. It was American. It was both realistic and idealistic, like the good gray poet, Walt Whitman, who was often quoted in its columns. It was rooted in the native soil and the native mind; it sprang from what commentators in New York and Washington called "the grass roots."

It had an instinct for the American point of view. It was deeply and soundly aware of the American tradition. It fought for tolerance, fair play and the

(Continued on page 62)

ACTION THIS DAY

By Archbishop Francis J. Spellman

In this, the concluding series of letters to his father, Archbishop Spellman meets General Smuts in South Africa and returns home to New York, covering over 11,000 miles in five days

Dar es Salaam,
Tanganyika Territory, East Africa
June 28, 1943

My dear father: Leaving Khartoum, one goes up the Nile flying south, which sounds strange to us, as along our rivers we usually go "up" flying north. As we left the Sudan and came into the Upper Nile Province, I was struck by the incisive demarcation between the desert and the beginning of green fields, forests and jungles. In three hours, we reached Malakal, the capital of the province.

This stop, brief though it was, gave me a vignette of missionary life in that area. Monsignor Wall, of the Mill Hill Fathers, met me at the airport. He is very pallid, like so many of the missionaries who have long suffered from malaria. As we walked and chatted, it was interesting to meet natives who, through some process of disfigurement, have produced strings of beady lumps on their foreheads and faces, in accordance with the custom of this region; their ear lobes have also been punctured and stretched.

When the plane was serviced, we left, and flew about eight hundred and fifty miles south. This was an area which I wanted very much to visit because there is incapsulated here a community of Brothers of the Sacred Heart, all Americans, who are doing extraordinary work in educating the natives. But it was not to be; no one is permitted either to embark or debark here, because the entire locality is infested with the tsetse fly. This fly is a carrier of sleeping sickness, biting infected animals and then transmitting the disease to human beings. Crocodiles are the most frequent sources of the infection. While the plane was refueling, we cruised about in a launch for half an hour without going near the shore.

In midafternoon, we arrived at Fort Bell on Lake Victoria. I was met by Bishop Michaud, of the White Fathers, and Bishop Resinck, of the Mill Hill Fathers.

In Rubugwa, magnificently located on a high hill, is the Cathedral of the Vicariate. Though it is an enormous church, I saw it filled to capacity three times on the Sunday that I was there. The men and women sit on opposite sides of the church, and many of them sit on floor mats, and the children sit on benches in front.

Kampala is the largest town in Uganda; Entebbe, the capital where the English governor lives, is about an hour's drive away. Although Entebbe is situated on the equator, the climate is cool and very pleasant; the temperature varies only four degrees in a year.

Many a time I have undeservedly earned the reputation of being overfrugal in my eating, when, really, I was a bit hungry. But I have not yet been hungry enough to eat anything when I did not know what it was. There are in Uganda, for example, great mounds eight, ten and fifteen feet high, which I was surprised to learn are anthills. Bishop Michaud asked me one day whether I had ever eaten any ants. I replied that not knowingly had I done so. He said that ants are very good, that they taste just like almonds. He also spoke of grasshoppers in an appreciative tone. In an unguarded moment I asked him what they tasted like and he answered, "Shrimp."

In self-defense I told him of a stew, half rabbit and half horse—that is, one rabbit and one horse.

In one place I heard hens cackling. I used the sign language and asked a native for an egg to be cooked four minutes; instead, I received four eggs. One of the eggs may have been fresh but it was not the one that I tried.

The natives of Uganda, both men and women, have their heads shaved or closely cropped, and they all go barefoot. On occasions when I had to speak, one of the priests would translate what I said into Luganda. This is the language of Buganda, a part of the protectorate of Uganda, which is ruled over by a king called the Kabaka. His people are called Baganda, and the customs and the culture of the people are called Kiganda. Now you have the whole story in one paragraph!

Riding around with the two priests in an automobile on some good roads and some poor ones, visiting villages, schools, and people, was a precious experience. The priests were ten or fifteen years younger than I. They were full of enthusiasm, knowledge and hope. They told me why there are no horses in Uganda: The flies have killed them all, the same tsetse flies that are carriers of sleeping sickness.

With Father Beckwith and Father Biddleton I went to the Leper Hospital, an institution conducted by the Mill Hill Sisters. They did not know we were coming, and were all busy at their duties as we drove into the colony.

Visit Without Fanfare

We wandered first into the chapel where there was an old priest saying his breviary, and a few natives praying. We knelt in the rear of the chapel and said our prayers. No one seemed aware of us. Presently we made our way to a group of low-lying buildings, of brick and cement, each with a porch extending the entire length of the house. We spoke to a Sister who came out of one of the buildings, and learned that she was Sister Brendan, the Superior. She said she was glad to see me because lepers like to receive visitors, and few people like to visit them.

This Sister Brendan is a wonderful person. I wouldn't know to which of the nine choirs of angels to assign her, but I am sure that, to the lepers, the Sisters are all angels, as they are their doctors, nurses and friends. They certainly see with a divine light, because their heroic service is beyond natural powers. In reply to my question, Sister Brendan said that she had never seen a leper when, in Ireland, she volunteered to serve them; she had been supremely happy in her ten years among them.

Sister Brendan showed me lepers in all stages of the disease. Three were dying. I gave them a blessing and paused a moment at their bedsides. As I looked at their poor, shriveled, gnarled, gnawed bodies, I was thinking of Christ and the lepers in the Gospel story. Sister Brendan startled me, expressing the thought with which I was struggling. "What a surprise and a joy," she said, "to die and to wake up, all clean!"

All the lepers who were not bedridden or who were not then having medical treatment, grouped about me and I spoke to them. Father Biddleton translated what I said into Luganda. Then I added my own two words in that language, and all the patients were delighted. Leprosy brings huskiness of voice, but their voices sounded clear to my ears when they joined in song for me. Sister Peter Mary, a nun from New York, said to me, "They are singing 'God be with you on your journey.'" I hope that at the end of life's journey, I shall meet them all again.

Bishop Michaud and one of his parishioners, the Chief Justice, accompanied me to the residence of the Kabaka, King Mutesa. The king is young, only eighteen years of age, and lives with an English tutor but also goes to college. When he is in school, it is etiquette not to recognize

(Continued on page 32)

Archbishop Spellman has given the rights to these articles to the Military Ordinariate, and the proceeds therefrom will be used in their entirety for the welfare of soldiers and sailors of all races and religions who visit the Cathedral Canteen in New York City. This organization, among other things, provides luncheon and dinners without cost to servicemen

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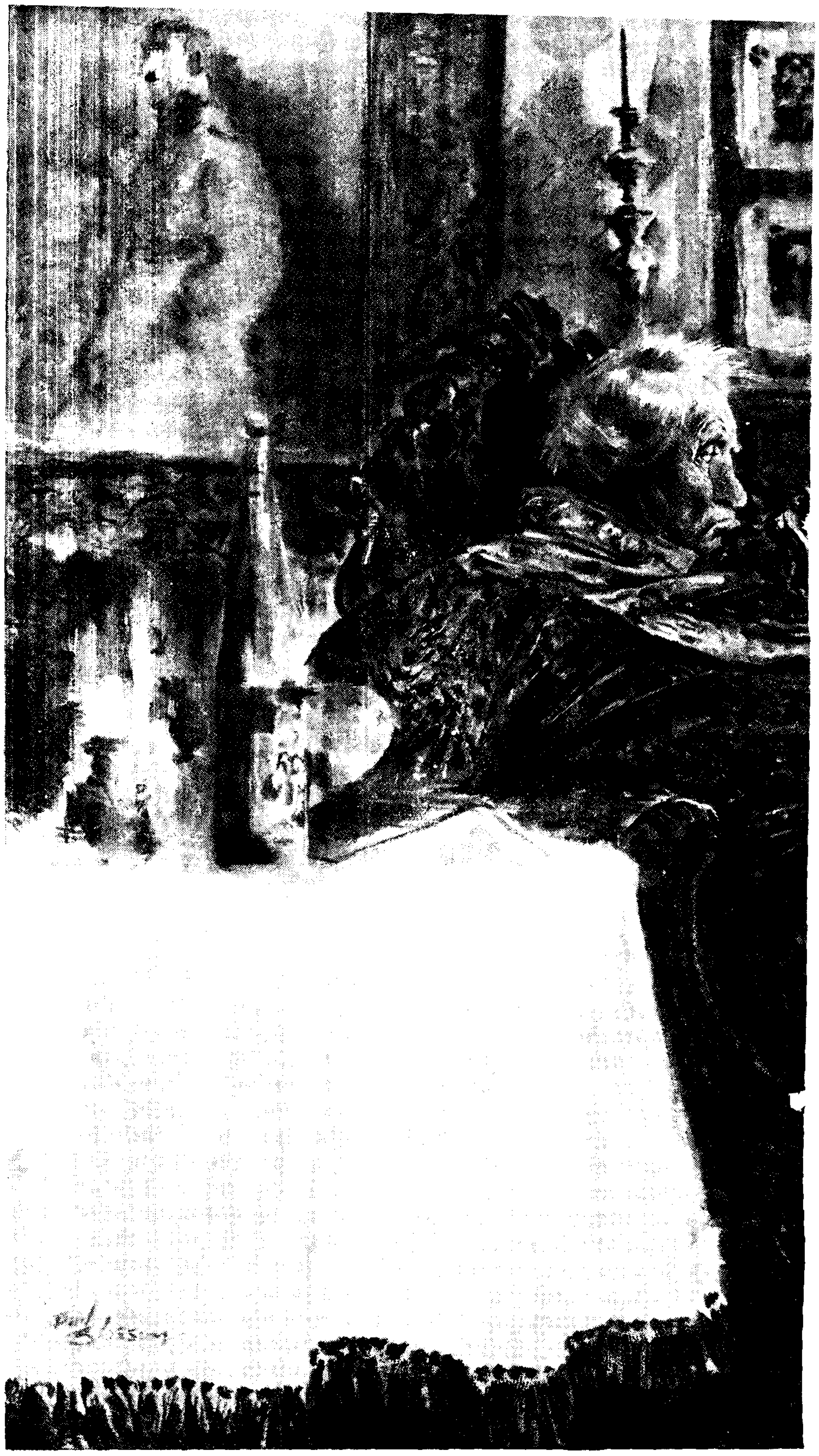
In the Archbishop's New York residence, reporters stand in line to greet him on his return from his far-flung travels

HOTEL BERLIN—1943

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING an anti-Nazi riot, Martin Richter, a young German who won the Iron Cross after being wounded at Stalingrad, his twin sister Annemarie (whom he adores) and a number of other university students are arrested, taken to Berlin. They refuse to name their associates, and each day one of them is beheaded before the eyes of those remaining. Before her death, Annemarie suffers the most bestial treatment at the hands of her jailers.

Richter manages to make a daring escape. In Berlin he makes his way via the underground to two Frenchmen—Gaston, headwaiter at the Hotel Berlin, and Philippe, its wine-cellar master—who, knowing the hotel is bound to be searched, disguise him as a waiter. . . .

On his way to a state banquet being given by Baron von Stetten of the Foreign Office, General Arnim von Dahnwitz, a hero of the Russian campaign, pauses in the lobby of the Hotel Berlin for a few words with the Reich's most popular young actress, Lisa Dorn, with whom he is in love. He introduces a young flier, Oberleutnant Otto Kauders, to her, then goes in to the banquet.

Fräulein Dorn, a resident at the hotel, goes to her room, where a young waiter whom she has never seen before brings her dinner to her. As he is serving the meal, policemen enter the room, search it thoroughly, then go away. They are looking for Martin Richter. After they leave, the waiter suddenly faints; Lisa, working over him, finds a fresh, gaping wound in his shoulder! He comes to, forbids her to call for help. During the battle of wits that follows he tells her that he is *Martin Richter!* And he tells her why he is in hiding.

As they converse, Gestapo agents are loitering in the hall outside the room. But, after hearing the young fellow's story, Lisa (hitherto a fanatical adherent of the Fuehrer) is convinced of his sincerity. She decides not to give him away. . . .

The banquet downstairs ends. Following it, Baron von Stetten confidentially informs the general that he, the general, hero of the Reich, is no longer useful to the Nazi cause; he suggests, diplomatically, that the only course left is for von Dahnwitz to kill himself!

The general does not want to die. He persuades himself that he can better serve his country and his class (the military) by remaining alive. He decides to flee to Sweden. Going to Lisa's room, he enters (as Martin slips into the bathroom) and implores the actress to fly with him to Sweden. He even begs her to marry him. Lisa has always admired the general as a heroic figure; now, she tells him, she can't understand how he can abandon his country. Her own life and her career are in Germany. She flatly refuses to go with him.

The general, broken, bids her a dignified goodby. He returns to his room, where his loaded pistol awaits him. . . . Then, the coast clear, Martin comes out of the bathroom. He faces Lisa. "You could have given me away," he says quietly, "but you didn't." He lifts his arms, and Lisa, in an unreasoning frenzy of emotion, rushes into them.

III

LISA was braiding her hair before the mirror on her dressing table, at the same time examining her face with a curious, close scrutiny. She studied her eyes, her mouth, she lifted her arms and looked at them, she even turned and tried to examine her own shoulder from the back. No. Nothing had changed and yet everything was different.

"As if I were still the same person," she said accusingly to the mirror. Martin was standing at the window, protected from sight by the folds of the curtains. Lisa couldn't cease wondering at his sure movements, each of them designed to give him cover and yet leave him the freedom of choice of defense or attack. Outside, there was a clear, bright morning with streams of yellow sunlight.

"As I thought," he muttered, stepping back. "They're all over the place."

"I wish I could say abracadabra swish swish swish and make you invisible," Lisa said.

"Gaston will spirit me away somehow; trust the old man."

Lisa went to the alcove, plugged in the telephone and picked up the receiver. "Room service? Please, will you tell Gaston to bring up my breakfast? Oh . . . Oh, I see. No, thanks; in that case I'd rather go downstairs to the breakfast room. Thanks."

She was a little pale as she put down the receiver and mechanically unplugged the telephone again.

"Gaston has been arrested," Martin said behind her, and it was not a question.

"They say he won't be here today. They're short of waiters, they say."

"I was afraid of it. Poor Gaston! Poor fellow! They'll try to make him talk!"

"Don't worry. We'll find something. I'll get you out of here somehow. Please, please don't worry."

"I'm not worrying," Martin said. "I'm not worrying a bit about myself, and you mustn't either. This is nothing. It's fun. I've been in other spots and got out alive. I'm worrying about Gaston—and about the others. They'll all suffer hell on account of me; instead of helping the others I make it worse for them." He bit his lip, thinking hard. "And you," he added. "I've got you into this, but it's no game for a helpless little fool like you."

"I'm not helpless. That's just a pose," she said absent-mindedly. She felt storms of strength surging inside of her. She bent down, plugged the phone in once more and called Number 86 on the fifth floor. "Johannes Koenig. He'll help us. He'll know what to do," she said gaily over her shoulder. "He always has ideas. He's a great, big bag full of imagination. Good morning, Your Majesty," she called into the telephone. "Yes, I know. It's wretched to wake you up so early, but I've got to see you. Put on your least disreputable gown and be ready to receive me. Yes, yes, it's very important. It's about your play."

Lisa started for the door. "Wait here," she said eagerly to Martin. "Lock the bolt and not a sound out of you while I'm gone. I'll get an army to break the siege. This is no Stalingrad. Quiet now."

Johannes Koenig was no morning beauty; he had thrown a soiled, tattered mandarin coat over his old-fashioned nightshirt, and his eyelids were sticky like a newborn kitten's. The blackout curtains were still pulled, it was dark in his room, and the fumes of wine and sleep hung around him. A half-empty bottle stood on the table.

"'Air for the wretched one—'" Lisa quoted Faust, as she pulled curtains and windows open.

"I don't like hurricanes to get into my hair at the dawn of day," Johannes grumbled. She pushed him onto a chair, sat down opposite him, took his hand in hers and began to talk at once.

"Listen to me. This is important. It is about your play. It's time you finished it, and last night I got an idea for your third act. Listen carefully. At the end of the second act, a company of Napoleon's soldiers have been billeted in Schloss Adlersruh. Irene has gone to her room. Now then: The third act doesn't play in the village inn as you planned it; it plays in her room. She finds a stranger hiding there, a young man, disheveled, wounded, desperate. At first she is horrified; then he begins to talk and she realizes that he, too, is German. One of the few mad young conspirators who are preparing the future uprising against Napoleon. He is a fugitive and there is a high price on his head. Irene has always been a pampered, spoiled, thoughtless creature, blinded by Napoleon's glory and pleased to flirt with his smart officers. Now, for the first time, her eyes are opened. For the first time, she learns the truth, she hears about the gallant young men who are willing to give their lives to fight the usurper. You're a poet, Johannes; you'll be able to explain what happens to her soul much better than I can. It is something like a rebirth; she helps the fugitive, hides him during the night—and when the morning comes, she knows that she, too, is ready to die, if she can help him in the liberation of the country."

"SHE has fallen in love with him," Koenig broke in; he had listened with faint interest at first, then with growing attention and at last fascinatedly. His faded blue eyes came creeping out of their nests of bushy white brows. "Yes, she falls in love with him. It may be melodramatic, but it's inevitable."

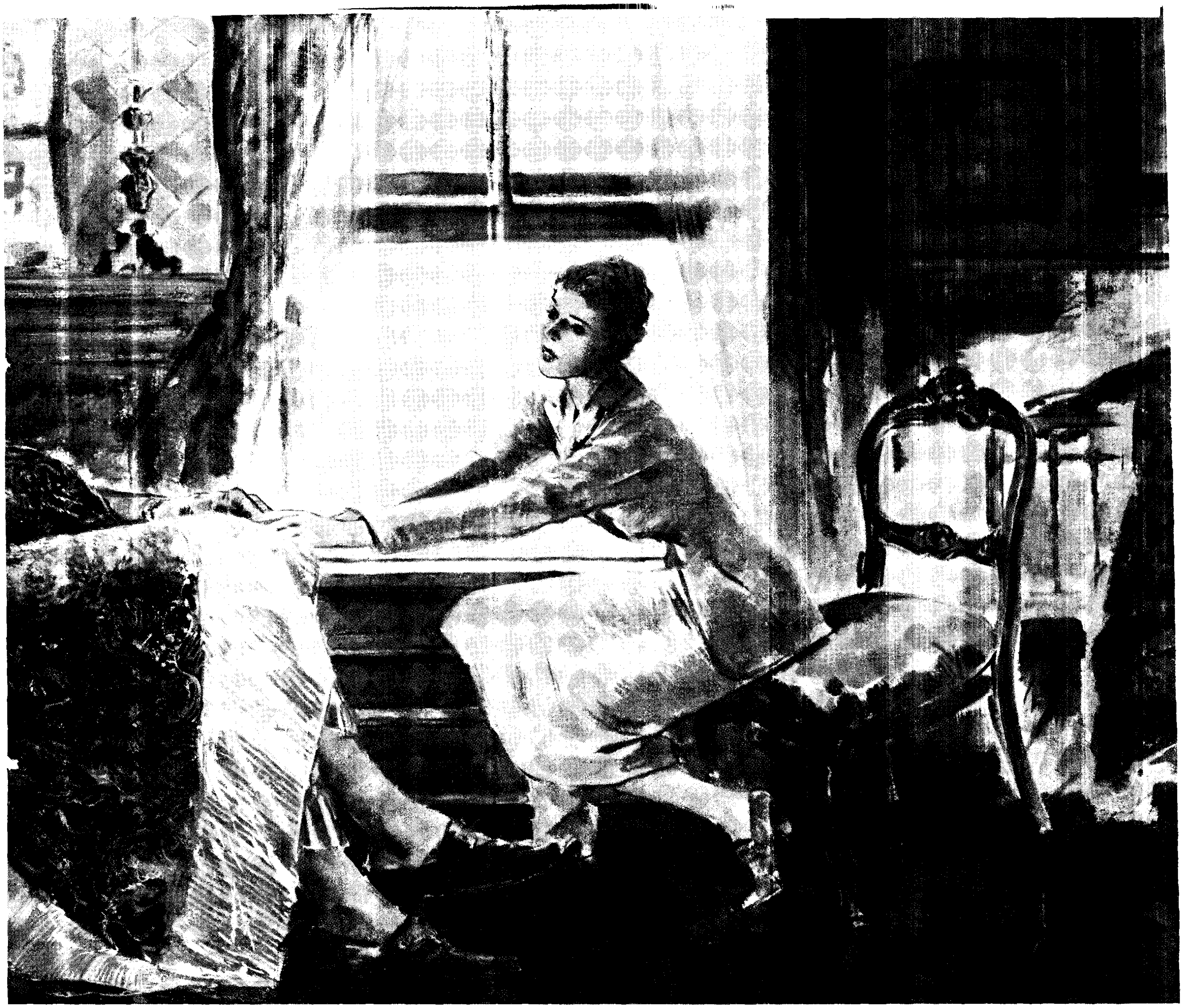
"Do you think that's what happened to her, Johannes?" Lisa said, and there was humility in her voice. For a little while, she sat deep in thought and then she took the hurdle bravely. "Yes. You're right. I believe she couldn't help falling in love with him. Can you picture that night? There is death waiting behind every door. Downstairs Napoleon's officers are drinking. One of them even tries to break into her room—"

"I can see it. I can see it. Love and death, the eternal brothers. All they have is this bitter, sweet, dangerous, one and only night. They know there is no tomorrow for them. The proximity of death makes their love flare sky-high. The curtain comes down on their first embrace," Koenig declaimed enthusiastically. Suddenly he sobered and threw a shrewd glance at Lisa. "Not bad," he said. "Melodramatic, but not really bad. And where do we go from here? We've got your young man trapped and your heroine madly in love. The curtain goes up—and what happens then?"

"We have to get him out of Schloss Adlersruh and into the fight for the liberation of Germany."

"Ah! Indeed? And how are we going to do that?"

"I don't know. I don't know, Johannes.



Lisa took Koenig's hand in hers and began to talk at once. "Lis*ten to me. This is important.* It is about your play. Last night I got an idea for your third act"

That's what I came to you for. You're a great writer. You must find a way. All exits are watched. Napoleon still has all the power. It takes a better brain than mine to find the twist that will get him past the guards."

"Wait a moment! Couldn't we use the old shepherd we had in the first act? He has been Irene's friend since her childhood. He is an old man. Life has almost run out for him. 'I'm only clinging to the shirttail of life: take the tattered bit and use it to save this fiery youth,' he says to her."

"Yes, Johannes. I was sure he would say that. He is the only real friend she ever had. He must help her," Lisa said, summoning every shred of intensity as in a climax on the stage.

KOENIG gazed at her through a long, undulating silence. Suddenly he took his hand out of hers and pulled back his chair. His coat and the wine-stained nightshirt stood open and with a small shudder of disgust she saw the shaggy white hair on his old man's chest. He walked up and down the cramped room twice and stopped in front of her, once more fixing his watery, red-rimmed eyes upon her in a mute question.

Lisa answered with a nod and a guilty smile. Slowly the smile faded while the roots of her hair began to tingle with shame and anger. She saw Koenig's face, clear and unmasked as never before, with its lines of slackness and stagnation and decay. Even before he opened his mouth, she knew the answer.

"Don't let's misunderstand each other, my dear," he said. "We are discussing my play. We're talking about the third act of The Purple Hour and of nothing else. Of nothing else! I want you to realize this quite definitely. I don't want to hear anything else. I don't want to know anything else. I refuse—do you hear me?—I refuse to be told anything else. On second thought, I don't like your idea, anyway. Melodramatic. Cheap drama. Very old-fashioned, too. If—if Irene follows a little whim and amuses herself for one night with some sort of young firebrand—*bon!* Such things happen and are soon forgotten. If she has any sense, she'll wash her hands of the whole affair the next morning. Let him see for himself how to get out of the trap, the young fool! Yes, Lisa. That's the only thing I have to say. I don't want to hear any more of it and I don't want Irene to have any further traffic with her idiotic Freiheitskämpfer."

"Is that your last word? Really?"

"Yes. My first and my last word," Koenig said.

Lisa dropped her hands in her lap in a gesture of despair. "So that's that," she said, crushed. "And I counted on you."

Suddenly a slack, tired sort of agitation shook the writer. "How could you count on me, of all people? What have I ever done to justify your childish faith in my vulnerable person? What could you expect from a punctured old windbag like me? All the beautiful words I have written? All the golden sounds and clarion calls that come from my pen? Don't you know the difference between writing and doing? I'm a writer and nothing else. I'm not a hero and not a fighter and not a doer; maybe I'm not even a man. I'm a writer who doesn't even write. I'm a coward. I'm an impotent eunuch and I forbid you to come here and disturb me and blow *trumpets* into my ears. Go to the devil, you and your third act and your young man! Go, leave me alone! Out with you! I'll have to get very drunk very quickly and forget what you've told me. There must still be some wine left from last night."

LISA went heavily down the stairs to the fourth floor and past the SS man who was trying not to look as though he was posted there but like a casual and accidental visitor to the hotel. She did not dare to knock at her own door but signaled her presence with a little cough.

When nothing happened inside, she pressed the handle down and found the bolt unlocked. For a moment, she could not find Martin, and then there was some rustling and he stepped out of the big wardrobe; he was grinning widely as if he were enjoying himself.

"You see? I said abracadabra swish swish swish and became invisible," he announced cheerfully. "Well?" he asked, as he noticed the drawn paleness of her face.

"I brought you some cigarettes and a shirt," she said. "It will be too large, but it's better than nothing."

"I see. Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"I didn't think the old man would function," he said. For a few minutes, they smoked silently.

"What are we to do now?" Lisa asked at last.

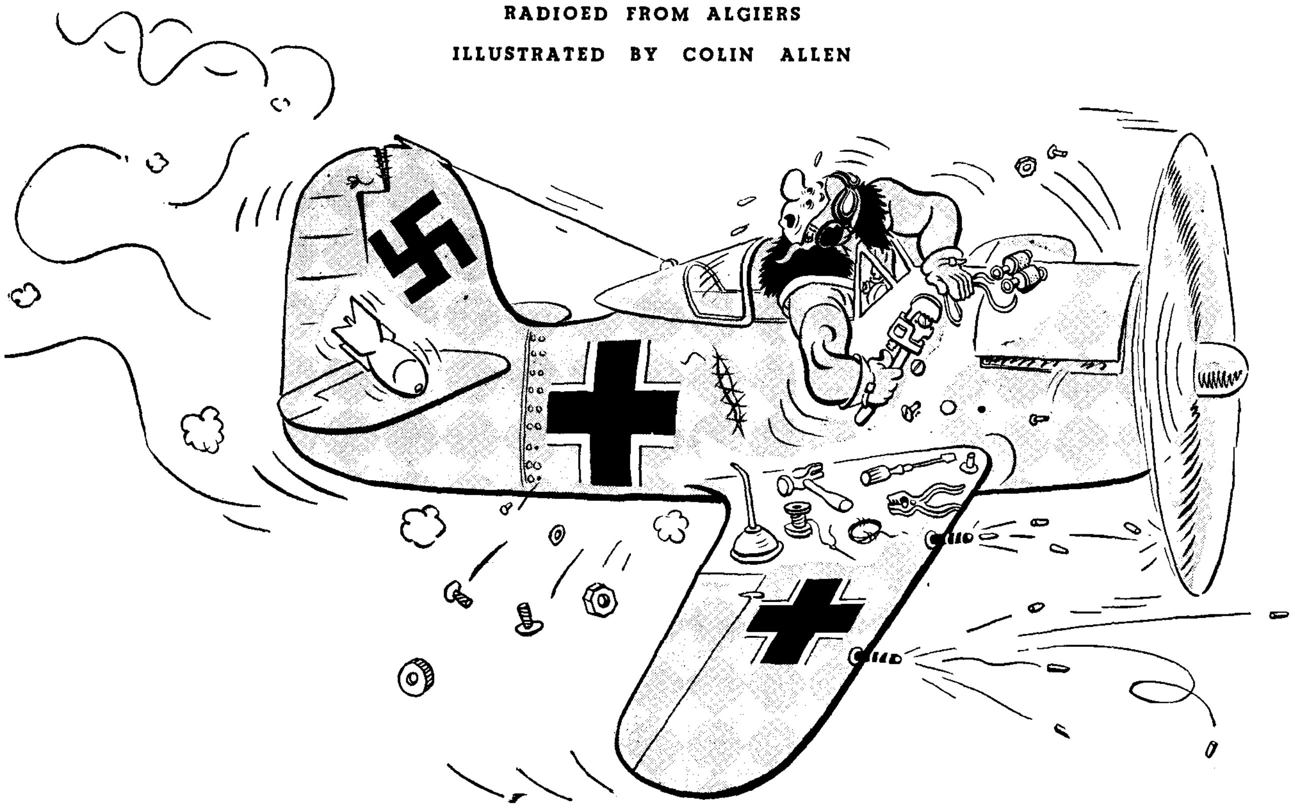
"Now you're going to your rehearsal as

THE MUELLER MYSTERY

BY TOM TREANOR

RADIOED FROM ALGIERS

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN



THE only one of us who knew what we were hunting was our Italian dishwasher, Mario, of Montebello Three. There are apparently plenty of Montebellos in Italy. They number twelve or something like that. Number 3 is near Venice and Padua.

Mario tried to tell us what we were hunting, but he's an ignorant fellow who doesn't know a word of English—poor devil!—but struggles along in a changing world with nothing except Italian. However, Mario did his best; he gave a bird call. Anyone with a knowledge of bird calls could have told whether we were hunting grouse, ptarmigan, pheasant, quail, dove or crows.

"It's a pheasant," said Major John Paulk, who had heard a pheasant.

Major Paulk, who comes from the town of Willacoochee, which he pinpoints as near the Okefenokee marshes in Georgia, sets himself up as a bit of an authority on birds.

"It's a quail," said First Lieutenant Wilfred Waltner. He's from Kansas City and is a bobwhite expert.

"Phweet, phweet, cochoo," went Mario once more.

I thought that we would be lucky to get a shot at a squirrel and I turned out to be more than right, since we got nothing at all.

A Good Day for Hunting

But it was a nice walk through a red-and-gold autumn wood, spongy underfoot and still dripping from the rain which had muddied up the landing strip and given the fliers an afternoon off. The fighter boys aren't too hard-worked in any case, having driven Jerry pretty thoroughly from these parts—and if we didn't shoot our own guns, we could hear bigger guns bumping and thumping a few miles forward, aimed at more important game than ptarmigan or crows.

The hunt had its little drama, and you'll find this Italy we're taking from the Germans is not a bad place in the fall, when you've got a sprouting KP like Mario for a hunting guide and a couple of lovely hand-tooled Italian shotguns bought at a village sale.

However, we were not hunting very earnestly, because with all this good bully beef and K-ration biscuit, we have very little appetite for such things as quail or pheasant. You know how we are about our cuisine. Uncomplaining. Ask some of the boys who have come home. So we were just content to stroll through the damp, bright wood, talking of Mueller the German flier and other things, but particularly of Mueller.

"We first ran across Mueller near Thelepte, north of Gafsa," said Major Paulk, whom I'll hereafter call John, as he is about a first lieutenant's age. "We had a Britisher monitoring for us on the ground, who would listen to what the German fliers were saying as they came over. He'd relay a translation to us and keep us in the picture while we waited for them. The first we heard of Mueller was at Thelepte when a flight of six Focke-Wulf 190s came overhead. The leader kept calling, 'Catch up, Mueller; catch up!' Mueller called back, 'My engine's going rough.'

"We stood around until we spotted five Focke-Wulfs streaking along in formation and, behind them, old Mueller lagging about 100 yards.

A few days later the same outfit came over, and the leader was shouting, 'Now what's the matter, Mueller?' and Mueller answered, 'My ship's not trimming right. I can't keep up.' And there was Mueller lagging well behind.

"We tangled with this formation regularly and shot down a couple but someway never got old Mueller, although he was always sitting back there by himself with something wrong. 'Faster, Mueller; faster!' the leader would be shouting every time they came in, and Mueller would be calling, 'Where are you?'

"It would go like this. Our monitor down below would radio to us, 'Okay. The Hun says he's climbing into the sun. He's getting ready to attack. He says he sees six Spitfires. He's located you boys. Heads up. Heads up. Wait a minute. Hold it, boys. He can't locate Mueller!'

"The next to last time we heard of Mueller was in a big raid when sixteen Messerschmitt 109s came across as top cover for some Focke-Wulfs carrying bombs. The last thing we heard before we stuck into them was the German leader saying, 'Where's Mueller? Mueller, now what is it?' But there was no answer from Mueller.

"We had quite a show and got one of the Messerschmitts. Five minutes after the fight, a lone Focke-Wulf came smoking in, shooting short bursts aimed at nothing—*brrrp! brrrp! brrrp!* We went for him, and he suddenly did a steep bank and roll, releasing his bomb when he was upside down. It hung there a couple of seconds, and we were afraid it was going to blow us all out of the sky, but it finally fell, and old Mueller went streaking away, shooting short bursts—*brrrp! brrrp! brrrp!*

Lost in the Clouds

"We heard of Mueller only once more. The Focke-Wulfs came over Pantelleria, and the leader was saying, 'Now what is it, Mueller?' And Mueller was saying, 'Are you above or below the clouds?' We had a little do that didn't amount to anything but we've never heard of Mueller since. Don't know whether somebody caught him on the way home or he got lost or if they grounded him, but anyway there's never been another Mueller."

The sun was going down on the far side of the Mediterranean when we came empty-handed out of the wood into a dry, rustling cornfield. Mario shrugged his shoulders philosophically and said something apologetic in that language of his which is so unlike English. We've really got to do something about Mario, who is a little story in himself.

He came to our camp at the head of a short squad of four other Italian soldiers.

"We wash dishes and you take-a us north to our cities as you drive out the Germans," said Mario. "Good?"

We couldn't understand a word he said until Second Lieutenant Larry Guarino from Newark came to the rescue. Then it was a deal right off. In addition to getting a lift to Montebello No. 3 as we drive the Germans north, Mario and his boys also get the standard rate of pay for Italian soldiers working in the American Army; and besides that, we're going to teach him to talk.

"It's a good show, isn't it, Mario?"

"Si, mister," he said.

Mario's learning already. ★★★

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if nothing had happened and let me look after myself."

"I won't leave you now; I'd rather die," said Lisa.

"What is this? Melodrama?" he said. "We can't afford to be noble now. We must be practical. If you miss your rehearsal, there will be a fuss, and I'll be caught. With you out of here and everything normal, I'll have a good chance. If you don't want me to be caught, you must take orders from me."

"Yes. I see. At your command, Corporal Richter."

"First you must put a little pink on your cheeks. You look like applesauce. Then go downstairs and have a good, big breakfast and go to your rehearsal and see that you don't fumble your lines. Afterward, if I am not wrong, you have a luncheon date with the Victor of Kharkov and you will be very charming with the old devil, and tonight you'll give a beautiful performance. Afterward, you will be dead tired because you didn't get much rest last night and you'll sleep very well. Tomorrow—but tomorrow will take care of itself. It always does."

"And where will you be while I do all these charming things? What will happen to you? If they get you—Martin, don't you see it's impossible? I can't do what you want."

"WHAT a confounded theatrical little fool you are!" he said and he was very sorry for her. "But that's the only way to be brave. That's the only way to help me."

"Yes. All right. I will try. When am I going to see you again?"

Martin's smile deepened; there were two clefts in his cheeks when he smiled. "Fool!" he said. "You silly, dumb little fool!"

Never again? Lisa thought but she did not say it. Never again? the man asked in his heart.

"Soon," he said. "If things don't work out well, it's quite possible that you'll find me still hiding in your wardrobe when you get back."

"But if things do work out well, where can I find you? Can you give me some address? You said you had friends who would help you on from there—"

Rittergasse 39. Ask for Walter, he thought. "Sorry. I can't tell you anything," he said curtly.

"Can't you?"

"No. They have rather unpleasant ways of making you tell what you know. It is better for you to know nothing."

Lisa's lips went stiff and cold. "That makes me feel awfully important," she said, trying to smile.

"You must go now and have breakfast," he said sternly.

"Yes, I'm getting ready."

The gray shantung suit, the hemstitched blouse, the impertinent little Parisian hat, the bag, the gloves. "Now," she said, without breath. "Now—"

"You were very good to me. I won't forget it. And you must not forget what I told you last night," Martin said, standing at the opposite end of the room.

Lisa went over to him and looked up at him, seriously and steadily like a child. "Tell it to me once more, please," she said. "You know—what you told me last night—how it will be."

"It will be like being healthy again after a long, bad sickness," he said, almost soundlessly, reaching out for her hands and slowly pulling them up to his chest until they came to rest over his heart. "There will be a day when all this will seem like a bad dream and a fever, all of it. There will be peace, and the prisons will be opened, and we will all go back to the sweet, simple business of living. I don't speak about the fight that will go before. It will be a cruel fight, but hopeful. I speak of the days afterward,

What makes an Old Fashioned tick?

ONE LUMP OF SUGAR, muddled in a little water

Two dashes of bitters

Ice cubes

Twist of lemon peel

A very, *very*, VERY good whiskey . . . *like Four Roses!*

That's what makes an Old Fashioned tick!

And now . . . just one thing more . . .

If your bar or package store happens to be temporarily out of Four Roses when you ask for it, we hope you'll be patient.

We are doing our best to apportion our prewar stocks of whiskies to assure you a continuing supply of Four Roses until the war is won.

Now, of course, our plants are producing alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war needs.

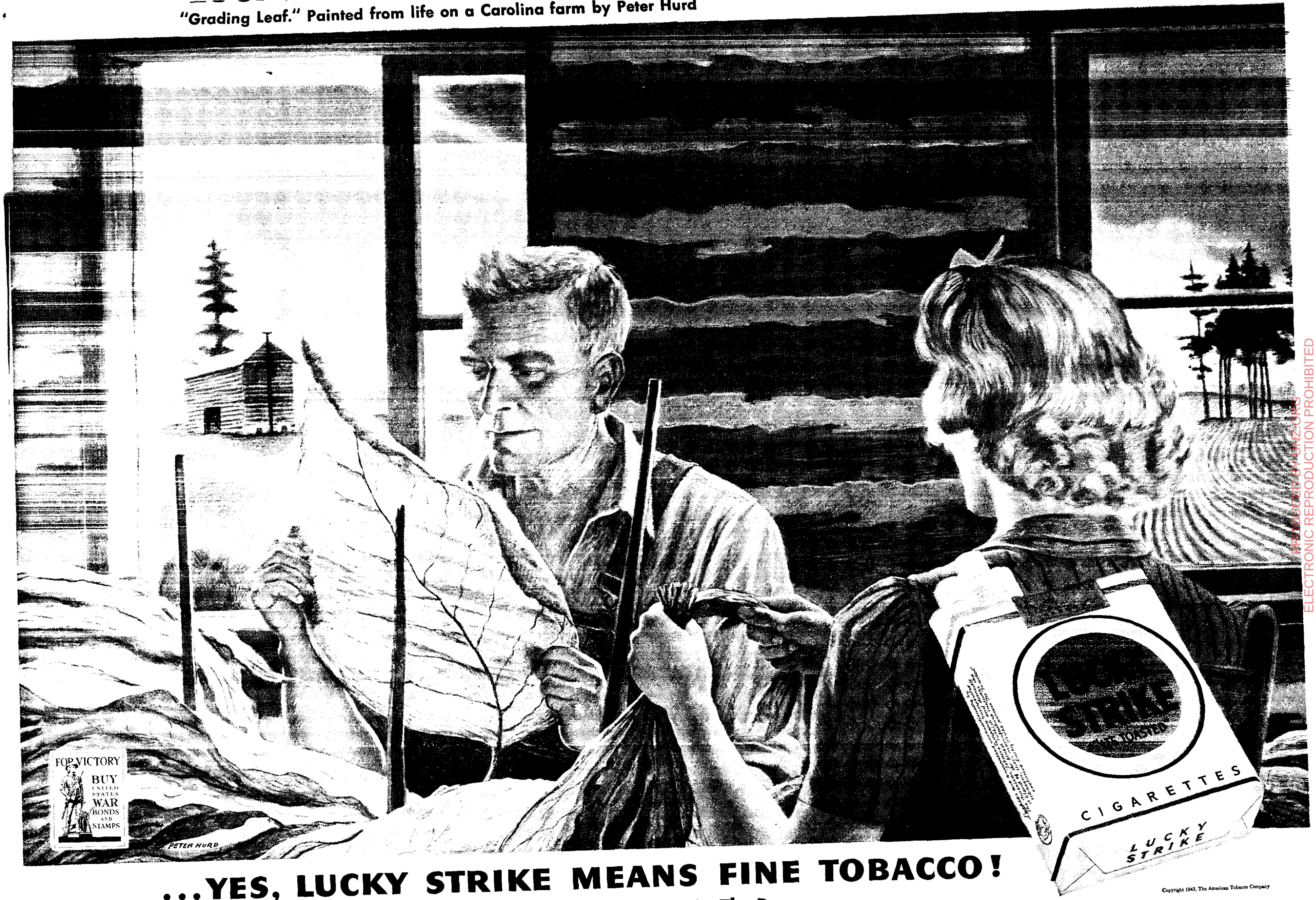
So, if you can't always get Four Roses, you'll understand why. And with a war to be won, we know you wouldn't want it any other way.

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.

"Grading Leaf." Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
PETER HURD
LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company

when everything will be good again."

"You must be very careful. Promise me. I want you to be there still when your time comes. Promise me you will be there."

"I'll try very hard. I'm a great hand at surviving. You'll see—"

"And until then, what am I going to do?"

"What you've done up to now. Be the best actress in the country. Some day I may sneak into the theater and watch you and applaud you."

"Will I know when you are in the audience?"

"I don't think so. It's more like a lottery. Just suppose every time you act that I am there to watch you."

"Yes. That's good. Thank you. It's very nice of you to come and watch me playing."

Martin pushed her hand away from his heart. "Goodby. You must go now," he said; his voice was rough with excitement and bitter grief.

"Goodby," she said. She did not cry. She picked up the small paper-bound volume of Shakespeare and went to the door. When she looked back at him once more, he was lighting a cigarette as concentratedly as if nothing else existed. His chest was still bare, the Gothic framework of his ribs finely sculptured under the young skin, his shoulder bandaged, his arms boyish but strong, the thick, unruly ringlets of hair falling over his forehead.

That's how I must remember you if I am never to see you again, she thought.

She closed the door behind her without a sound and fought down the sob that was trying to tear her apart. As she went down the corridor, she saw no guards, but that might only mean a better trap. Suddenly there were the lines of her part, taking her mind off herself, cooling, soothing, consoling; and now they had assumed a new sense and a fuller meaning.

One half of me is yours, the other
half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine,
then yours
And so all yours! Oh, these naughty
times
Put bars between the owners and
their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours.

AT TEN o'clock, and with the usual fuss and flurry, Herr Wiedemann of the Deutschlandsender appeared in Geoffrey Nichols' room and handed him the manuscript for the broadcast for that evening. Fairly refreshed after a night without too much heart trouble, Nichols took the three pages and scanned them:

Once again I am speaking to you, an Englishman to Englishmen, to warn you against the propaganda lies your press and your government are spreading. Germany is as strong as ever, even stronger in its unbending determination to fight this war to a final and complete victory. . . .

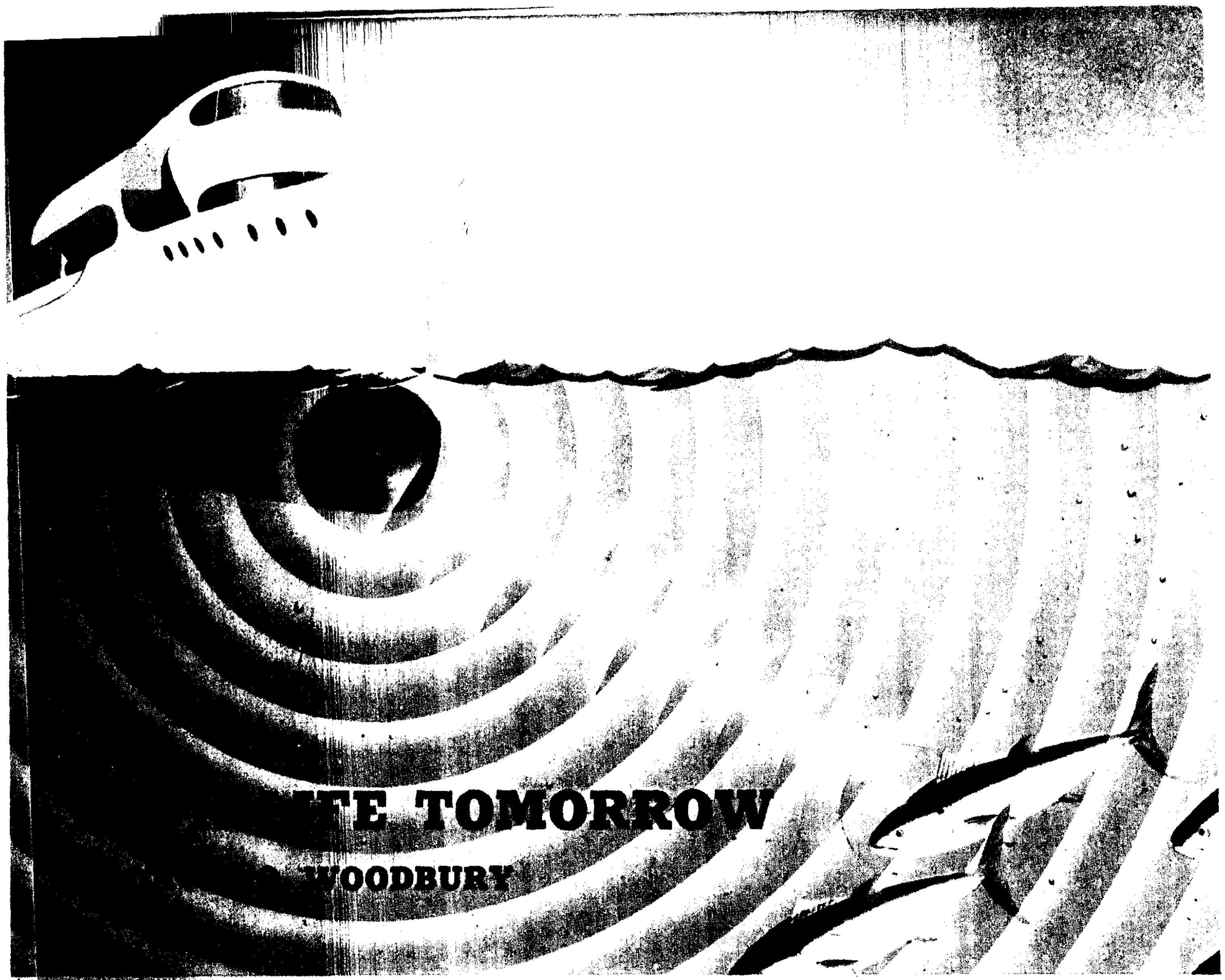
Nichols dropped the manuscript and began to dicker with Wiedemann. "Really, my dear fellow, I'd like to fluff it up a bit. This is not in character at all. If you will permit me to make it sound a trifle more natural. If you people insist on employing all these blockbusting sentences, none of my friends over there will believe that it is I who am talking."

"Sorry, Nichols. This is the manuscript that passed the control desk and nothing can be altered in it."

"But, my good man, I don't question the content. I am talking about the style of the thing. After all, I am a writer of a certain reputation and it seems utterly silly for me to hold forth like that."

"I don't see that anything is wrong with the style of the script," Wiedemann said stiffly. "It was written by one of our best men."

(Continued on page 38)



TE TOMORROW

WOODBURY

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

IT CANNOT be reiterated too often that no industrial millennium will burst upon us at war's end, unless, in our eagerness for perfection, we force it out before its time. Only the little things will come swiftly. The great fundamental changes, both scientific and political, must be made gradually and with infinite care. Better to march slowly toward Utopia than to smash our way there and blow ourselves up on the road.

Fishing by Sound

The "asdic" submarine sound detector will be put to work by commercial fishermen to locate large schools of fish. Flagship of the fleet will send out underwater sound waves which will be reflected back to it by the fish, thus indicating their location. The whole fleet can then be directed to the prospective catch without loss of time or waste of fuel.

The Molecules Will Test Themselves

A "fifth freedom"—most important of all we are fighting for—will be the right of every human being to use his natural talents to the utmost, emancipated from the routine drudgery that must now occupy most of his itme. Science is already exploring this freedom and is busy implementing it with machines that will exercise judgment themselves, leaving future men and women the time to use their constructive imagination on new problems.

First great development in scientific emancipating machines is the "mass spectrometer." This device, invented by a 32-year-old chemist, to save himself and thousands like him from a lifetime of routine testing, will analyze and pass judgment upon the man-made molecules of rubber, gasoline and plastic in our vast synthetic industries. An experimental model, already in use in one butadiene plant, does in fifteen minutes the testing that it would take ten chemists several days of painstaking laboratory work to do; and it saves serious delays in the manufacture of this chemical vital to synthetic rubber production.

The spectrometer is small and its operation can be controlled by any college student after a little instruction. A thimbleful of the butadiene "under construction" is placed in a small curved vacuum tube, where its molecules are driven at a speed of a million feet per second past powerful electromagnets which attempt to divert them. Molecules correct in weight (and hence in chemical composition) survive the trip and hit a target where they are counted electrically. The percentage of hits measured against the total number of molecules in the sample tells at once whether the chemical makeup is right. Tests can be made at various vital points in the production by giving the magnets the proper strength.

The building of all synthetic molecules for the world of tomorrow will be like the erecting of a brick wall, which must be straight and true, with every brick in its right place. The mass spectrometer will be like the mason's plumb line and spirit level, checking repeatedly to see that no error is made.

New Power from the Sun

Science estimates that solar energy pours down upon the earth's surface at the average rate of 100 trillion horsepower —about one horsepower to every square yard bathed in full sunlight. In past ages, some of this heat transformed trees into coal and animal remains into oil. But the total of nature's stored fuels is insignificant beside the deluge of new energy constantly lavished upon us—and wasted. If all the petroleum on earth were burned in half a day, it would only just equal the heat the sun supplies in the same time.

Tapping this enormous flow of solar power by means of mirrors has been tried without success for many years. Nature captures a tiny fraction of it in mountain streams. But the future holds a far more spectacular promise. Billions of the sun's heat units can be stored in growing plants, especially in corn. Chemists now plan to plant huge tropical areas with fast-growing fuel crops, thus answering the threat that coal and oil will too soon be exhausted.

It is estimated that efficient planting will store the sun's heat at the rate of nearly seven horsepower per acre during the growing season. The fuel recovered will be alcohol at first, later petroleum and gasoline. Once the system of farming, refining and distribution has been worked out, this earth will possess power so abundant that no nation will ever again run short of cheap fuel. Nor will the supply dwindle until the sun itself grows cold.

Airplane Skins into Dresses

A single pound of aluminum alloy, a war plant has discovered, can be rolled and cut into a gossamer fiber six miles long. Once the fighting is over, this technique will provide the women of the world with a brand-new sensation in wearing apparel and decorative material. Yarn made of the metal alone or combined with other threads will be woven into dresses, hats, draperies and fabrics for every imaginable use. Pocketbooks, shoes, costume jewelry and bathing suits are only a few. The most exciting possibility is table linen which would sparkle as brilliantly as the crystal and silver set upon it.

Aluminum-woven fabrics will have a warm luster all their own. Though light as a feather, they will be tough and at the same time flexible. They will not tarnish from perspiration or prolonged exposure to the air, and can be cleaned perfectly. A damp cloth will remove most spots. Being flat, the metal yarn will not scratch. In combination with cotton or wool, it will not be cold to wear. The greatest attraction of the new textile will be its unlimited range of colors, including perfect imitations of gold and silver. Yet, in spite of these many good points, it will not be expensive. ★★★

Greatest

MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, *mankind was endowed with a unique power—the ability to* think, *to reason. The brain of man has awarded him mastery of the entire Earth and all its creatures; mastery over the sea and air, fire and lightning. All other natural forces yield to man's power to reason.*

From the beginning of time, dextrose sugar has been the natural "fuel" of the brain and body.

FOR VICTORY
Buy U. S. War
Bonds and Stamps

Force on Earth . . .

IN the beginning, the brain of man was created to serve his body. But, through the centuries, man's brain has grown in power until this amazingly complex organ now controls the body.

As the master tissue of the body, the brain sets the pace for the growth, function, and behavior of all other tissues. Mental power entails perception, memory, concentration, analysis, judgment and reason. Out of brain work has come art, science, law, religion, all wisdom,— civilization.

What powers the brain?

MENTAL energy electrically inspires all the cells of the body to action. The chief source of mental energy is the simple sugar called *dextrose*, derived from the blood surging through the brain. *No other nutrient can replace dextrose for brain function.* Indeed, *thought* itself is impossible without available dextrose at every moment of life.

Human energy created by dextrose

ALL through life both mind and muscle function on this remarkable fuel sugar, yet few of us are conscious of consuming it. Actually, all carbohydrate foods must be changed by the digestive juices into dextrose before our bodies can use them for energy.

Nature abounds in dextrose

SINCE time began, dextrose has been the *one* sugar the body uses *directly* for energy.

In recent years, however, science has learned to derive pure dextrose, present everywhere in Nature, from many fruits and vegetables. In fact, the commercial production of dextrose from golden American corn is one of the greatest chemurgic achievements of this century.

Where do you buy dextrose?

MANY important food manufacturers use this valuable sugar to fortify their products, wherein dextrose generally improves flavor and texture, and always enhances food-energy value.

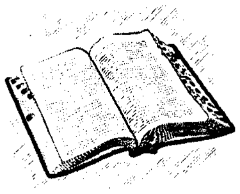
When you buy such popular foods as cereals, canned fruits and fruit juices, ice cream, candies, soft drinks, cakes and crackers, prepared desserts, table syrups, and many others, look for mention of dextrose on their labels. It is your assurance of genuine food energy at no extra cost.

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

Whenever you think of energy, think of dextrose sugar, for dextrose is food energy in its purest form.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of dextrose sugar

* all through life
# dextrose
is the
SUGAR your body uses directly for ENERGY

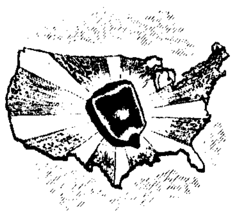


***DEFINITION**

dextrose is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital sugar—just as the names *lactose, maltose, sucrose,* etc. define other types of sugar.

FOOD FOR BABIES

Life begins on dextrose sugar. Physicians prescribe it for infant feeding. It is promptly absorbed without need of digestion.



ALL-AMERICAN

The chief source of dextrose is American corn, grown by American farmers. Dextrose is refined in American factories and distributed by American companies.

HOME AGAIN

BY LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

When a man comes back home from war and killing, will he be the same man who went away? Katy learned—and learned something else a woman needs to know

KATY half awoke and turned happily toward him and he wasn't there. For a moment she thought she'd dreamed that he'd come home, as she had so many times before in that long lonely anxious summer. But as she came wide awake she knew it was true. His tunic with the oak leaves on the shoulders was hanging over the back of a chair, the way he'd left it the night before.

She couldn't believe that he'd got out of bed and dressed without waking her. But she remembered how tired she'd been.

She went to the window and looked out across the lawn at the brook. The lawn was as good as ever. She'd cut it herself with the little power mower, every five days, all summer. The sun was halfway above the line of the treetops on the hill beyond the brook. She could see the way he'd taken down the lawn toward the bridge. The grass was heavy with dew and the dark splotches were his footprints.

She saw him then, coming back along the brook with a cup and saucer balanced in one hand. Katy smiled happily to herself at this absurd trick of his. Seeing him do it again made her feel that he'd really come back to her. He'd been tender and loving the night before. But so silent. He didn't want to talk about Sicily. He didn't want to talk about anything. And that made him seem strange, as if his life in the Army had put some barrier between them. They'd always talked a lot.

Now, seeing him with that cup in his hand, she knew that he was the same man, the man she had married ten years before the war had taken him away from her and the children and this place. He never could wait to drink his coffee at the table in the morning. He was too eager to see what had happened in the garden the night before. At least that was what he said.

SHE knew he felt as she did. He loved looking the place over as the sun came up; and again in the late afternoon, when the long shadows fell across the lawn, and it was ever so still, and the barn swallows swooped down on the brook, just breaking the surface, and zooming up again with their lovely ease and grace.

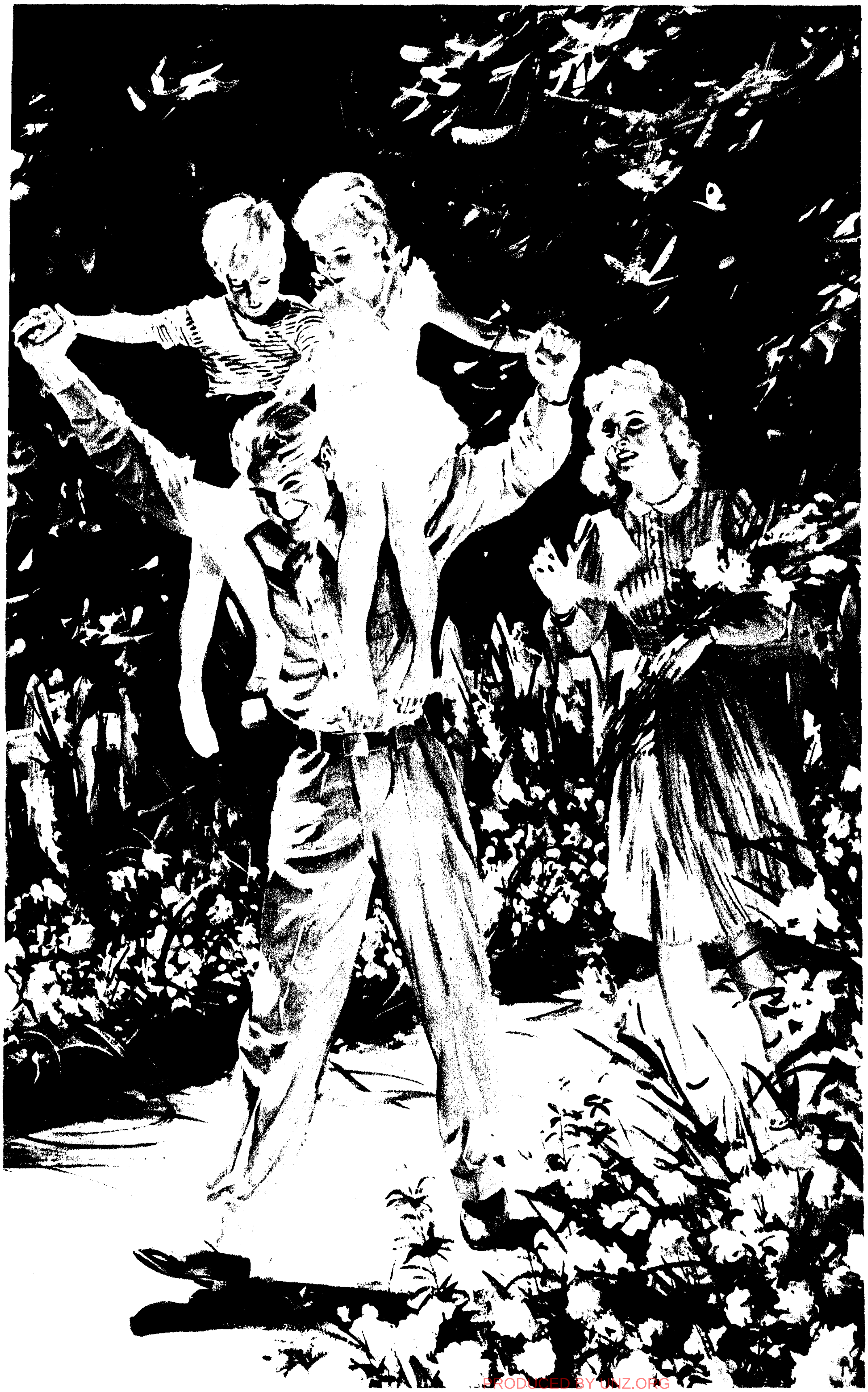
Tom was walking toward the vegetable garden, that cup and saucer in his hand. She watched him until he disappeared behind the barn. Then she slipped out of her nightgown and into a striped cotton dress and sandals. Her hair was naturally curly so it took only a minute. She guessed she wasn't as pretty as she had been when she was twenty-two. But she liked herself better. She was a woman now.

She listened. The children were still asleep. For once she was glad they wouldn't be around for another half hour. She didn't want to share him yet, not even with them. She had only six days.

They'd have to go to the Hoyts' for dinner one night, and the Rowlands would give one of their big cocktail parties. But the rest of the six days would be hers. She wasn't going to ask anybody in—not anybody. And once, at least, they were going to picnic together at that place, deep in the woods, that they knew so well, where the brook ran down over wide granite ledges.

Katy saw him as she came round the

(Continued on page 73)



Katy followed them. The two children were almost as brown as their father after his summer in Sicily. He looked boyish with his cropped hair and lean body

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

THE FARMER OF THE FUTURE

. . . can till his acres by remote control, directing his mechanized equipment as easily as tuning a radio. Abundant crops may no longer depend upon farm labor shortages when the wonders of electrical science are the "hired men" of tomorrow!

* * *

WAY BACK when the Japanese sank the U. S. Gunboat Panay in the Yangtze River in China, when the Lincoln Tunnel under the Hudson River was dedicated in New York, when the first commercial air service was started to Bermuda—that's when Seagram laid away the youngest of the fine whiskies that you enjoy when you open a bottle of Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN Whisky today.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

AW, GIVE A GUY A CHANCE!
GOSH, HONEY! I THOUGHT THINGS WAS GOIN' GOOD WITH US! WHAT'S HAPPENED? YOU GONE KHAKI-WACKY OR SOMETHING?
ME GO OVERBOARD FOR THE ARMY? I SHOULD SAY NOT!
SO YOU'RE STILL A NAVY GIRL! SO OKAY! TELL ME WHAT I DID WRONG SO I CAN FIX IT!
IT'LL TAKE YOUR DENTIST TO FIX IT, JACK! BECAUSE WHAT'S SINKING OUR ROMANCE IS — IS YOUR BREATH!
JACK SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER_THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HOW'S ABOUT YOU AND ME GETTING SPLICED THIS TRIP, HONEY?
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, SAILOR! JUST GIVE A GIRL A CHANCE!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

Action This Day

Continued from page 21

that he is the king. I do not know how good he is in algebra, but he is very good in conversation. The coffee was brought in as soon as we arrived, and the king and I sat on a davenport. I took the sugar tongs and asked him the usual question: Did he want one or two lumps? He said "Three" so fast that I forgot to answer, "Yes, Your Highness." But I did say that when he was older, three would be too many. Quick as a flash, he said, "That's why I want three now."

From Uganda I went to Nairobi, in Kenya. There was quite a group at the airport when we arrived: Father McCarthy, Apostolic Delegate, Bishop Heffernan of Zanzibar, Major General Knott, representing Lieutenant General Platt, chief officer of the East African Command, Air Vice-Marshal Kirby, Major General Hawkins, the American consul, Mr. Stanton, and four American Army officers.

In the Land of the Big Ears

Father McCarthy and I became good friends while I was his guest in Nairobi. Together we visited the missions and saw the missionaries work. We went to some of the villages and into the huts of the natives. These huts are made of mud and bamboo and have scarcely any light. Some natives look rather hideous because of the manner in which their ear lobes have been pierced and enlarged to admit objects even bigger than a human fist; some of the people even wrap the lobes over their heads.

Accompanied by the senior Italian chaplain, I visited a prisoner-of-war camp. The prisoners are allowed to work on the roads. They have black patches on the back of their gray uniforms to serve as targets for the guards in case these prisoners attempt to escape; such attempts are rare.

Governor and Lady Moore very graciously entertained me at dinner, and thus afforded me the opportunity of meeting members of their official family and their friends. The American consul, Mr. Stanton, and his wife gave a tea which Governor and Lady Moore honored by attending. It is extraordinary how many people I came to know in a short time.

We flew down to Tanga, in Tanganyika. Commander Pilling, the Royal Air Force commander at the airport, kindly brought me into town. I went into the church and found myself present at a Confirmation ceremony. This was a very unusual experience for me because, since I have been a bishop, I had never seen any other bishop conferring the Sacrament. I remained in the rear of the church, and the bishop did not notice my presence. After the ceremony I went into the sacristy. He was greatly surprised to see me. I spent only an hour with Bishop Byrne and the American priests, but it was an hour packed with questions about and messages to friends in America, and with expressions of solicitude for the Holy Father. They all came down to the airport, so that we could be together every possible minute.

Dar es Salaam, the capital of Tanganyika, was the next port. Our flight was over the Indian Ocean, along the African coast, over shoals, coral reefs and coral islands. I received a very warm welcome here from the governor, Sir Wilfred Jackson, and Lady Jackson.

I had said Mass early that morning at Mombasa, had attended Confirmation at Tanga and now the bishop at Dar es Salaam invited me to officiate at the Corpus Christi procession and give the various benedictions along the way. It was a full day.

Diego-Suarez, Madagascar
July 4, 1943

My dear father: It is Sunday afternoon, July 4th, in Diégo-Suarez, Madagascar. There is only one other American in this city, a naval officer, Lieutenant George Bond of Philadelphia. We have observed the day by having luncheon together as the guests of Bishop Fortineau and his associate Holy Ghost Fathers; I think that having each other has helped both of us. The bishop and his community made us feel very welcome, and they have had an American flag displayed all day.

But before I tell you about Madagascar, I must go back to Tanganyika. It is a mandated territory, taken from the Germans after the last war and was entrusted by the League of Nations to Great Britain to administer. On this trip, I have learned a great deal about the British Empire. General Smuts calls it the British Commonwealth of Nations, but the two designations mean the same thing. The term "Great Britain" includes England, Wales and Scotland; by "United Kingdom" is understood Great Britain and Northern Ireland; there are dominions, like Canada, Australia, and the Union of South Africa, which are sovereign states exercising complete control over their own affairs, both internal and external. There is a governor general in each dominion, who is a personal representative of the king; but he acts only on advice given to him by the dominion ministers. India is not yet a dominion, but it has been offered self-government, to go into effect after the war. Then there are colonies, protectorates, protected states, condominiums and mandates. There are even mandates held by dominions and dependencies of dominions. Boys and girls who study civics in England must have a more difficult time to learn all about the forms of their government than do the boys and girls of America.

A Lesson in Geography

When I visited a Sisters' school in Tanganyika, I asked a few questions in geography. The children did very well except when I inquired if they knew what city is the capital of the United States; most of the children answered, "New York."

It is strange here in Madagascar to be seated at table with Generals Smallwood, Hopday and Dermoline, and with French officers who became their prisoners but are now their allies. There is nothing funny about war, but there are many strange things in war. A nation's allies and a nation's enemies can turn about in a bewildering manner.

Finland was a neutral country; then she was attacked by Russia, and we were all in favor of Finland. Now we are against Finland because she became an ally of Hitler to get his "protection" against Russia. Russia was expected to be an ally of Britain against Germany; then Russia and Germany signed a nonaggression pact, and we didn't like Russia. Then Germany attacked Russia, and we liked Russia again. Some features of the international situation are perplexing.

Madagascar is a French possession. The man at the head of the government here followed Marshal Pétain. Then the English took Madagascar. Now those at the head of the government acknowledge General de Gaulle as their leader; and the English have given Madagascar to the French, with the exception of Diégo-Suarez, which is the key to the island. The beautiful harbor of Diégo-Suarez, shaped like a four-leaf clover, is one of the grandest harbors in the world and is the third largest.

One of the unusual things that an American observes in Madagascar is the "puisse-puisse" car, or ricksha. Because of the numerous hills, usually two men operate each car, one pulling and one pushing. This type of conveyance is indispensable for the old and the sick, but to see complaisant men and women being drawn about by human beasts of burden, obviously, at times, just for an airing, is for me a disturbing sight. When I mentioned this, I was asked to suggest two things: What would the men do, if rickshas were abolished, and how would people get from place to place without rickshas!

The heavy burdens are drawn by Malgache oxen or zebus. They are like our oxen and have a big hump on their backs. For lighter burdens, there are the men and the women—mostly women—who carry loads on their heads. While I saw some extraordinary feats, including women carrying large jugs of water on their heads, I believe I would give the prize to one woman who had her baby strapped on her back, a bundle of wood under her arm, and a crate with a half-dozen hens in it on her head.

Air-mail service here is infrequent, and a plane is leaving soon, so I bring this letter to a close.

FLYING BOAT CORSAIR
OVER MOZAMBIQUE
July 15, 1943

My dear father: Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar, is a hilly town in the central part of the island. The Cathedral of Tananarive is located on one of the hills.

Everyone asks about America and New York, and some of the things they are curious about are curious. For example, I have been asked a dozen times how many stories high is the Archbishop's House in New York. This seems to be the first criterion by which any building is appraised. Another question I am asked is how I can be away from New York for so long a period. They worry about my absence more than I do, for I know everything is proceeding at least as well with me away as it would with me at home—and that is following the advice you gave me years ago to have companions who are smarter than I am. And you added, "It will not be difficult." And it isn't.

I have never been to a place where prices are so low. A chicken costs five francs, which is the equivalent of ten cents, but for his day's labor, a man receives only six francs, or twelve cents. Prices are low, but food is scarce. Both rice and salt are rationed. Each person has an allowance of four pounds of rice a week. This is the staple food of Madagascar, but the swollen stomachs of many of the children bear tragic witness that rice alone is not enough; and just one layer of potato sack is not enough protection against much cold.

How Transitory is Fame!

The budget for changing street signs in Tananarive must be high, for the main street has changed names three times in four years, the last change being from Boulevard Pétain to the Avenue of the Liberation. I remember well, after the last war, the epidemic of changes in street names, especially the name of President Wilson. At the height of America's popularity, hundreds of streets were called after the President; a surprisingly short time later, the names were changed again.

The day of my visit to Colonel Fisher, commander of the British garrison, Mr. Wharton, Mr. Mallet and I reached his home at the appointed time. The sentry had not been notified that we were expected. He challenged us and we answered. I thought the sentry, a native of Kenya, said, *"Bon!"* and we all proceeded. Instead, he said the only English word he knew, "Halt!" When we did not halt, he crouched to lunge at us with bayonet fixed. It was fortunate that, through the darkness, we saw him in time. We hurriedly retreated to the automobile and sounded telegraphically the "V for Victory" on the horn until Colonel Fisher came to our rescue.

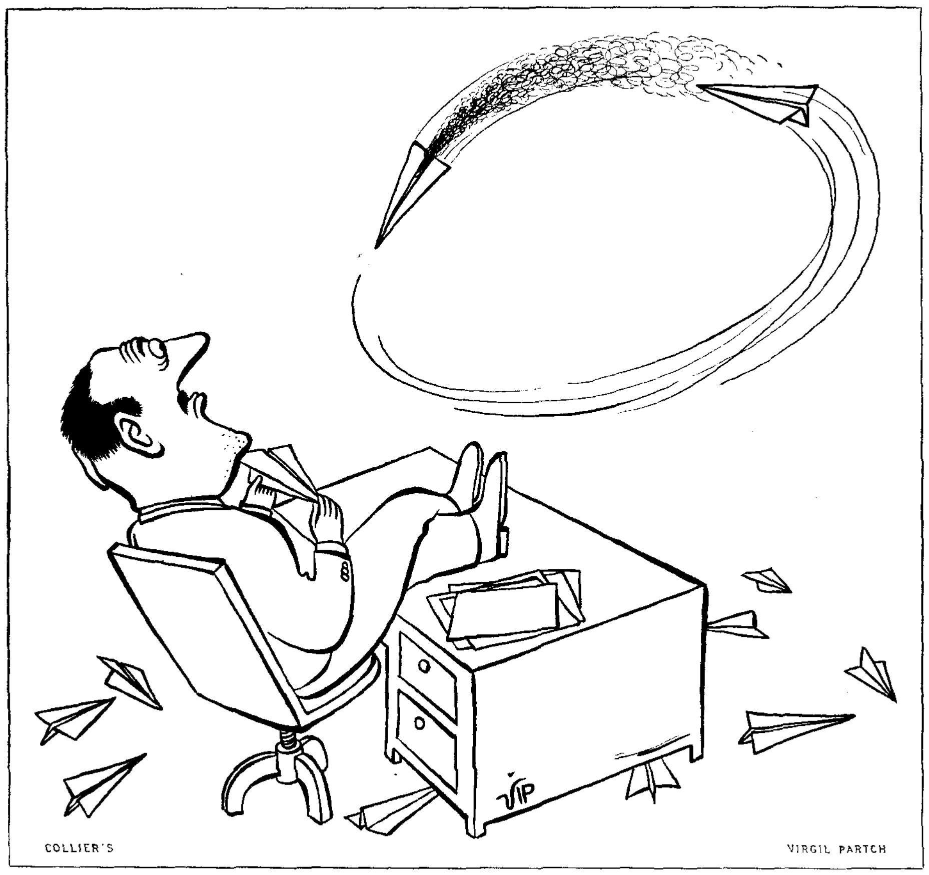
With the most pleasant memories of Tananarive, I soared away from that city in a small French military plane which was on its way to Diégo-Suarez.

When I returned to Diégo-Suarez, I learned that I was to have the good fortune to go on a trip to Mauritius Island, which, as you know, is down deep in the Indian Ocean.

By nature, Mauritius is a very beautiful island with picturesque mountains rising sharply and strikingly, although none is higher than twenty-five hundred feet. Its capital is Port Louis and the population of the island is about four hundred thousand.

Governor and Lady MacKenzie Kennedy, my hosts, invited Archbishop James Leen and his Vicar General, Monsignor Lee, to dinner the evening of my arrival.

I met and addressed the members of the



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

THIS IS KNOWN
BY
Medical Authorities
about PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT – DUE TO SMOKING – EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*

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Finer flavor...
less irritant...
America's
FINEST
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Call for
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Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The watch with the most hours in the air*

The Longines watch shown above proudly serves Roger Q. Williams—one of the most distinguished of American aviators. ¶ Roger Williams learned to fly a glider at 18. He was flying instructor in World War I. Since then he has logged over 15 thousand hours in the air—almost three million miles—covering most of the world's area. ¶ Williams received world honors for his historic flight to Rome in 1929; and for the first round-trip flight New York-Bermuda in 1930. ¶ In 14 years of flying, Williams' watch had two cases irreparably damaged, but the Longines movement is still ticking at close to perfection . . . after more hours in the air than any other timepiece. In this, the watch but shares in the deeds of the man to whom aviation owes so much.

*Based on documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS
The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

House of Deputies, and the administrative officers and representatives of various organizations, including the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The mayor presented me with a pair of cuff links with the coat of arms of Mauritius enameled on them, and when I finally finished the day, the day had finished me.

But the person who, to me, was the most unforgettable was an old blind Sister in Loretto Convent, Sister Margaret Mary. When, as a girl, she embraced the Catholic religion, she was disowned by her family. Later, she became a nun, and nearly all her life has been passed serving the poor as a missionary Sister in India. Now, at the age of ninety-three, calm, sweet and cheerful, she is awaiting God's call in this convent on the island of Mauritius.

We left Mauritius an hour before daybreak and it was late in the afternoon when we reached Diégo-Suarez. We hunted for the survivors of a torpedoed ship, but saw none. Once more I was back with Bishop Fortineau and a member of the community that had received me as a brother.

On Monday, July 12th, I took a plane on the regular run of Air France from Diégo-Suarez to Lindi in Tanganyika. After landing at Lindi in the land plane, I was brought to the town over a very rough road. When I reached the harbor of Lindi, I was informed that the flying boat was a day late, and that Mr. Foster, the provincial commissioner, had invited me to stay with him. He lives alone in a frame house, and I think he was nearly as pleased to have a visitor as I was to have a host, for visitors to Lindi are very few.

On Wednesday, July 14th, I said goodby to the missionaries, to Mr. Foster, and to Lindi, and boarded the flying boat Corsair for my flight to Mozambique. One of the passengers on the plane is Lady Dundas, wife of the governor of Uganda, who is going to Johannesburg.

Today, July 15th, is a full flying day down the coast of Mozambique over the Mozambique Channel. Submarines have been very active in this channel, the graveyard of many ships that were making the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. We flew to Beira today, the chief outlet to the sea from the Rhodesias. I am finishing this letter during the time required to go 449 miles from Beira to Lourenço Marques, the capital city of Mozambique.

Welcome to Mozambique

As I close the letter, I am made to feel welcome by a telegram that Captain Bellin, of the Corsair, has just given to me from Archbishop Teodosio Gouveia, of Lourenço Marques: "I send my compliments and place my house at your disposal. Will meet you on your arrival."

PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA
July 26, 1943

My dear father: On my arrival in Pretoria on Monday, July 19th, I was met at the railroad station by Bishop O'Leary, Vicar Apostolic of Transvaal, representative of General Smuts, Honorable Lincoln MacVeagh of the American Legation, the Apostolic Delegate, and Father O'Brien of the Redemptorist Community of Pretoria, with whom I was to make my Pretoria home.

General Smuts sent me a message through Mr. DePlessis of the Department of State, inviting me to call on him at eleven o'clock. He also informed me that the general was placing his own automobile at my disposal. I reached General Smuts' office fifteen minutes before the appointed time.

The general is neither short nor tall, thin nor fat, but I would say that his stature is the only average thing about him. His stature as patriot, as statesman, as soldier, and as administrator, in many respects touches the legendary. General Smuts seems to be many historical personages combined in one. But make no mistake, he does not belong only to past history. He is very much in the history-making of the present and the future. His march through life, long and arduous though it has been, has by no means weighted and worn him with seventy-two years; for his manner, his actions, his eyes, his speech—everything about him betokens vision and vigor.

His office is small; his desk occupies one corner of it. As I entered the room, he immediately rose from his desk and came forward to greet me. There was no "sizing up" of each other. Instantly, he seemed to accept me, and instantaneously I felt warmly toward him.

Only God understands "all the thoughts of minds." But men can have impressions of other men, and it is my impression that the chief component part of the greatness of General Smuts is integrity; I believe he says exactly what he means, no more and no less, and that he does exactly as he says he will do. I had read several biographies of the general. Gray Steel was the title of one, and the general's eyes are of blue-gray steel.

Many things in the book are not favorable to him, and it is true that General Smuts has enemies. There are those who dislike him and those who differ with him. But by eighty votes to sixty-seven, in 1939, General Smuts and the South African Party gained the responsibility of government in place of General Herzog and the Nationalist Party. Since that time, he has had the consistent support of the majority of the voters in the Union. The issue on which General Smuts came into government was on the participation of the Dominion of the Union of South Africa in the war as one of the Allies.

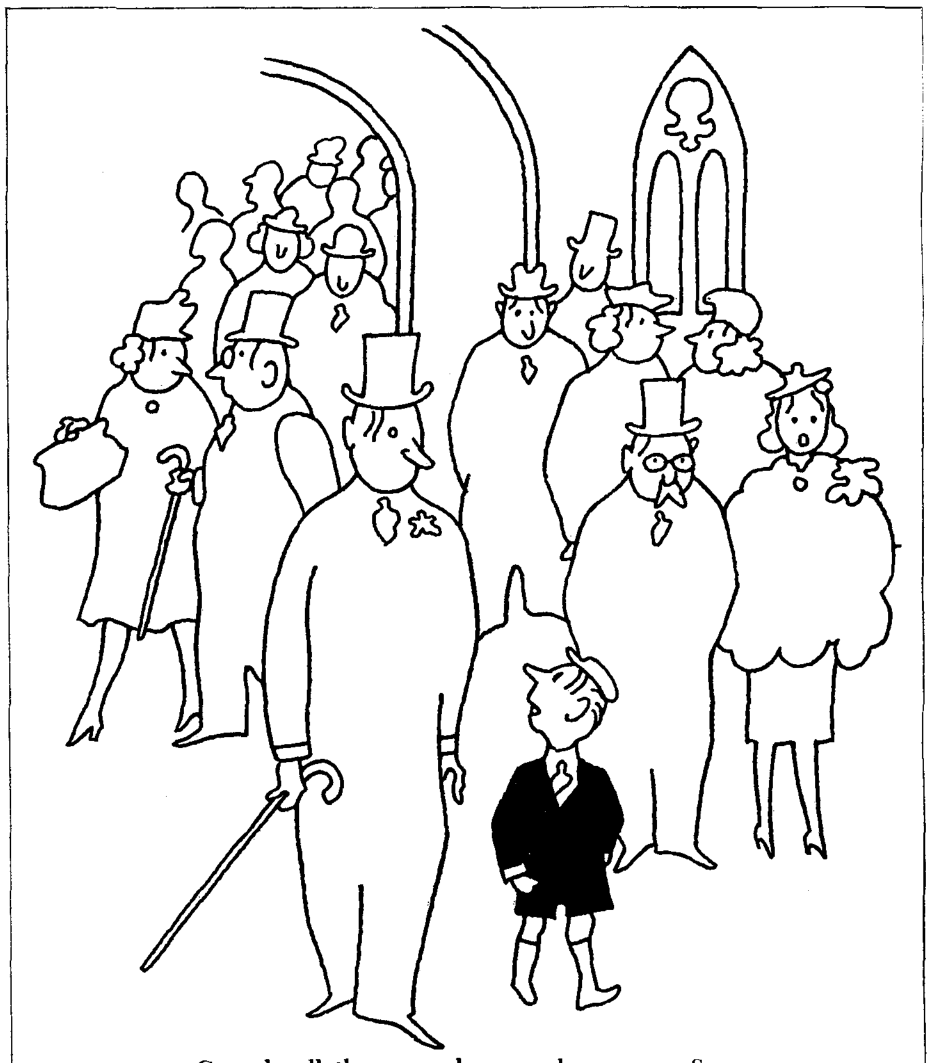
General Smuts' philosophy of government is expressed by what he said when he was working to weld together the South African Union: "We must have union. Two such people as the Dutch and the English must unite or try to exterminate each other. There is only one road to salvation—the road to union." This theory of government might have an application not only to South Africa but also to the world.

Most of the conversation during the first visit that I had with Field Marshal Smuts (or, as he prefers, General Smuts) concerned the present war and world situations. But the talks I enjoyed most with the general were those of the earlier years in South African history, for he himself is much of that history. The Union of South Africa is only thirty-three years old; and both before and after the beginnings of the Union, General Smuts was always a participating personality and oftentimes a determining one in its life.

Leader of His People

General Smuts does not live in the recently constructed residence of the prime minister of South Africa in Pretoria; he prefers nightly to go back to the farm he loves, to the life he loves, and to the wife who has been as much of an inspiration to the South African people as her husband has been their leader. General and Mrs. Smuts are much of the South Africa of the past and of the present, and they may be more of the Africa of the future. I remember very well something an English lady told me about General and Mrs. Smuts. "General Smuts is admired, respected and feared," she said. "Mrs. Smuts is loved."

Alertness and buoyancy are dominating notes in the general's character. He has also another quality of which reading and hearing about him had not apprised me, and that is a sense of humor. For example, introducing me to Mr. Hofmeyr, the vice-premier of the Union, the general said that he is Minister of Finance and also Minister of Education. I remarked that this seems an unusual combination of officeholding. General Smuts smilingly



Gee, do all these people come here every Sunday, Uncle Ned, just to get bawled out like that?

R. A. F. BOMBSIGHT
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SPARK PLUG
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RECIPE FOR Nightmare

FOR THE AXIS HIGH COMMAND

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YOU think of a human hair as something pretty small.

Yet, AC builders of the R. A. F. bombsight cannot allow the measurements of its parts to vary from perfection by more than one-twelfth of a "hair's" breadth.

It is in production requirements such as this that AC's years of experience in building precision products for motor cars proves its value in wartime.

But, good as the workmanship is, it cannot keep these fabulous devices from wear and combat damage. So, R. A. F. technicians give each one the most careful maintenance.

"What's sauce for the goose—"

Your spark plugs share with the bombsight the need for regular, expert care.

You can obtain skilled service on spark plugs—and all nine AC products—from your automotive repair man.

Read the panel below. Follow its recommendations. And, when replacement becomes necessary, select AC—for complete satisfaction.

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"BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS"

Maybe your son—your daughter—your husband—your relative or friend—is in it now. That's why our "3rd War Loan Drive" *must* succeed. Your fighter needs the food, guns, planes, ships that your War Bonds will provide. So—buy *more* War Bonds—buy them *now*—won't you?

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

Inside story on longer shirt wear
GOOD STUFF TO KNOW—ESPECIALLY IN WARTIME

1. When sleeves are too long, cuffs take an awful beating and fray quickly. Take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.

2. If your cuffs *do* fray, clip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and stitch it back up. You can reverse French cuffs.

3. Before washing shirts, turn the collars *up*. This way, they get less rough treatment along the top edge, which often frazzles first.

4. If a shirt's extra-dirty, treat it to an overnight soaking. All shirts appreciate 3 hot rinses and an iron that's *not too hot*.

5. Shirts say the less starch and bleaching they get, the longer they'll live. Bleach *only* white shirts; *don't* starch non-wilt collars.

6. If your wife's an ace with the needle and thread, ask her to turn frayed collars. When turned, soft collars look O.K.; non-wilts not as good.

7. A shirt that shrinks is a dead pigeon. Always get "Sanforized"-labeled shirts, they won't shrink even 1%. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")

8. When a shirt finally has to hit the rag bag, snip off the buttons and save 'em for extras. The fabric can be used for kids' clothes, etc.

☆

• **THESE DAYS,** *it's* **patriotic to make** ***everything*** **last as long as you can. This saves materials and man-power, and gives you more money to put into War Bonds.**

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ARROW SHIRTS *TIES · UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS*

said that he has assigned these posts to Mr. Hofmeyr so that they would be mutually restrictive.

General Smuts accompanied me to the corridor, bade me goodby, and told me he hoped to see me in America. Placing his hand on my shoulder, he said to the groups of officers waiting for me, "Take good care of my archbishop."

It was a kind and friendly gesture and a lasting remembrance of General Jan Christiaan Smuts.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, NEW YORK
August 2, 1943

My dear father: When I telephoned you last night, I had just come from La Guardia Airport, after completing what I was told was the fastest trip ever made from Pretoria to New York.

On Tuesday morning, July 27th, I offered Mass in the Church of the Oblate Fathers in Pretoria, for the honored dead of the South African army. Representatives of the South African government, nearly all the members of the diplomatic corps, and officers and men of the military forces of the Union of South Africa attended the service and filled the church.

It was my farewell to South Africa, and I was sad to take my leave, for I had been warmly received by every individual and every group that I had met since I arrived, and I was grieved and disappointed because I could not go to other places in the Union I had planned to visit.

Refreshment of Spirit

After six months' absence from home, I was starting back. When I left, I thought I might be away for about three months, but instead, nearly a half year had gone by, and still I had not been able to visit India and China as I had desired and intended to do. I could, of course, have carried out my original intentions and covered the territory in three months, but spending a longer time in fewer places was more satisfying. I preferred to take days to visit military hospitals instead of hours. To go from bed to bed and have a few words with each patient takes time, but, for me, there is no better way to spend it. The consolations that I received from these experiences are unutterable.

These boys who have given so much still have something to give, and that "something" is spirit. Here in hospitals they are no longer regimented; they are individuals; and most inspiring individuals. While I could not know each boy personally, I realized that I wanted to know each one. A man is more than a name and a number. Man is composed of body and soul; and the life of every man, any man, regimented or nonregimented, is important to me.

After the church service in Pretoria, I said goodby to hundreds of people, who made me feel that not only was I going home but I was also leaving home.

The plane of General Smuts was going north on a mission and I was given the fortunate opportunity to be a passenger on it as far as Léopoldville in the Belgian Congo. I accepted this extraordinary courtesy.

Mr. MacVeagh, our capable, personable and kind minister, as well as Mr. Duplessis, the personal representative of General Smuts, accompanied me to the airport. At three o'clock in the afternoon of July 27th, I began my journey home. We flew over the Transvaal, alternately mountainous and fertile, and crossed over a corner of deserted and desertlike Bechuanaland, and then on over Southern Rhodesia.

We reached the Zambezi River boundary between Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Through the kind intervention of General Smuts, we were permitted to fly over Victoria Falls, which form part of the river. The pilot said that this was the first time permission had been given for a flight over the falls since the start of the war. Twice we circled the falls at banks sufficiently steep to permit impressive, fantastic and fascinating views of this "Colossus of Tumbling Waters."

We landed at the airport in Livingstone, formerly the capital of Northern Rhodesia; the Victoria Falls Hotel, where we stopped, is in Southern Rhodesia. Livingstone, as you know, bears the name of the famous explorer immortalized not only by his own achievements but also by being discovered and involuntarily "rescued" by Mr. Stanley.

Monsignor Flynn is Prefect Apostolic of the district and a member of the Capuchin Order. He kindly arranged for me to offer Mass on Wednesday, July 28th, in the mission church in Livingstone. This, as you know, was the anniversary of Mother's death, so the Mass was for her.

The hours I spent flying over Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo were passed, in great part, in conversation with the pilot, Major Beyers. He told me that mining engineers believe that there is enough copper within fifty feet of the earth's surface in Northern Rhodesia to take care of the world's needs for hundreds of years; but it is so inaccessible that the district is known as "the edge of the beyond," and it is very sparsely populated.

On this 28th of July, I flew all day long. The first lap was from Livingstone to Lusaka, which is the capital of Northern Rhodesia. The next stop was Elisabethville, 265 miles away, a modern city on the borderline of the Belgian Congo. From Elisabethville to Léopoldville, we had a flight of 970 miles.

I learned at Léopoldville that General Marchand, the commanding general of the French forces, had invited me to be a passenger in a plane of the Fighting French, which was leaving Brazzaville on the following morning to fly to Accra on the Gold Coast. Brazzaville, the capital of French Equatorial Africa, is just across the Congo River from Léopoldville.

We first flew to Pointe-Noire, on the Atlantic Ocean, and then up the coast of French Equatorial Africa. I had not seen the Atlantic since my flight from Britain to Africa. With the map, I noted the few towns in the long stretches of jungle. The names were all new to me.

At Libreville, we had a two-hour stop. From here we flew across the Gulf of Guinea for nine hundred and forty miles to Accra.

I was informed that there was a plane leaving for the States at two o'clock in the morning. This was good news, as it would give me an opportunity to see and talk with the soldiers in Accra. Father Rigney brought me on a courtesy call to the governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Alan Burns. I had the opportunity of speaking publicly to several thousand soldiers, but I could not meet them personally because neither they nor I had the time; they had to go to the movies, and I had to go to America.

On a Mid-Atlantic Island

The next morning, Friday, July 30th, we stopped on Ascension Island in the Atlantic Ocean, where the chaplain, Father Anthony J. Urbanski of the Diocese of Omaha, arranged for me to say Mass in the Post Library. I met Colonel Mullenix and a number of officers and men, and in two hours I was on my way to Natal in Brazil.

There is quite a contrast between the peaceful atmosphere of the city of Natal and the bustle of Natal's airport, Parnamarin. This airport is larger than La Guardia Field, and it is many times as busy as La Guardia was even before the war. I had never heard its name; and one would not immediately think of its importance in connection with our successful North African campaigns. Nevertheless, it was definitely an essential factor in General Montgomery's epic advance through the Western desert, for through Parnamarin, they moved planes and supplies of every kind.

I had a part of the afternoon and the evening in Natal, so I went to the town to call on the bishop. I had supper with General Stratemeyer, Colonel Wheeler, and Father Harrison Martin of the Archdiocese of New Orleans.

At two o'clock in the morning of July 31st, I left Natal for Belem where I arrived about eight o'clock. Father Ryan and Father Lasota arranged for me to say Mass during my two-hour stop here, and at ten o'clock I was on my way to Georgetown in British Guiana where I arrived in midafternoon. A short stop here, a visit to the cemetery, and once more in the air, flying over the Caribbean. We arrived in Puerto Rico at ten o'clock at night. An hour's stop was far too short a time for Puerto Rico, but I had been there before and sometime I may get back again.

We left Puerto Rico an hour later for Miami and at four o'clock on the morning of August 1st, the great moment came. We bounced down to the ground at the Miami airport, and, spontaneously, all cheered. I had time to go to the Jesuit Church in Miami with Father Thomas J. Hay, and Father Joseph T. Maring, S. J., attached to the Church of the Gesu in Miami, to celebrate Mass. This was the fifth Mass I had offered in five different countries on five successive mornings.

Committee of Welcome

Early on Sunday morning, I left Miami, and from the Washington airport, I telephoned to New York that I was home. The same three friends who saw me off, Bishop O'Hara, Bishop McIntyre, and Monsignor Casey, met me at La Guardia Field; with them was my new secretary, Father Shea.

In the twenty-four weeks that I have been away from New York, I have traveled approximately 46,000 miles and visited countries in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. As I look back over the weeks, I would say that my visit to the Holy Father was, for me, the happiest and saddest experience of my journey. I was happy to receive the blessing of the Holy Father and to have the inspiration of witnessing again his sanctity of life and his high purposes and efforts for humanity's salvation. I was saddened in the vision of the weight of the cross he carries. His Holiness painfully and poignantly bears and feels the sorrows of all the world, human sorrows and national sorrows. Unceasingly does he labor and pray for peace with justice for all mankind, for all nations, for all people.

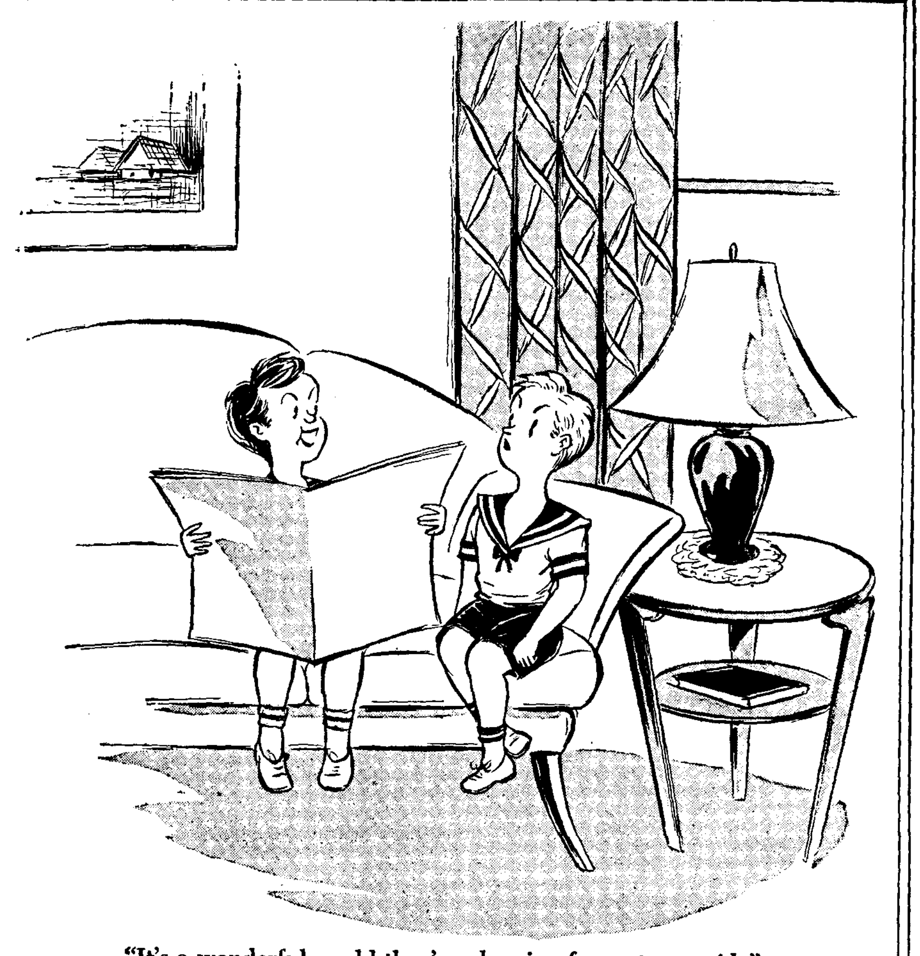
It was one of the greatest experiences of my life to see with my own eyes the tremendous entity of America's war effort, the loyal, determined spirit and contribution of all men and women in our Armed Services, the quality and quantity of supplies produced and delivered by our men and women in industry and in agriculture. It was most reassuring to see evidences of the close collaboration of our countrymen with the forces and the efforts of our Allies. This co-operation is something that is heartening not alone for victory but also for peace.

During long hours in the airplane on my five-day journey of 11,455 miles from South Africa to New York, I pondered over the multitude of impressions which I have in my mind and heart.

From close contacts with men of our Armed Forces, I am convinced that our soldiers are doing more for us than defending our land, our lives and our ideals. They are inspiring us to a renewal of faith in our country. Like crusaders of old, they have gone into battle for the country they love, for the cause in which they believe.

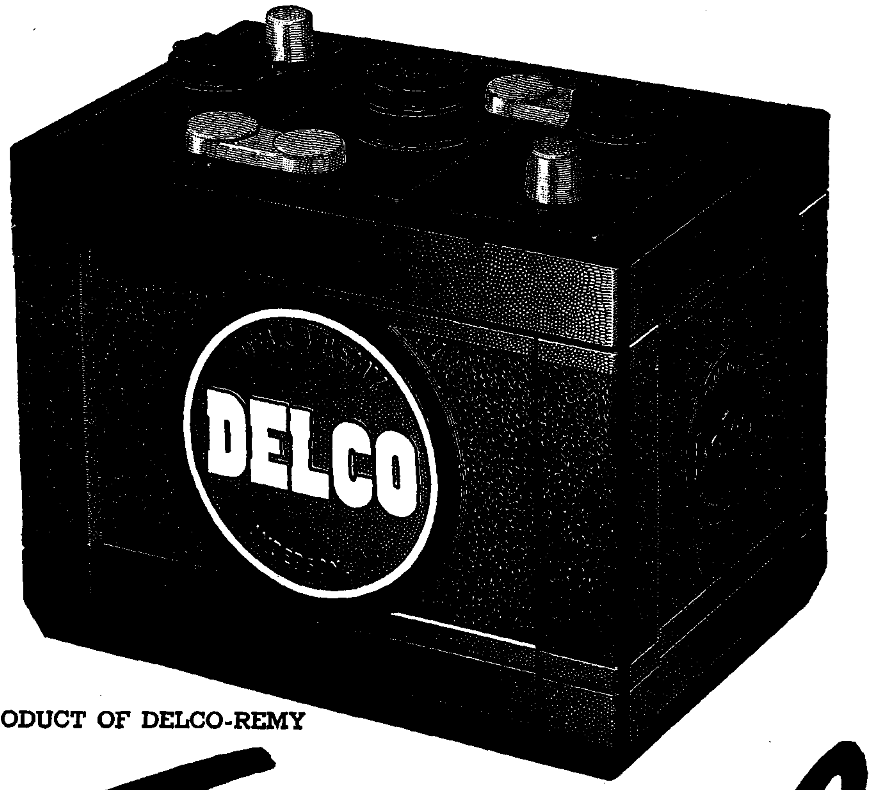
Believing in God's Providence, I am confident of our high resolve that this fair land, the visible setting of the vast, immaterial soul of the American nation, shall never lose its initial consecration to the common Fatherhood of God, so that we and our children's children shall live in peace and harmony among ourselves and with our neighbors. In this America, I believe; for this America, I live; for this America, I and millions of others stand ready to die.

THE END



"It's a wonderful world they're planning for us to provide"

COLLIER'S A. CRAMER



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★ ★ ★ LET'S *ALL* BUY *ALL* WE CAN!

Delco-Remy ★ *Wherever Wheels Turn or Propellers Spin*

Will your car limp through the war

Or come through with flying colors?

The Classified section of the telephone book can help your car. It tells where to go for service—motor upkeep, lubrication, brake adjustment, tire retreading, body and fender repairs.

"Look it up in the Classified" is a good rule for keeping your electrical appliances and your heating plant, too, in good shape for the duration.

Find what you need in the Classified

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Hotel Berlin—1943

Continued from page 27

"Exactly. It's too dashed obvious that it wasn't written by me. 'The *furor teutonicus* will take its ample revenge.' What an abominable mixed metaphor! And 'My heart is bleeding.' Really, my dear Herr Wiedemann, you must know that an Englishman would rather swallow his tongue than broadcast to the world at large that his heart is bleeding. If you'd only permit me to make a few little changes—"

It was the same quibble every Wednesday and Saturday; Wiedemann was stubborn and dense as only an employee afraid of losing his job can be. While Nichols, ironically enough, was agonized at the idea of lending his name to these badly written manifestoes.

During his imprisonment he had lost touch with reality to such an extent that he was afraid his style would be criticized in London's literary circles, but did not seem to realize that these broadcasts had made him a contemptible outcast and that nobody any longer gave a hoot for his style. As usual, his heart began to get tight with the excitement of the dispute; his upper lip was moist with perspiration, his breath came laboriously; he gave in, as usual.

Wiedemann left, flushed and breathless himself. "The spineless scoundrel!" he muttered as he walked down the corridor. "The piece of slime!" Nobody had a deeper contempt for this Englishman than the Germans who used him as a necessary part of their propaganda.

Left alone, Nichols waited until his heart resumed its normal beat. He took twelve drops of the medicine the doctor had prescribed for such minor disturbances, and let the bitter taste linger on his tongue.

His room had no window toward the street but gave on the square courtyard framing the glass roof of the lobby 'way down below. On the little loggia that jutted out from his room like a bird's bath from a cage, he had a deck chair and what he called his garden. Two pots of ferns, two pelargoniums and one rather measly fuchsia with a tendency to drop its buds before they had time to open. These five flowerpots represented all the company and joy permitted to him.

For a while he had, with the gracious consent of the authorities, kept a dog. But it turned out that a lively fox terrier was more than he could stand in the long run. Not being allowed to take Maxel out for a walk himself, he had trusted Pageboy Number 6 with the care of his simple canine needs and joys. But there had been such an expression of reproach and even contempt in Maxel's limpid eyes whenever he handed the leash to the pageboy that Nichols had developed a painful inferiority complex and given up the dog rather than live with a constant reminder of his shortcomings as a gentleman and a master.

NICHOLS went out on his loggia and watered the five pots with all the loving care of a frustrated garden-hungry Englishman. He picked a few wilted leaves off the pelargoniums and fed the tired fuchsia a shot of vitamins. The yellow morning sun was splashed in huge patches over the glass roof of the lobby at the bottom of the yard and flooded the loggia with its rich warmth.

Lovely day, thought Nichols; he felt an Englishman's urge to discuss the weather, but there was no one to discuss it with. He entertained himself for a little while by thinking of various places where he would like to be in that lovely summer warmth. In a punt, near Islip, for instance. Or sitting on the rocks at Santa Margherita and looking down into the green surge of water dotted with swimming youngsters. Or simply in his little house near Hampstead Heath. The Lady Hamilton roses should be in full bloom by now. If the house hadn't been bombed into shambles, that is—

He called his thoughts back from whatever unpleasant turns they were about to take and settled himself in his deck chair. Like most ailing people, Nichols had a deep attachment to the chair in which he spent so many hours of his empty and fragile existence. In optimistic moments he could almost convince himself that this really was not very different from the sanitariums in which he had been compelled to spend the greater part of his life. He pushed the pillow behind his head into the right position, pulled a light rug over his thin knees—for even the sun could not warm him to the marrow—and began to study that confounded manuscript. So concentrated was he that he noticed nothing until a shadow fell across the pages, and, as he looked up, there was a man standing in his loggia whose coming he had neither heard nor seen.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Nichols asked with a start.

The man gave no answer but darted past him into the room. "Don't talk!" he gasped.

Nichols' heart began to pound, very hard and badly out of rhythm. He dropped the manuscript, left the chair and followed the man inside.

"You're an Englishman, aren't you? You're Geoffrey Nichols. You must help me," Martin panted.

"And who are you?" Nichols asked again. "How did you get in here?"

"From there," Martin said, pointing vaguely to the courtyard where Nichols could see nothing but walls, straight up and down.

"I've read some of your books; I liked Sunset best," Martin whispered.

Strangely enough, it was this casual compliment that kept Nichols from calling for help. He scrutinized his visitor, taking in the heaving chest, the oversize shirt, torn and soiled from the trip across the wall, the shiny black trousers, the unruly hair, the tense face and the blue light in the depths of the eyes.

For a moment he had the fantastic idea that this was a man of the British Secret Service who had got into trouble and had come to him for assistance. A spark of pride and satisfaction flared up and went out like a wet match.

"What do you want? What can I do for you?" he asked in English, forgetting his heart trouble for the moment.

Martin, summoning up his best school English, which wasn't very good, answered, "I do not know whether you heard of me. My name is Martin Richter. They are after me. You must help me."

NICHOLS gave him a dry smile. "Yes, I've heard of you, accidentally. Really, my dear boy, your confidence is very flattering. But you couldn't have picked out a worse man. I'm entirely without resources. I'm sick and I'm a prisoner."

"That's why nobody will suspect you. Besides, I had not much choice. Neither have you now."

"I suppose I haven't," Nichols said. He felt happy and elated and strong. That a persecuted man should come to him for protection gave him back some of his self-respect and his lost integrity. The first thing he did was to turn on the radio in order to cover their voices. As he did so, he was surprised by his own presence of mind.

"Sit down; make yourself comfortable," he said. "Tell me your story and we'll see what can be done. You can talk freely. There is no telephone in this room and no one listens. Wait—are you hungry?"

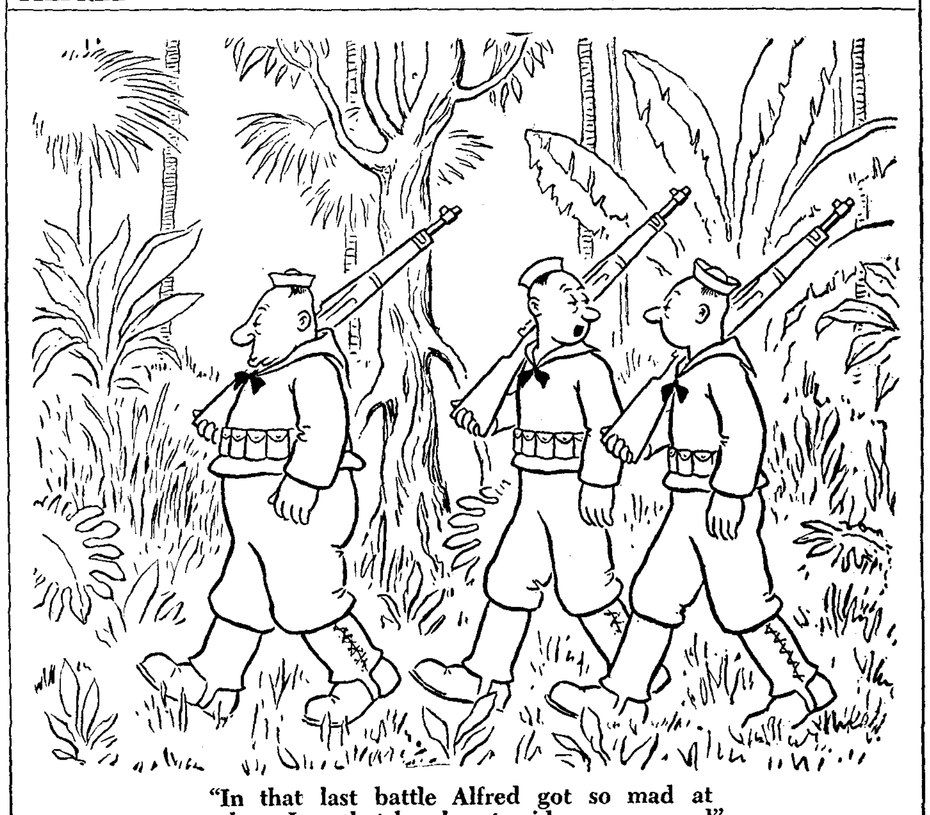
"Yes; but it is not important."

"Wait," Nichols said again. He rummaged happily in a chest of drawers and at last produced a few dry biscuits and one small, shriveled apple.

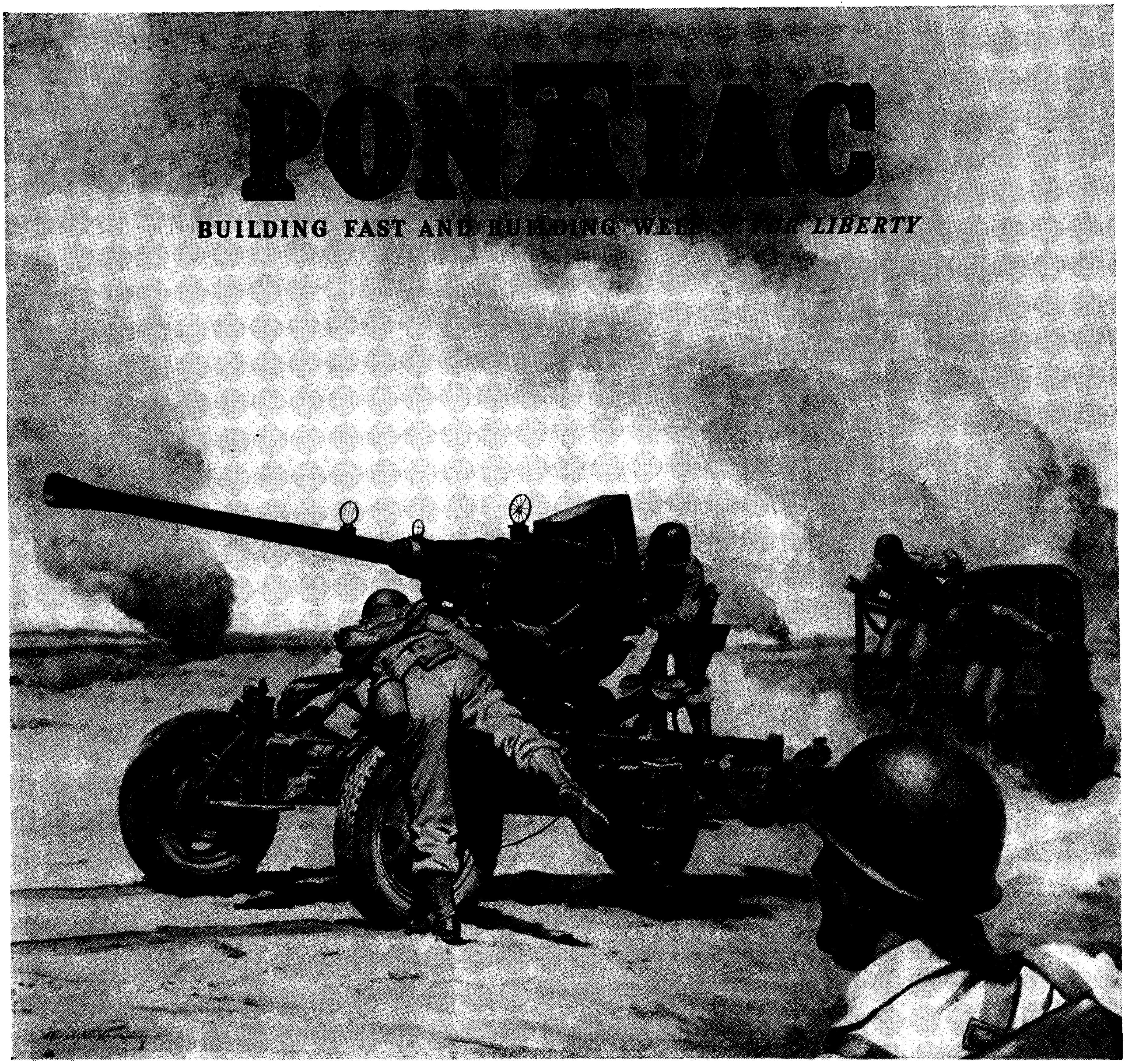
"My sister sent it to me; through the Red Cross, you know. I saved it for a holiday. This is a holiday," he said, talking with elation. "Eat it. It's an English apple. It's from the tree in my sister's garden. It doesn't look very impressive, but it's a good apple."

The friendliness of this gesture fell on

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"In that last battle Alfred got so mad at those Japs that he almost said a swear word"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Martin like an unexpected blow; it was like breaking through ice, and he found it hard not to cry. He sat down, bit into the apple, choked its musty sweetness down through his tightened throat. When he had himself under control again, he began to talk. For the first time in these four years, Geoffrey Nichols received a true report about the things that had happened and kept on happening in that wide, free world outside this hotel that was his prison.

PAGEBOY Number 6, whom his mother, in her mistaken enthusiasm for the Nazi movement, had named Adolf, was a thin, gangling, unlovely boy of fifteen. He had the gray, anemic face of all the undernourished adolescents growing up in the overcrowded workers' quarters of North Berlin. There were angry red pimples and acne scars on his gray skin, he had a snub nose, and Janitor Schmidt had a hard time teaching him to keep his nails clean. However, even this proletarian urchin's face had its good points. Adolf had nice, alert eyes and a rather intelligent brow. On closer inspection, one might have discovered that his ears would have been fine and well set had the left one not been cauliflowered.

If Janitor Schmidt had not been absent this morning on account of his medical examination, he would certainly have noticed that Number 6 was restless and negligent in the pursuit of his duties. However, neither Ahlsen nor Kliebert was acquainted with the psychology and the personalities of the pageboys and, besides, they were too busy themselves keeping things going without the help of the all-efficient Schmidt.

And so Number 6, left more or less to himself, loitered here and there, observed this and that, and finally slipped up to the fourth floor; in front of Number 67 where Geoffrey Nichols lived, he took off his cap, slicked back his hair, knocked, and entered without waiting for an invitation.

It was one of the humiliating rules in Nichols' life that his door was to remain unlocked, day and night. However, nobody ever came to disturb his privacy. At times this unlocked door even gave him the sensation of not really being a prisoner.

"Heil Hitler, Mr. Nichols," Adolf said. "How are you this morning?" he added in the rocky bit of English he had learned from Nichols.

"Good morning," Nichols said weakly. The radio was going full blast, and there was Martin Richter, big as life. There was no explanation for the presence of a visitor; Number 6 held his bright blue eyes firmly and inquisitively fixed on Martin Richter. For a desperate second, Nichols considered bribing the boy into secrecy, but dropped the idea as being dangerous. He had always had an inkling that Number 6 was a Gestapo agent, especially entrusted with spying on him.

"Yes, Adolf?" he said.

"I brought you the morning papers, Mr. Nichols."

"Thanks. How's the news?"

"Fine," said Adolf, as if the question weren't worth an answer.

NICHOLS essayed an explanation of Martin's inexplicable presence. "The doctor sent me a gardener to look after my flowerpots," he said weakly.

"H'mm," said Adolf.

Nichols opened the papers from which the censor had cut several items that were believed unhealthy for an English prisoner. It was a ridiculous measure, considering that, in any case, the papers were not allowed to print anything without government permission. Adolf was still staring at Martin; for a brief moment, Martin considered knocking the boy out and depositing him in the men's room, but he rejected the idea.

"Here. Give my regards to your sweetheart," said Nichols and put some money into Adolf's clammy hand. "Run along now, Adolf."

His heart was very bad now. There were express trains racing through tunnels, and unsynchronized hammers pounding on huge anvils, and Tibetan temple gongs being beaten until they threatened to burst. I hope I won't make a spectacle of myself and have a heart attack just now, he thought; it helped him a little.

"You didn't have to crawl out of the window when I came into the men's room; it was stupid. You might have broken your neck," Adolf said to Martin. "You're Martin Richter, ain't you?" he went on, before Martin had caught his breath. "Here I've been chasing after you all morning, and just when I find that you locked yourself in the washroom, you crawl out the window! What do you think we're playing? Hide and seek? Gaston gave me something for you before they took him away. Here."

He lifted the lining of his cap and produced a thin white roll, a leaf of cigarette paper. Martin took it hesitatingly, unfolded it and read: *"Trust Number 6. He knows where to take you. Don't contact Walter. Adieu."*

He tore it up, went into the bathroom and flushed it down. "Pretty silly to carry that around in your cap, my boy," he said. He was thinking hard and fast. This might be nothing but a trap; again, it might be everything it pretended to be, and poor Gaston had sent him a savior in the unassuming person of Number 6.

"I know what you're thinking. Forget it, Richter," Adolf said. "I'm all for you. I know what it's all about. I've been in Sonnenburg myself. Fourteen months. Want to see my badge?"

He flicked his head around and exhibited the cauliflower ear that sat incongruously on his small boy's skull. He pulled up his upper lip where the gum had healed unevenly over a fracture where one tooth was missing.

"They kicked me in the face," he went on. "Blew my eardrum out, too. I can't hear very well on this side."

"I thought Sonnenburg was a good prison," Martin said.

"Yeah. Sonnenburg isn't so bad. The bulls there treated me fine. I got this before they took me to Sonnenburg—when they beat me and grilled me. I guess I was lucky to be taken to Sonnenburg. On account I'm under age. How was it in Ploetzensee?"

"They're an impatient lot in Ploetzensee. They don't make much of a fuss. Either you talk or they take you out in the yard," Martin said and let his hand drop like a guillotine.

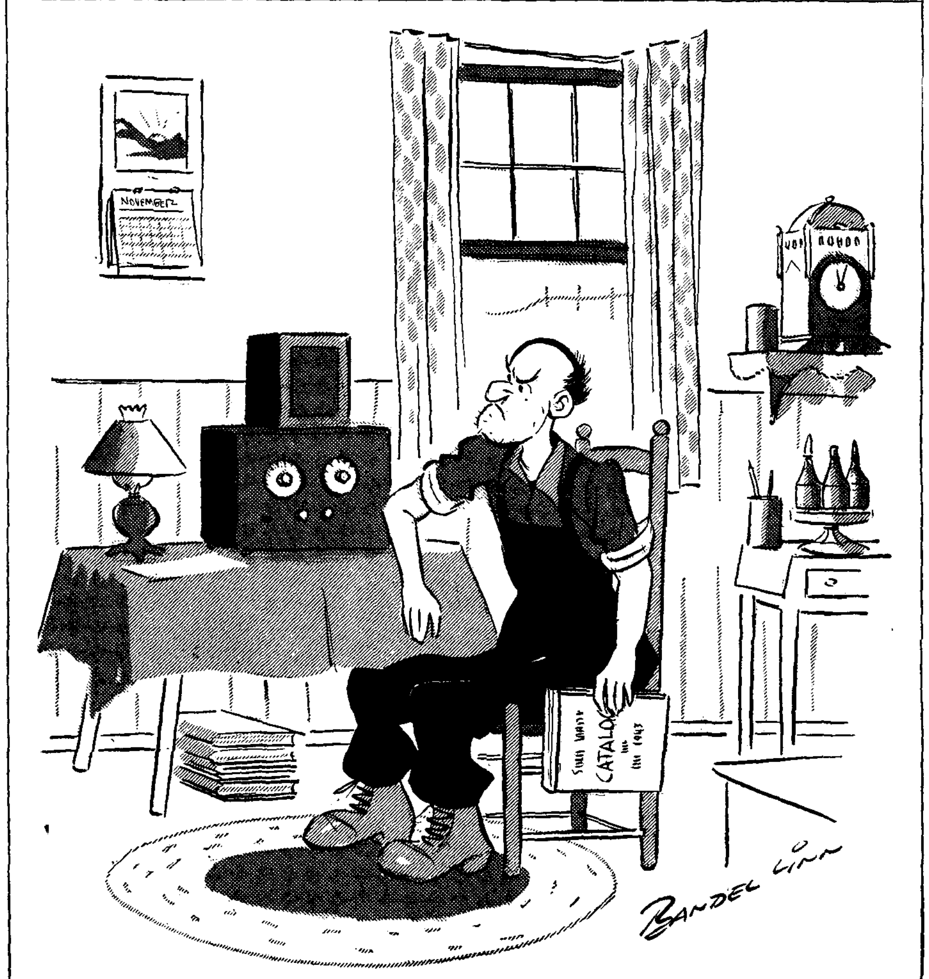
NICHOLS listened with shuddering respect to the shop talk of the two experts. He deduced that Dachau was "good," but Sachsenhausen was "bad," and Adolf told about a friend who had been in Esterwege which had been "very bad." Martin had meanwhile decided that he could trust Number 6, but was still groping his way.

"Why did they take you to Sonnenburg?"

"That? Oh, they took a lot of us on March 21, 1941. We were the boys of the Neue Heimat Youth movement. You must have heard of us."

"No. I was at the front then. Tell me about it."

"Oh, what is there to tell? We had all

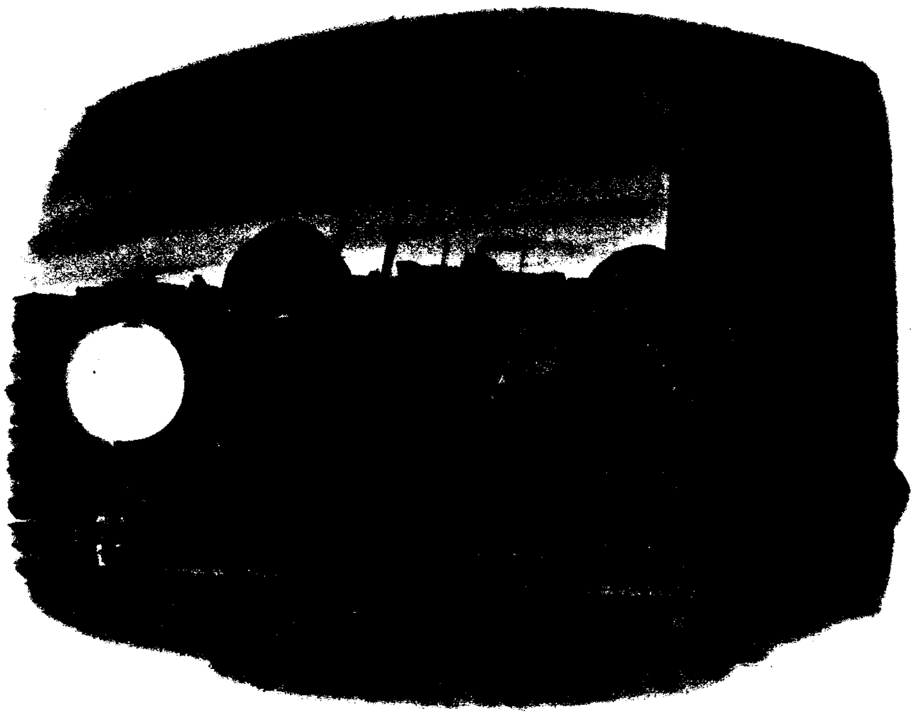


NEWS

"... while feed is looming up more and more as the number one farm worry. Hard-pressed farmers are hoping that the new farm-machinery program will provide enough equipment to carry them through the coming year. This is a possibility. No one knows what will happen. Some of you men who have been raising wheat this year should turn to raising corn, and vice versa. You may get more help in the near future, according to some experts. Or, on the other hand, you may not. Draft officials say they are already scraping the bottom of the barrel. This can mean anything. OPA may be forced to undertake a few more rationing programs, including milk, soap and coal. But this isn't certain—and I wouldn't accept it as anything other than rumor ..."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

SHOOTING A LETTER TO THE ADMIRAL—WITH A BEAM OF LIGHT

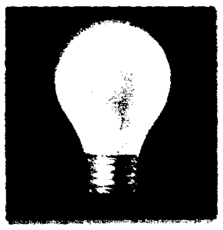


1 **When this masked marksman** pulls the trigger, the nearby flagship receives an important message in dots and dashes of light. The concentrated beam from this Blinker Signal Gun can be seen at least a mile away even in full sunlight. Yet an observer more than a few degrees "off the beam" cannot read the message.

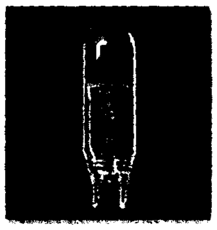
HERE ARE A FEW OF THE G-E LAMPS WE USE IN THE U.S. NAVY

"All-Glass" Flashing Signal lamp. Used in Blinker Signal Gun above.

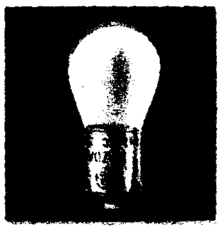
Telephone Switchboard lamp. Also used by Navy as an indicator lamp.



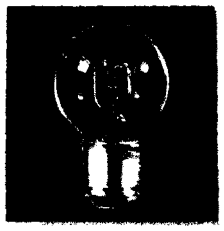
Rough Service. Filament is specially-mounted to resist shock and vibration.



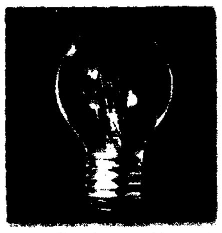
G-E Searchlight lamp used on ships. 10,000,000 beam candlepower.



Gun Sight Lamp. Even, well diffused, high intensity light.

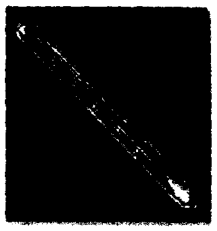


Spotlight Lamp. Used to help planes land on deck of aircraft carrier.

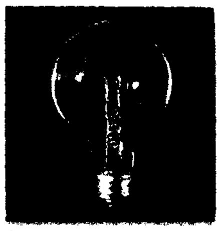


Wake Illuminator. Two filaments—second lights if first goes out.

Portable Searchlight. Concentrated filament for narrow, powerful beam.



Water-Column Illuminator. Used for lighting water gauges on ships.



Floodlight to illuminate carrier deck when planes land at night.

2 **More than 100** different types of General Electric lamps are used aboard naval vessels. Some are too secret to show here. But many are adaptations of standard bulbs from General Electric's tremendous peacetime storehouse of lamps and lighting knowledge.

3 **The same G-E research** that produced these lamps for the Navy is your assurance of highest quality in the G-E lamps *you* use. Don't waste the light from these good lamps. Dust bulbs, shades and reflectors regularly. Share your reading lamp with others. And turn off lights in unoccupied rooms.

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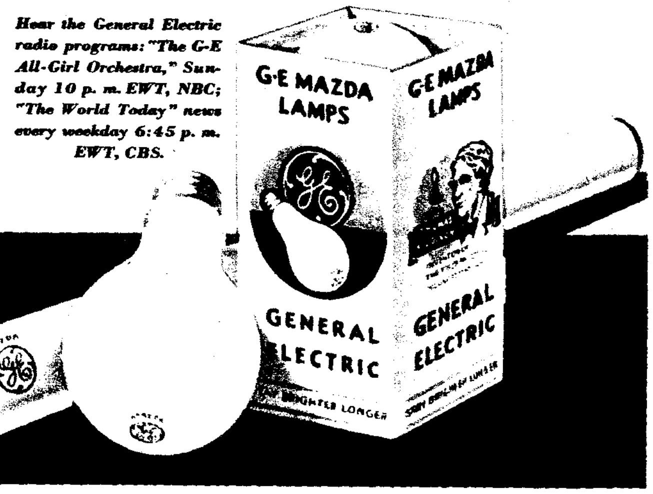

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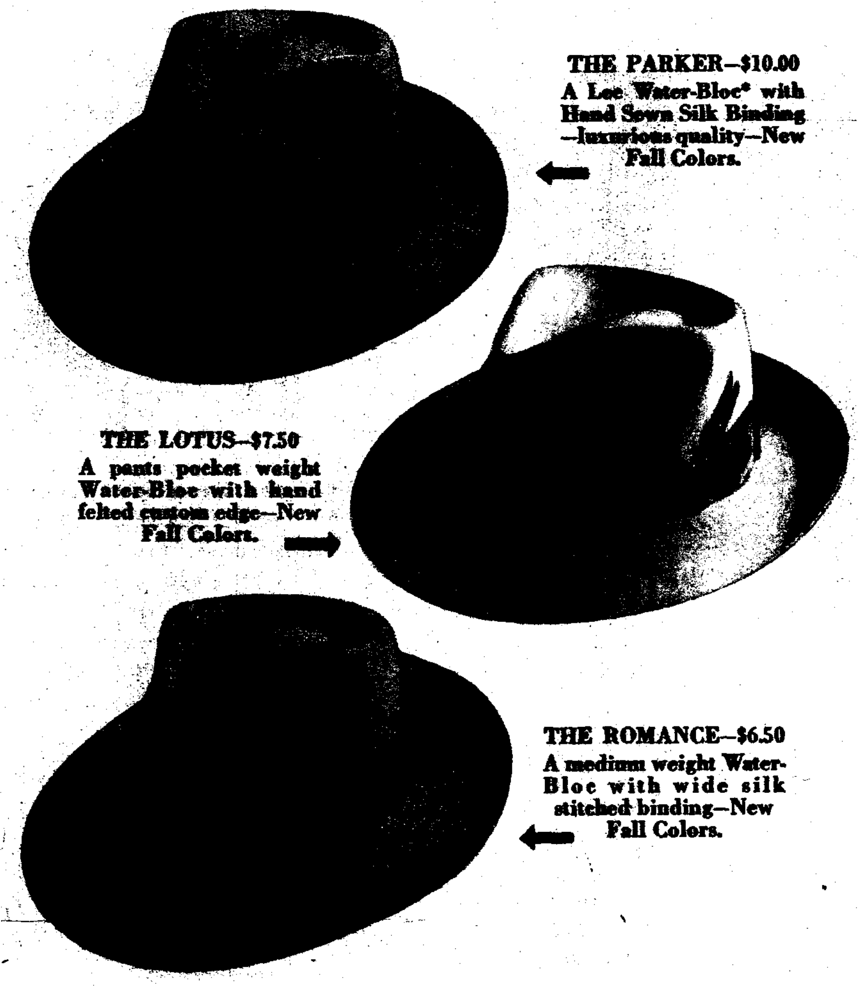

THE PARKER—$10.00
A Lee Water-Bloc* with Hand Sewn Silk Binding —luxurious quality—New Fall Colors.

THE LOTUS—$7.50
A pants pocket weight Water-Bloc with hand felted custom edge—New Fall Colors.

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Becomingness is in from Crown to Brim

Yes, the new Lee Pre-Blocked hats *are* becoming. More than that, they're shaped and creased to stay becoming as long as you wear them. See the new Fall colors and styles at your favorite men's shop. Try on the PRE-BLOCKED and your hat problems are over.

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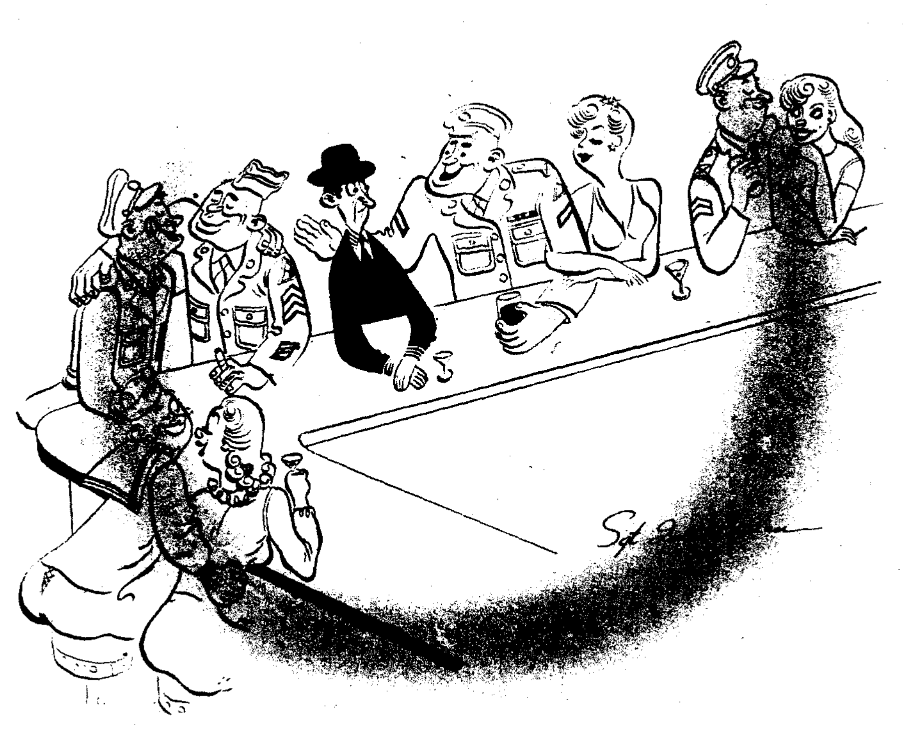


COLLIER'S

"Let me buy you a drink, buddy. I know how it is; I was a civilian in the last war myself"

SGT. IRWIN CAPLAN

been Hitler Jungens and for a while we liked it fine, but after a while we got our bellies full of it. Drill every day and every day and marching until your feet were just one stinking mess of raw flesh and having these bulls tell us what to do every minute and night maneuvers and sleeping out in the cold and if you couldn't keep up with the others you got the stripes. That's what we called it when we got flogged in front of the group.

"I don't know. We just got tired, I guess. First we just stayed away once in a while; like playing hooky at school. Then we met other boys the same age and we got together and went out hiking and swimming and having fun. Then we had fights with the good little boys who were still sticking it out with the Hitler Youth. We ganged up and they ganged up, and we had some fine fights.

"Then we found out that we in our neighborhood weren't the only ones. We met other boys from other parts of town and we heard that boys in other towns had got just as tired of the whole damn' Hitler Youth and split up. There were a few older boys, and a few of our teachers took the thing in hand and sort of organized us. That's what you call a movement. At the spring solstice we had a meeting of all the Neue Heimat groups from Berlin and surroundings, out in Werder. The cherries were in bloom and we had a fine day. March 21st, 1941. That's when they clamped down on us and arrested us all.

"Well, I don't complain, Richter. I learned a lot of useful things and I won't forget it. So now let's see how I'll get you out of here. This place is lousy with Gestapo. There's something in the air. They must have blown Hamburg to kingdom come last night, and everybody's having the blue funk. Something stinks something awful."

AND Number 6, having delivered his individual version of the urge for freedom that is universal, puckered his brow and went into a deep meditation.

"Can you trust him?" he asked after a while, pointing his chin at Nichols, as if being an Englishman had also rendered Nichols deaf and dumb.

"I hope so," Martin answered, with a quick smile. "To some degree, at least."

"Of course you can, old boy," Nichols said, astonished. Not for the fraction of a second had it occurred to him that he could do anything else but help Martin. Help him, at the risk of your life? he asked himself. Don't be silly. Of course; at *any* risk—and no reason to get melodramatic about it, he answered himself without hesitation.

Adolf brought up a small pearl of enlightenment from the deep sea of his ponderings.

"Can you play the fiddle?"

"No. Why?"

"If you could play the fiddle, I might get you out with the Gypsy band. They're good boys. For a thousand marks, Sandor might let you have his costume and help me smuggle you out."

"Well, I can't play the fiddle and I don't have a thousand marks. I don't look like a Gypsy, either."

"H'mm," said Adolf. "The furnace room is out. Wine cellar is out. Laundry is out. Hermine's been arrested. Electricians all over the basement."

"Maybe I could get out as an electrician."

"No. I bet you, half of the lot work for the Gestapo. There's not a mousehole that's not watched. Maybe you'll have to shoot your way out of it."

"I wouldn't get very far, would I? I have no gun."

"Yeah. Well, let me think," Adolf said. "I'll find something." He was not in the least discouraged. The bright, keen little boy's joy at playing cops and robbers shone in his eyes.

"How long can you keep him here, mister?" he asked Nichols.

"Not very long, I'm afraid. It's the day of my broadcast. The radio people will be running in and out all afternoon."

"H'mm. How good are you at getting over roofs, Richter?"

"Fairly good. I had some pretty good training in Stalingrad," Martin said. "It's coming down from the roof when they mostly get a pot shot at you."

"That's true," Adolf conceded, out of respect for Richter's experience. For the moment, he had run out of ideas.

"Supposing you tell me where to go if I get out of here and let me worry for myself," Martin suggested. "I can see it's great fun for you, but it's my neck that's at stake."

"You'll stay with my father overnight. Reinickendoorferstrasse 89, third court, basement. You take the Underground, Seestrasse Train. If you get there before I'm home, you tell the old man I sent you. Tell him you're a friend of Gaston's. He'll know what it's all about. He'll know what to do. He's a bright bird, my old man."

"Does your father know the risk he takes if he shields me?"

"Oh, sure. He's so mad he'd do anything to gyp the police. Since they closed his shop and put me in prison, and my brother was killed in Africa, he's through with the Nazis, only they don't know it."

"If I hide there, what about the house warden?"

"*He* is the house warden. It's a good house, you'll see. All sorts of people—Italians and Dutch and what not. Once you get to the house, you're safe."

"Good. Where do we go from there?"

"Tomorrow the professor can take you over. He'll take care of you. He's taken care of many."

"Who's that—the professor?"

"I don't know. We don't ask questions in this game, do we? We call him the professor on account he looks like one. Frau Blanke says she seen a poster for a concert with his picture on it, playing the piano or something. What's it to you? You'll meet him."

"Yes. If I get out of here I'll meet the professor. It's all beautifully arranged except for that. How the hell will I get out of here?"

NICHOLS had taken pains to follow their swift, vernacular dialogue that was, moreover, covered by the radio. Someone was giving an inspired lecture on the vitamin content of sauerkraut, which seemed to indicate that after weeks of sauerkraut famine, a few truckloads had arrived in town. The two conspirators appeared to have forgotten his very existence in their eagerness to find an avenue of escape.

"May I say something?" he asked timidly. "Of course, I'm not an expert by any means; I'm only a writer. But I should approach the problem quite differently."

"How, for instance?" Adolf asked, unwilling to let the Englishman join the game.

"Use a bit of psychology."

"Aw, *you* can talk. If you're that bright, how come you're still here?" Adolf said rudely.

"That's another question. Let's suppose that I like it here. But if I were to make plans for an escape, I'd get myself some protective coloring," said Nichols, who had spent many hollow, idle hours planning it all.

"How's that?" Martin asked with a flicker of interest.

"Protective coloring, my boy. Be a brown rabbit in a brown furrow. Be a green grasshopper on a green meadow. A polar bear in the arctic. See what I mean?"

"Not quite."

"It's perfectly simple. If you don't want to be noticed in the Hotel Berlin, you must wear a uniform."

"Unfortunately they took mine away from me in Ploetzensee," Martin said with great bitterness.

"Ah, yes, but that wasn't the kind of uniform I'm talking about. I'm certain your uniform was faded and patched and worn. You see, your uniform had been in the war. That's not the kind of uniform one meets in the lobby of the Hotel Berlin. What I mean is an officer's uniform, a dress uniform, all slicked up."

"He's got something there, Richter; holy mattress, wouldn't it be a joke if you'd march straight across that lobby in a general's getup?" Adolf said, warming up to the subject.

"You'll never get away looking as you do. No, my dear fellow, that won't do at all. Slip on a uniform, be a strutting, heel-clicking arrogant ass of an officer, and I'll wager my life you'll bluff your way past the Gestapo."

Adolf's face was one gape of intense listening; his eyes, his mouth, even his twitching nostrils seemed to suck up the Englishman's suggestion; but Martin remained cool.

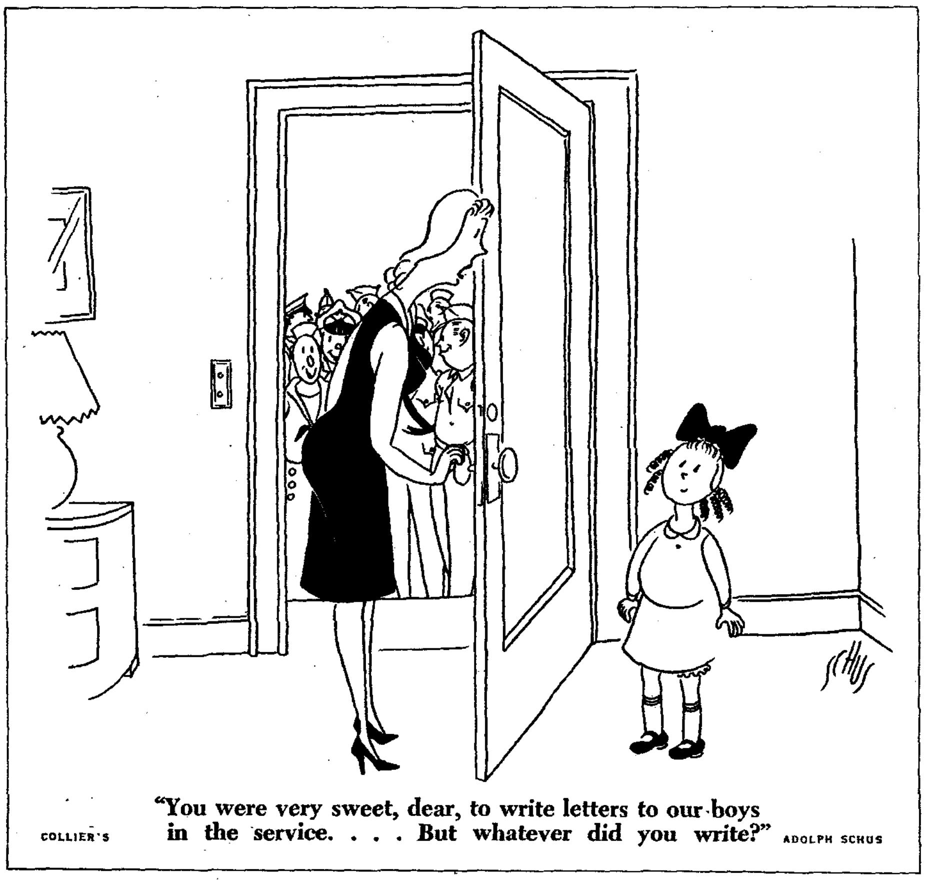
"Is that what's known as the British sense of humor?" he asked with some sharpness.

He was a rebel, but he was also a German, and respect for the officer's uniform was bred into him through many generations; he was born with it and brought up with it. With a stab of pain he remembered their Lieutenant Granne who had fought with them to the last in that cellar in Stalingrad; fought like a good man and died like a good man. It's no joke to be a German officer, he thought bitterly; and a chasm opened between him and Nichols, the eternal chasm separating the Anglo-Saxon from his Teutonic cousin.

"Probably," Nichols said. "A sense of humor is a good thing to have when you're in a jam."

"I'm not in much of a mood to discuss theories," Martin said, more brusquely than was his intention. "The fact is that I have no uniform."

"I can get you a uniform," Number 6 said in great commotion. "I can get you

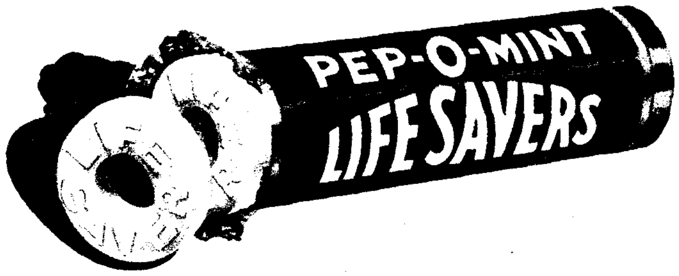


COLLIER'S

"You were very sweet, dear, to write letters to our boys in the service. . . . But whatever did you write?" ADOLPH SCHUS

Girls would not be in such

a hurry to leave Brother Guppy



if he would sweeten his breath with LIFE SAVERS

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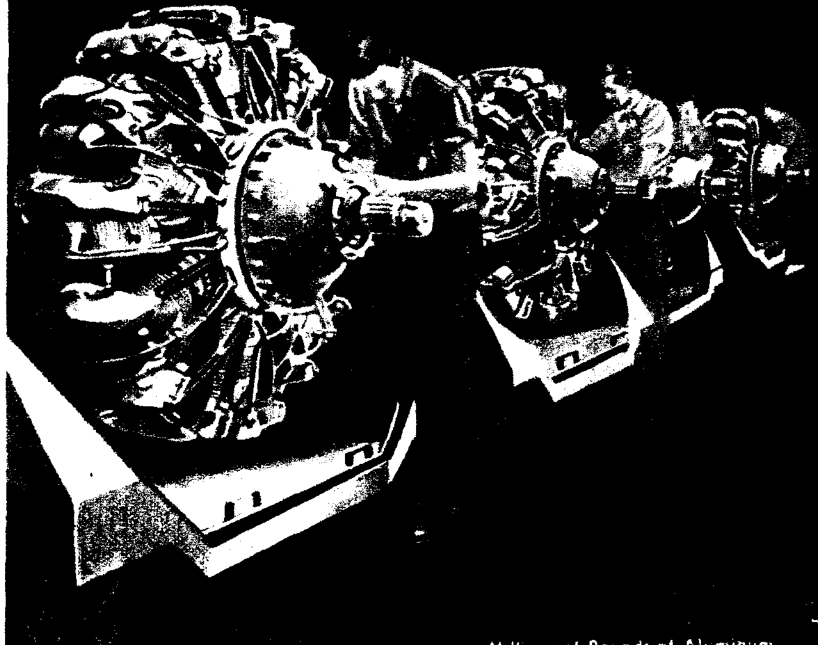

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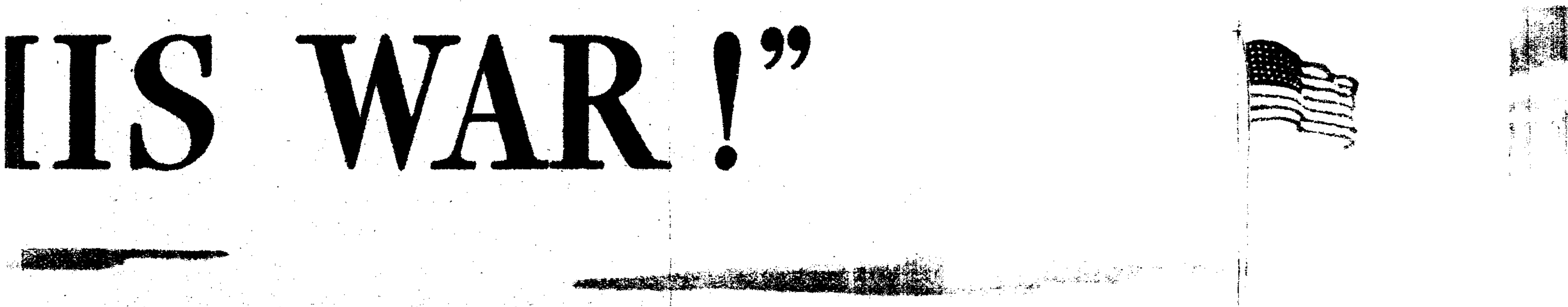

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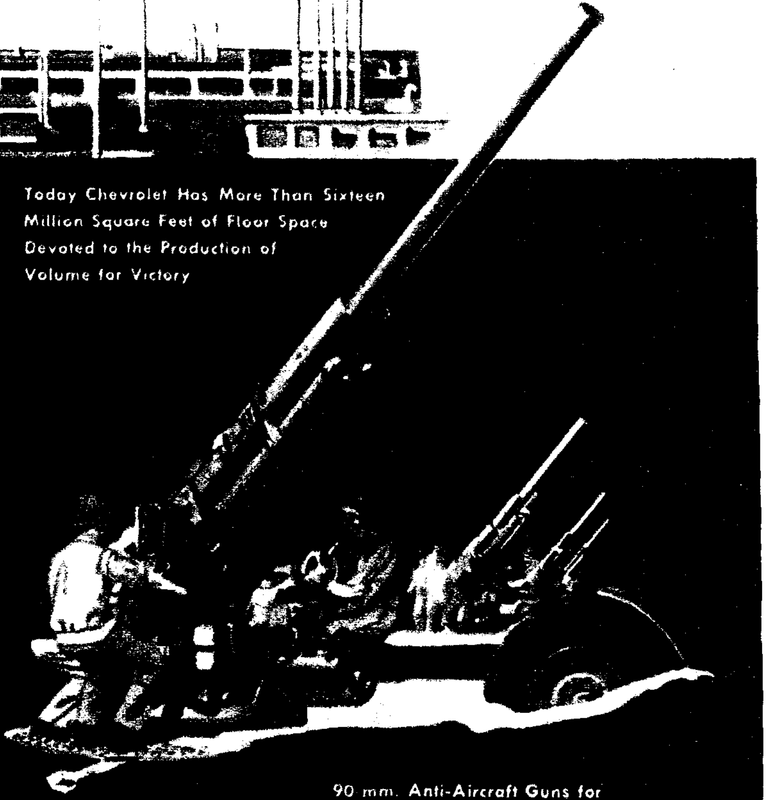

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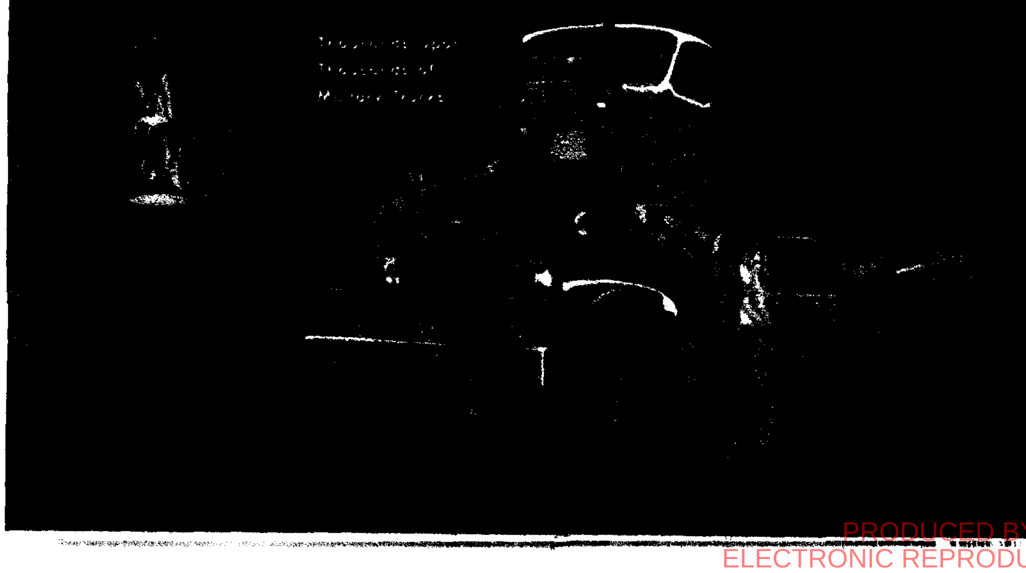
NERAL MOTORS



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one like that! Schmidt isn't here today. I can take his master key from the desk and break into any room and steal you any uniform you want. I'll get you a general's uniform that will make you dizzy."

"Nothing higher than a captain, Adolf. Even Nazi generals aren't as young as all that," Nichols warned.

"And where do I keep myself until you get me that uniform? Do I flush myself down the toilet to be out of sight?" Martin asked. His nerves were raw, his shoulder hurt and he didn't believe at all in Nichols' scheme.

"I'll take care of you. I told you I'd take care of you, didn't I?" Adolf said pompously. "I have a place for you. It may not be very comfortable, but it's safe anyway. And it won't be for long."

"I've hidden in a sewer pipe before and I didn't like it, if that is what you have in mind."

"Not half as bad, Richter. I'll give you the key to the door of the service elevator on this floor. It's out of order, see? You can hide in the shaft for a little while. You swing yourself over on the cable to the traverse and there you can sit quite comfortably. I've tried it just for the fun of it. Not a living soul ever looks into that shaft. Meanwhile, I'll get you the uniform, and when I whistle for you, out you come. Do you think that you could put it on in the room of Fräulein—I mean in the room where you spent the night—in 69, I mean?" Adolf said, putting on the brakes just before Lisa Dorn's name slipped out. It was an unexpected demonstration of tact and chivalry, and Martin, suddenly burning like Moses' bush, was grateful for it.

"You know a lot, don't you?" he said, patting the boy's slicked-down hair. "I could have stayed there if a brigade of cleaning women and chambermaids had not chased me into the men's room."

"That's just it. You stay in the elevator shaft until the coast is clear, and I'll whistle for you. You have good arm muscles, haven't you? You can chin yourself and swing over on that cable?" Number 6 asked with faint apprehension.

Martin flexed his aching shoulder. "I guess so—if I have to," he said.

"I'll take you to the elevator now. I'll go ahead and reconnoiter. When you hear me whistle, you come after me. Got it?"

"Yes."

Adolf raised his right arm. "Heil und Sieg!" he said.

Martin, too, raised his arm. "Thank you, comrade," he said.

Adolf turned smartly on his heel, saluted and marched off.

NICHOLS watched the little ceremony with astonishment. No, they will never be like the rest of us, he thought with a discouraged sigh. He turned off the radio to listen for Adolf's whistled signal.

"Everything's going to turn out all right, Richter," he said, noticing the strained tension in the boy's face.

Martin pulled himself together. "You've been very, very decent to me," he said. "I want to tell you how much I appreciate what you've done." He cleared his throat to add solemnly: "I always admired the English very much. We all do."

It was so absurd in its deadly German seriousness that Nichols was put to it not to laugh. "I thank you sincerely in the name of my country," he said, just as solemnly.

But Martin was not in the mood for irony. There was too much at stake for him just now. "You've risked a lot; don't think I don't know that. I'm sorry I had to trouble you," he said. He opened the door without a sound and stood there, crouched as though for a leap.

"Don't mention it," Nichols said.

The whistled signal came, the door hardly moved, and where Martin Richter had just been crouching, there was nothing.

Geoffrey Nichols waited a few seconds, listening into a silence that roared in his ears. When no crash, no shot, no scuffle, no sound occurred in the corridor, he tiptoed to the door and closed it quietly and carefully. He felt very weak after he had done it, and his heart was like an African kraal where beat five hundred drums. He dropped into his chair. No excitement, the doctors had told him, not the least bit of excitement.

Nichols grinned. This was bad for me, he thought. This was, no doubt, exceedingly bad for me. But I did not die. No, I didn't even have a heart attack. I'm feeling very well indeed. I believe I am happy. However, if I had a telephone I might call for the doctor now. . . .

THE telegraph woman shuffled into the lobby and up to the desk in her old, man's shoes. "Telegrams," she said, holding her pad up for Kliebert to sign. In broad daylight she looked as if she had spent the night in a coffin and had, moreover, got under an express train on her way.

"What news?" Kliebert asked.

"They say that Hamburg took such a bombing last night there's hardly a house left. Sixty thousand are dead. Trains are jammed with wounded. Our soldiers are laying down their arms in Russia and want to be Communists, but Stalin has them all shot."

"Is that all?"

"They haven't got Richter yet," the old woman said in her gravedigger's voice, and shuffled off.

"What did she say?" asked Ahlsen, returning to the desk in a sweat. What with Schmidt absent and the elevator out of order, he had reluctantly condescended to the menial task of carrying suitcases for the guests.

"She isn't quite right in the attic," Kliebert said, making a circle in front of his forehead. But he knew, and Ahlsen knew also, that while the rumors which came out of that woman, like the scratchings of a broken phonograph record, were exaggerated and absurd, their substance was usually correct. In other words, yesterday things had looked all right. Today they looked bad. Things looked very bad on this bright, sunny morning. In Hotel Berlin, bedlam was loose and there was hell to pay. It was as though all the guests were pushing around the desk at the same time, driven by the same impulse: to get away. To get away by hook or crook from this imperiled city, this doomed country. Asking for trains, planes, timetables, connections, schedules, flooding the two helpless old men with questions, trampling over them with their demands for changed departures, canceled reservations, wires for long-distance calls, telegrams to Stockholm, Zurich, Amsterdam, Ankara, Bucharest.

The doctor, sitting in his corner, diagnosed the symptoms and summed them up. The terminal euphoria is over; now comes the end, he thought. He left his table and stalked up to the desk. "Telegram for me?"

"No. I *told* you I'd let you know when it comes," Ahlsen shouted rudely.

The doctor analyzed the condition of the man's nerves. "Having the jitters?" he asked, not unkindly.

"No!" Ahlsen shouted. "But I can't do everything alone in this damned place. What's the matter with the pageboys today?"

"Calm down, man," the doctor said. "Relax. This isn't the first panic in this war and it won't be the last."

"I don't know what you're talking about. There is no panic. And why should there be one?" Ahlsen retorted, snapping back to Party discipline.

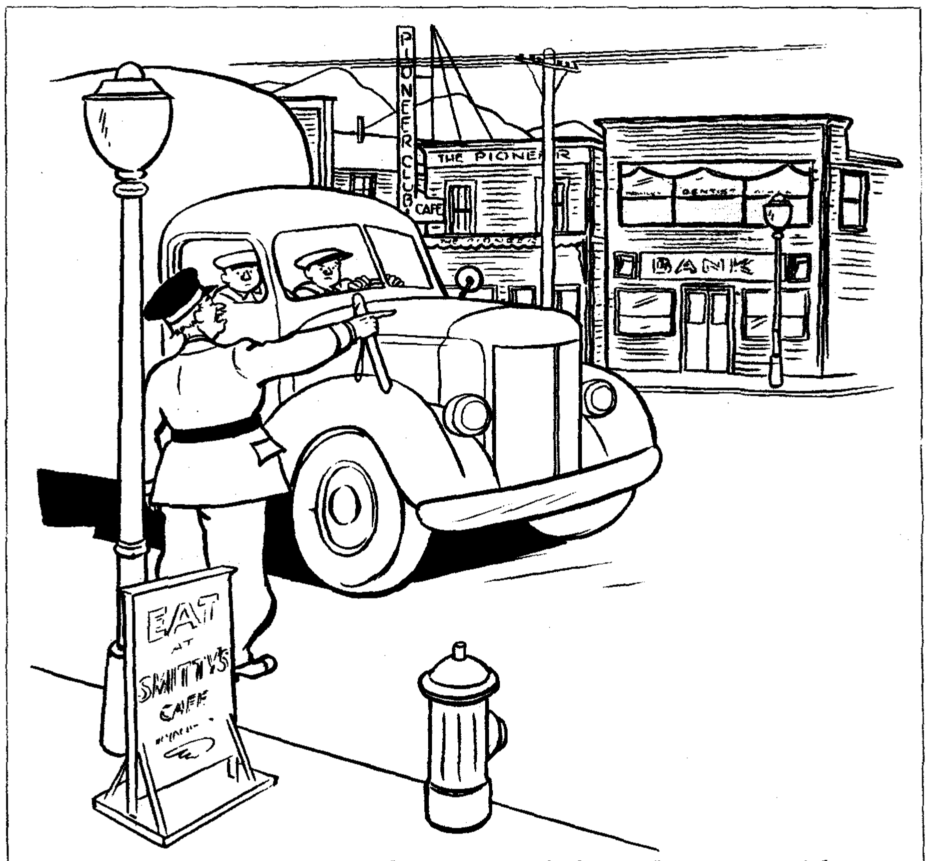
"I could mention one or two reasons," the doctor said, faintly cheered by the general pessimism that had hit the lobby like a hailstorm. I think we'll get a few nervous breakdowns today, he told himself as he wandered back to his table. It was a faintly pleasant prospect.

Janitor Schmidt appeared at ten-thirty in a vitriolic mood.

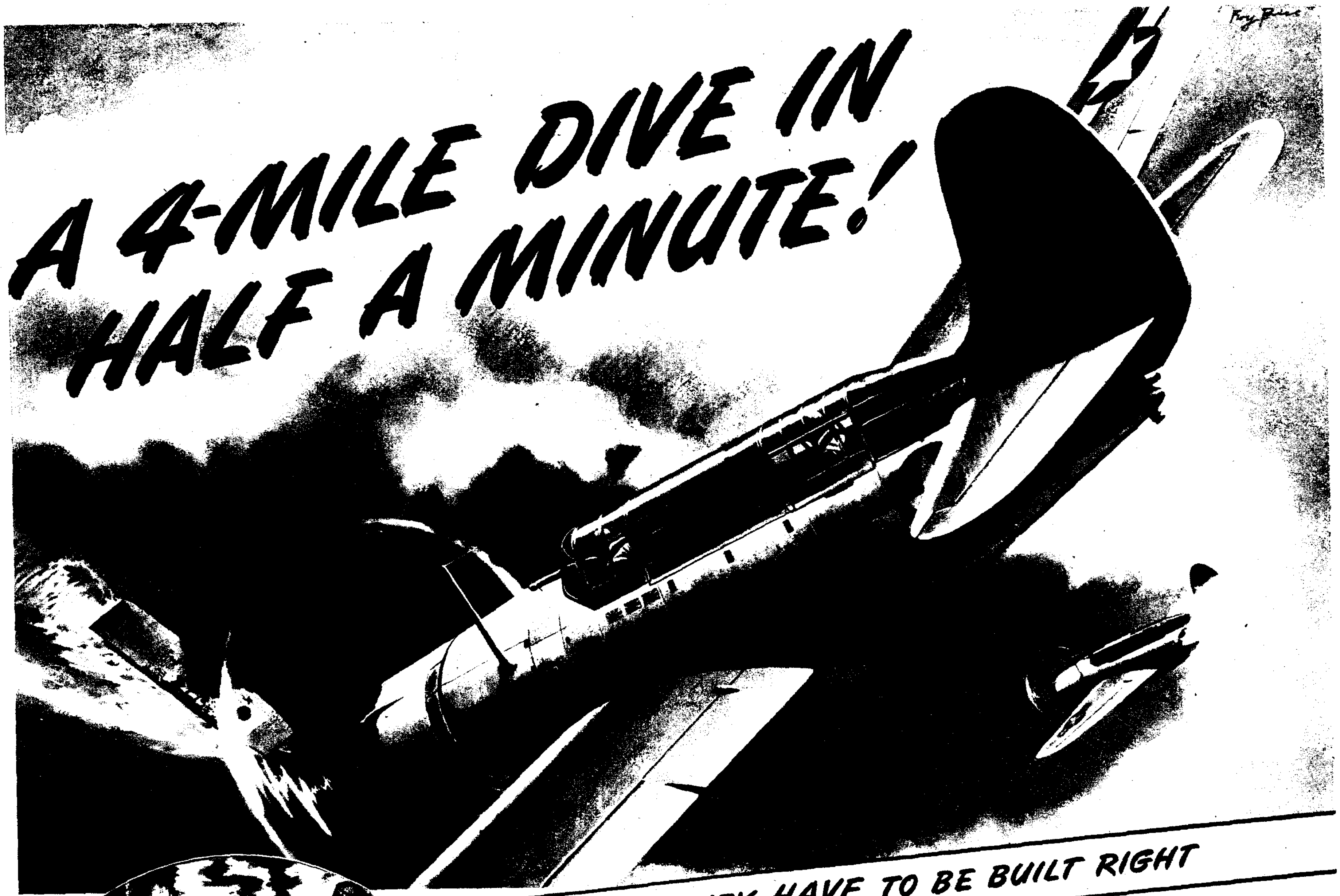
"Did they take you?" Ahlsen asked, inflated by the national, peculiarly German brand of joy over a neighbor's misfortune.

"Yes, they did. And they'll take you, too, and soon, Party badge and all, let me tell you. They'll soon be sweeping up every bit of scrap and dirt in the Fatherland, every cross-eyed, decrepit old cripple, just as they did in 1918, and ship them to the front in a hurry."

"I'd be proud if they took me in spite



"Just follow MacArthur Boulevard to Doolittle Road. You turn right for Eisenhower Avenue . . . 1101 is just about at Colin Kelly Street"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WE MARVEL—as we read of dive bombers pouncing on their prey from dizzy heights—that human beings can endure such speed, or man-made planes survive such punishment.

The American pilot, of course, is magnificent—his training superb, his condition flawless. The least that we, at home, can do is to give him planes that will not fail in that breathless trip from sky to sea.

Among our important war tasks in Hudson plants is large-scale production of wings for Navy Helldivers—a *precision* task that calls for the utmost care in construction and inspection.

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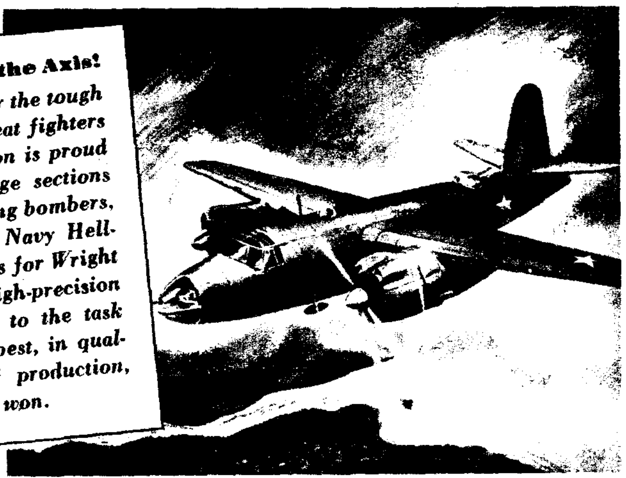

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This is no time for gobblers

No one can have a lot in these times of little—or someone else will most certainly get less than he needs.

And that's why *rationing* of essential and vital things is a national "must"—for if all are to have what they need, a few can't have all they want.

But no such solid rules apply to less essential things—and they're the things we have to be careful not to "gobble up." A few gobbles and these, too, might be gone.

No one knows this better than your liquor dealer. That is why "only one bottle to a customer" may be the most conspicuous thing in his store. No one knows better than he that this is no time for gobblers.

With every distillery in America making war alcohol instead of whiskey, present stocks of whiskey must last for a longer time than anyone had foreseen. And a little for *all* now is the best insurance against none for anyone later.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

of my age and my rheumatism," Ahlsen said pompously.

"Rheumatism! They'll show you what rheumatism is," Schmidt said in a rage. He felt so miserable he would have liked to throw himself over the desk and cry. Suddenly he began to shout at the pageboys; it gave him some faint relief.

Pageboy Number 6 flitted off, and Schmidt dried the perspiration from his face and drew a polite smile over it like a tight mask.

"Heil Hitler, Herr Baron! Nice morning, isn't it? What can I do for the Herr Baron?"

"When Herr Commissar Helm asks for me, I'm in the conference room with Herr Dahlin. Elevator still out of order? Well, never mind," von Stetten said and went up to the mezzanine.

No one had more reason to be near a nervous breakdown that morning than Baron von Stetten and no one gave a better show of being in a fine mood, completely unconcerned and perfectly sure of the outcome of it all. On days like this, when the final smashup of the whole structure seemed inevitable, and everybody got hysterical, when all the Plottkes lost their heads, and when whispered reports had it that even the Fuehrer had suffered one of his fits of manic depression, Baron von Stetten was grateful to his ancestors for having handed down to him a sturdy nervous system, and to his upbringing as an officer for having taught him to keep a stiff upper lip.

AT SEVEN o'clock in the morning, he had found on his desk in the Foreign Office a summary of all the radio reports, regular and illegal, which the monitors had digested for the benefit of those high officials who had not the time to listen in methodically themselves. By correlating them with the news which the office had received directly during the night, he got a fairly complete picture of things as they were.

What had looked last night like a successfully averted air raid on Berlin turned out to have been a devastating bombing of Hamburg. Details were still drifting in, but what was known so far was bad enough. The same story as in Dusseldorf and Cologne. Factories destroyed or laid waste. The population fleeing in panic, hospitals overcrowded, trains, railways, roads clogged with evacuees, the Danish workers escaping to their home country in droves to spread the ill news there, and the entire organization of food distribution, industrial output, transport, shipping and housing disrupted. This was chaos and, to the German mind, chaos is unbearable.

Yet, as he entered the conference room where he had purposely kept Dahlin waiting for ten minutes, no one could have read anything in his face but jovial self-confidence and cheerful optimism.

"Good morning, Dahlin! Good morning, gentlemen!" he said, taking stock of the men around the oval table. "Sorry to be a few minutes late. I haggled with my chief at the last moment to get a few more advantages for you, Dahlin," he said, giving the Swede a confidential wink.

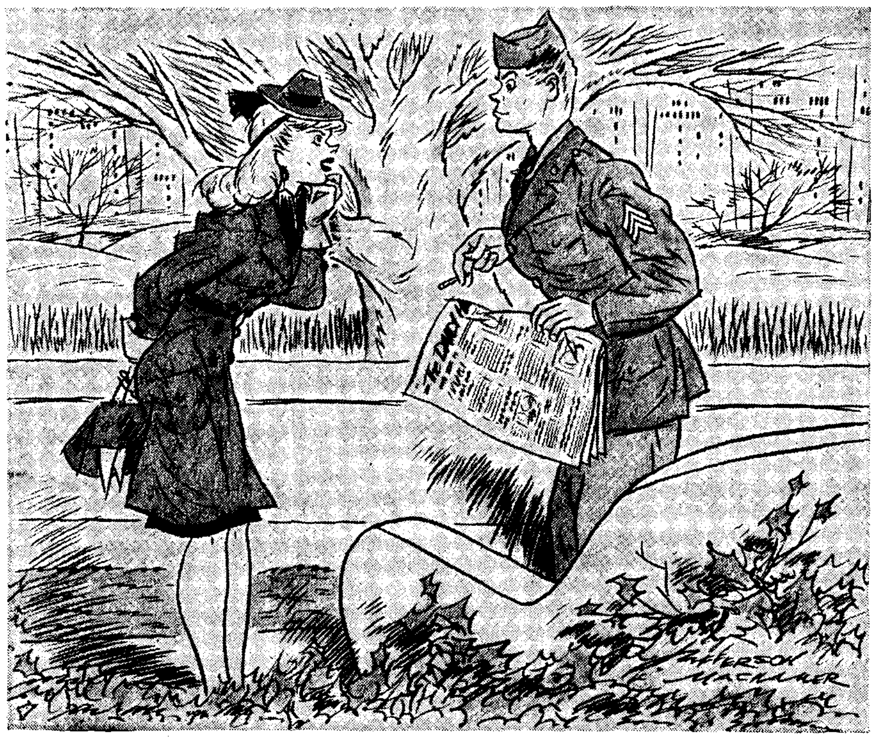
Dahlin was a tall, powerful man in his fifties, bald-headed except for a bit of blond fuzz, with cold, ice-gray eyes in a stubborn, long-chinned face. He had brought with him a secretary, one Swedish and one German lawyer.

Stetten had no other support but an interpreter, in case Dahlin's otherwise perfect German should be stumped by the intricacies of legal language, and a clerk to keep the minutes of the session. Doctor Kremer, one of the top men of Duisberg Steel had let him down—simply excused himself in a telegram and stayed away from the meeting. It was a bad sign. The Fuehrer's picture looked down haughtily from the wall.

"I'm going into *medias res,*" Stetten said breezily. "There has been a regrettable stoppage in the consignments of ore coming from your mines to the Ruhr, and I'm here to find out what we can do to remove whatever is blocking the free flow of goods from Sweden to Germany. We're old friends, Dahlin, and I'm speaking off the record when I tell you how badly we need your ore."

"My good friend," Dahlin answered, "you know the facts as well as I do. Our deal is a simple barter. Let's cut out for a moment the detours our two governments make in clearing our goods through the banks. That's only a formality. We give you ore, you give us coal. You need ore, we need coal. Good. Simple. You send us trains of coal, we send you trains back loaded with ore. Now you're having trouble with your transportation system."

"But, my dear Dahlin, this clearly is a vicious circle," Stetten argued. "We can't send you coal because we have suffered some losses in our rolling stock, as is inevitable in a war. We need ore to build new locomotives. If you don't send us ore, we can't build the locomotives to send you coal. It's up to you to take the next step."



"Pardon—I'm giving a small party this evening and I want to include a serviceman. There'll be just we two!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"It's you who want something, not us," Dahlin muttered. He had an infuriating habit of glancing just past one's temples and playing dumb, although he was known as one of the shrewdest and most ruthless men in his business.

Stetten gave him his most charming smile. "Cigarette?" he said amiably, snapping his smart, flat case open and holding it out to Dahlin.

"Thanks. I'll smoke a cigar," Dahlin said, took out a cigar, bit off the tip and allowed his lawyer to light it for him.

To Stetten, this seemed like the seal on the refusal of the deal. He swallowed hard as he looked into the disillusioned, stony faces of Dahlin and his Swedish lawyer. Only two or three years ago, these people had been fawning, begging to be let in on the big, fat deals with the Reich. They had traded with Germany out of fear and necessity, as long as Germany held all the trumps. Now he could read in their features that they were getting ready for the big sellout.

Stetten straightened up. "I'm convinced it is not your intention, or the intention of your government, to make a momentary difficulty permanent. It would be most regrettable if my government should feel compelled to undertake measures to secure an undisturbed delivery of Swedish ore."

Dahlin began to laugh; he laughed a loud, resounding, good-natured laugh, put down his cigar, took out a handkerchief, wiped his eyes, stuck the cigar in his mouth again and grew serious. "I've just remembered an old proverb of ours," he said. "If you want to beat the dog, you must have the stick. Or, as the Chinese say: He who wants to ride the tiger must first saddle him. Measures! Measures, my friend? What measures did your government take when Rumania jacked up the price of crude oil by fifty per cent? What measures does it take to make Turkey export her chrome as before? You speak for your government, and I'm only a simple, private businessman, a miner. But if your government takes measures, so can mine. If I'm informed correctly, there is a certain contract coming up for renewal shortly, and I wonder how your government will take it if Sweden takes measures about that contract permitting your troops to use our trains to go to Norway."

STETTEN swallowed the bitter pill and kept on smiling. "Don't let's quibble, Dahlin, old boy," he said. "Don't let's deviate from our subject. You mentioned the rise in price of the Rumanian oil. Confidentially, I believe we could come to an agreement on some similar basis. We're willing to pay you twenty per cent more for your ore in money than we paid in coal. It would tide us over this transitory period until those little repairs in the Dutch harbors are finished and we can take up the old shipping routes again."

"Pay in money, eh?" said Dahlin.

"Yes. I understand the main difficulty at this point is that your banks refuse to extend credit to us any longer. But if we raise the price and pay on delivery—"

"In what money? German money?" Dahlin asked. It sounded as though he had said: German money stinks.

Stetten decided not to notice it. "I am not at liberty at this moment to make you a concrete proposition. But I believe that we are about to find a way to satisfy even your overcautious financiers," he said. "In fact, I have a conference at half past eleven which will clarify matters considerably. For the time being, here is what we have to propose. . . ."

At the same hour that Stetten was doing

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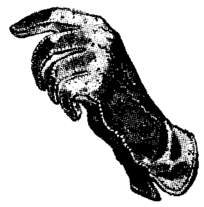

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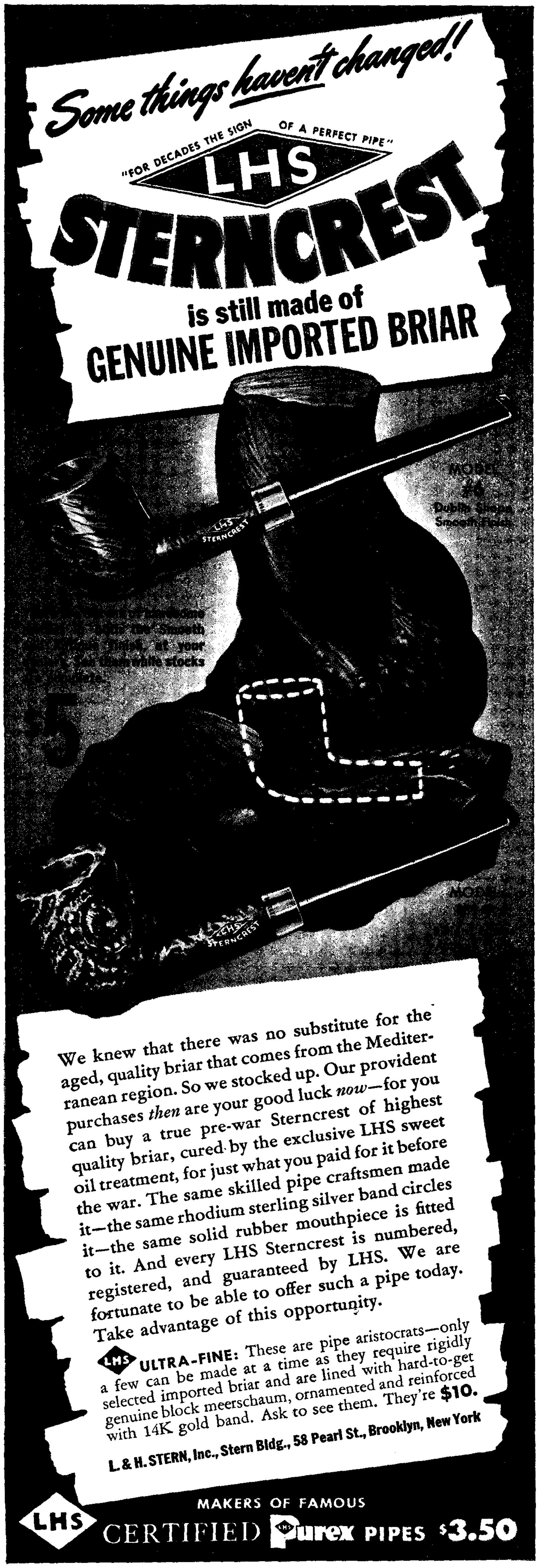

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what he had done all his life—pulling chestnuts from the fire for his office—Gestapo Commissar Helm was involved in a similar task, except that Helm derived a certain pleasure from his part in the complicated Swedish deal. He was sitting under another one of the Fuehrer's pictures, in the small office the Gestapo maintained on the uppermost floor of the hotel. There was a desk, filing cabinets, a washbasin and a couch. It looked almost like a dubious doctor's surgery, and under certain circumstances, that couch could assume a strangely sinister appearance.

ON THE chair opposite Helm sat Gauleiter Plottke, and his face was so yellow that his freckles looked like a crust of rust on an old pot. Helm watched pleasurably as the sweat broke from Plottke's pores, formed glistening little rivulets and ran down into his wilting collar.

"If I didn't mean well by you, I wouldn't give you this warning," Helm was saying. He held a ruler in his hand and accented every word by beating it sharply against the edge of the desk. "Our Fuehrer is outraged and rightly so; he would like to see you shot without any ceremony. I am risking my own neck by suggesting a way out to you. You're at liberty to refuse it. But you know what will happen to you. You wouldn't be the first or the only one to die in an accident."

"But what have I done? What have I done?" Plottke moaned. "I haven't done anything the others didn't do. I could name you dozens who have much more money in foreign banks than I have."

"Right. I can name you hundreds. We know every one of them. And they're all in the same boat with you."

"In the beginning, the Fuehrer encouraged us to fill our pockets. 'I want my old comrades who fought along with me through all these bitter years to get their full reward.' These were his own words. He can't turn against us now," said Plottke.

"In May, 1942, you acquired from the Jewish banker Jacques Brancourt a big parcel of shares of the Société Anonyme des Chemicales Lyonaise; in return for it, you had this banker furnished with a travel permit and visa to go to Lisbon. After paying certain commissions to the people who helped you in this shady deal, you deposited the shares in a safe of the Bank for International Settlements in Basle. By all standards, the shares represent a value of at least two million dollars. I speak in dollars because, since last March, you have been trying through some middlemen to turn these shares into money, and you've tried every forbidden trick to come into possession of United States dollars. You're not only a cheat and a thief but a traitor. You want to sell these shares. All right. You can sell them to our own government and help our Reich at the same time. And I will take it upon myself to whitewash you with the Fuehrer."

"Ach! Does *he* want the shares for himself? Our darling little Adolf? Why didn't he tell me?" Plottke asked with the coarse and complete cynicism of an old Party horse.

"Wrong again. The Ministry of Economics needs foreign currency to pay for Swedish ore. There's some trouble with the Swedish banks, and the boys in the ME are raking in all the foreign currency and securities they can, to get that Swedish trouble cleared up. They'll talk to you and tell you how many marks you'll get for your French shares. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes. We understand each other perfectly, Helm. You blackmail me into selling my good, solid foreign shares for German money, and at an arbitrary price, at that. Ach, what a stinking deal I get!"

"You should be grateful to me for helping you to be noble."

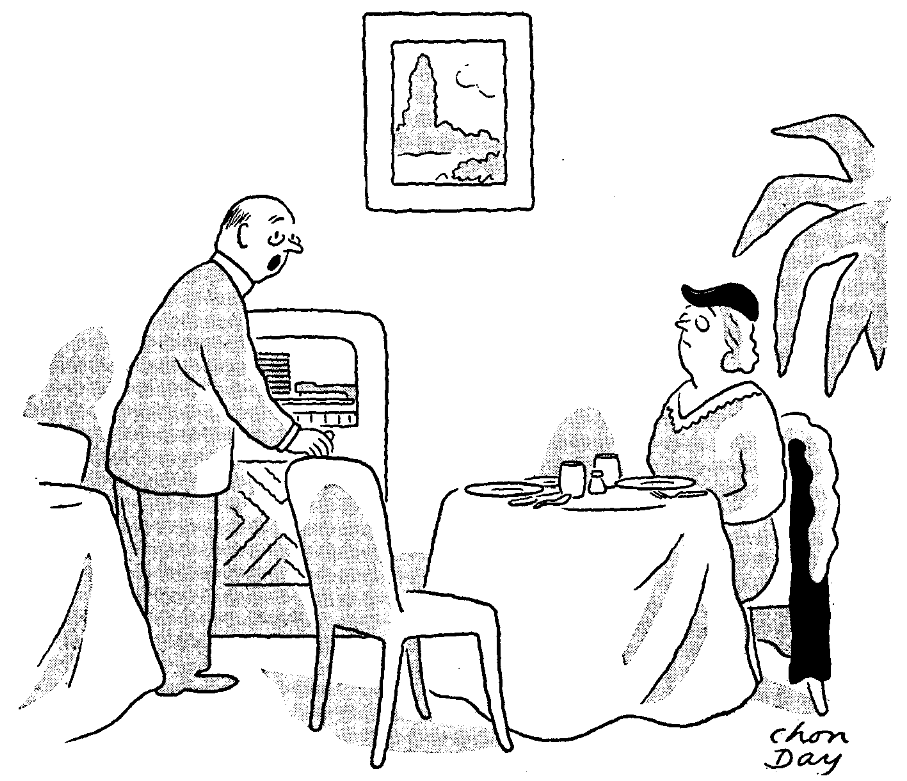
"A nice turn things are taking. Now that we have no more Jews to squeeze for money, the Party is bleeding its own men. It's a bad sign, Helm, a bad sign."

"If I were you, I wouldn't holler so much about giving the state a loan; that's what it is—just a loan. After the war is won you'll get your shares back, with accrued interest and dividends."

"After the war's won," Plottke murmured bitterly as he left the office, a broken man.

Commissar Helm, meanwhile, added Plottke's name to a list of several others and drew a careful little circle around it, a sign that the conversation had been successfully terminated.

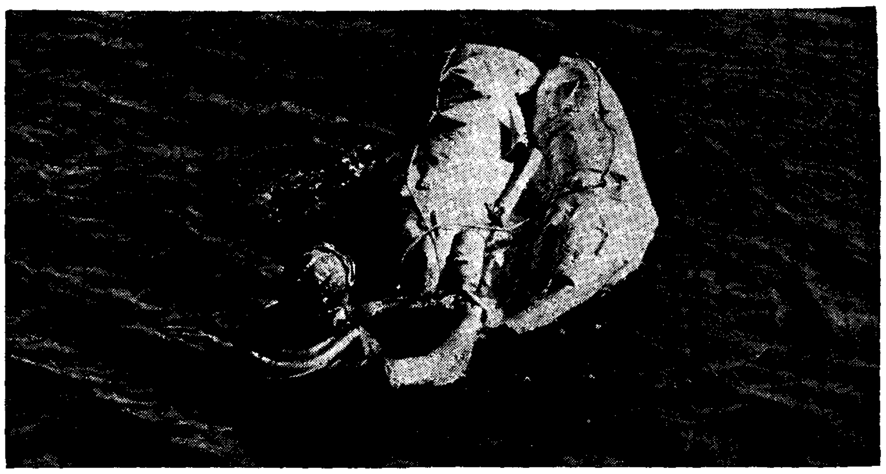
As soon as the numbness left Gauleiter Plottke, panic set in, and he reeled off with great velocity as though falling faster and faster, pulled down by a special and disastrous law of gravity. He grabbed the arm of little Monsieur Rougier who had waited for him all morning in the lobby, and whisked him into the conservatory behind the empty yellow pa-



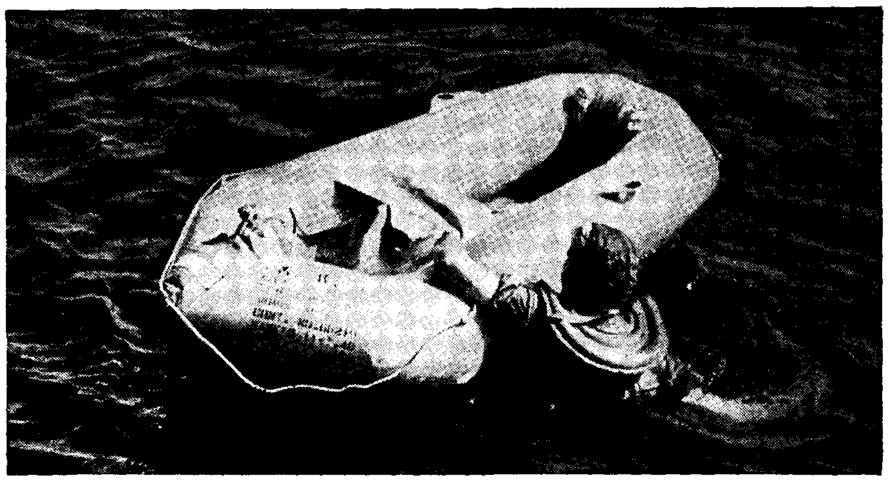
COLLIER'S "They don't seem to have The Old Oaken Bucket" CHON DAY

Live pilot or dead hero?

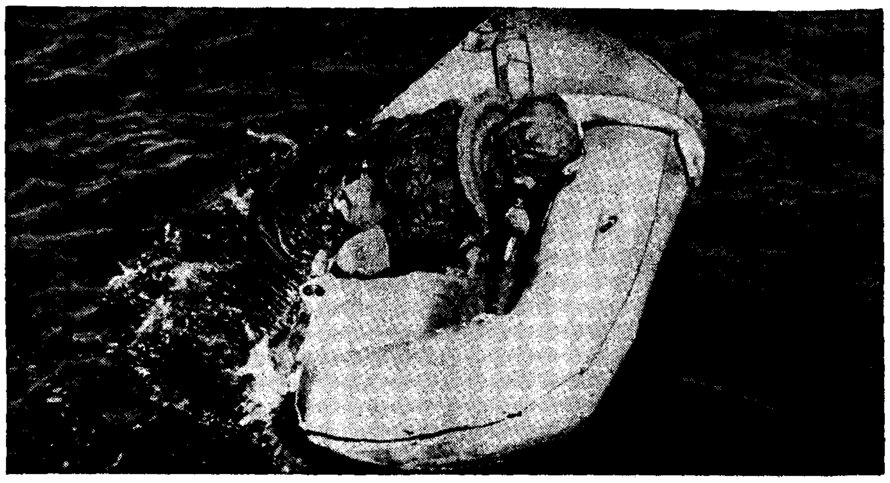
(THESE PHOTOGRAPHS MIGHT MAKE THE DIFFERENCE!)



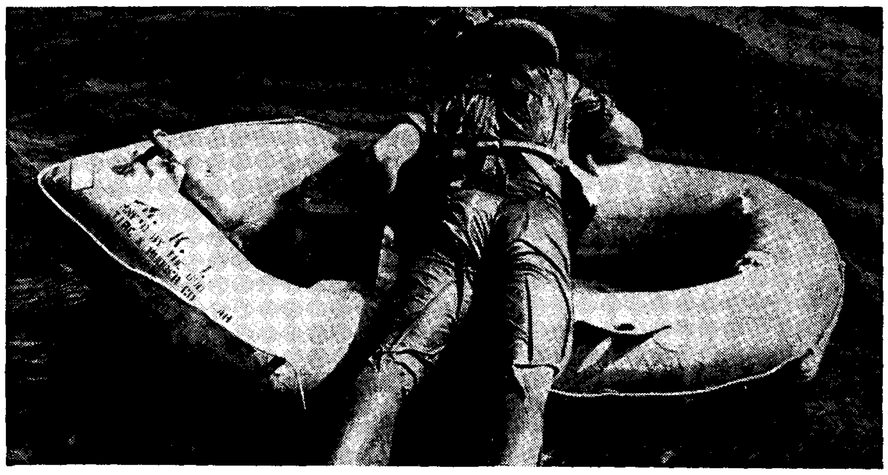
1 **His plane** is a dead pigeon. And so is this flyer if he doesn't know the tricks of handling his rubber raft. Our aviators get plenty of instruction, but training pictures like these speed up the process. This shot, for instance, is a graphic reminder that, first of all, the valve on the bottle of CO_2 must be turned to inflate the raft.



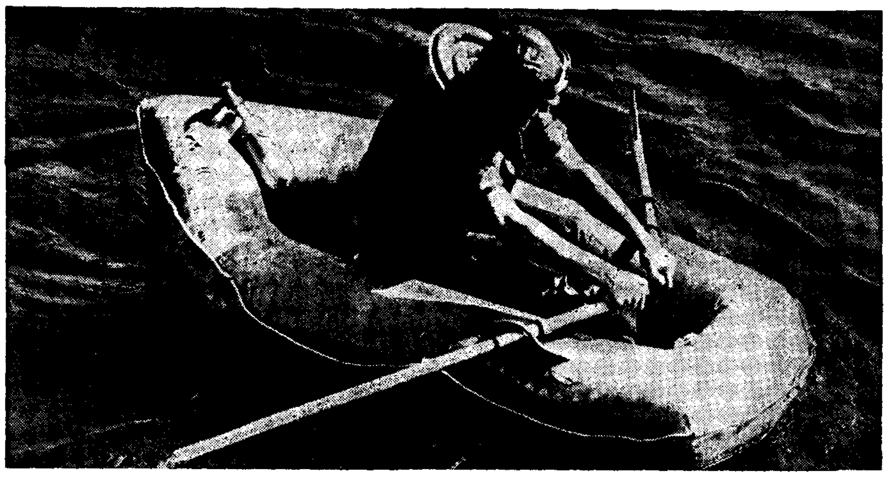
2 **Clearly illustrated** in this photograph is the basic step in the special technique of getting aboard. Notice how the left arm is slipped under the seat to provide leverage for the difficult hoist out of the water.



3 **This is** the most critical part of the operation, and requires great dexterity. Observe the position of the right elbow, and the legs hanging straight down. Every detail is important; this is the stage where real know-how pays off.



4 **Of course,** flyers are taught the necessity of grasping the far side of the raft and throwing the body *rigidly* across it. But this picture *dramatizes* the point so a trainee will never forget it. Once in this position . . .



5 **The self-rescued pilot** is master of the Bouncing Betty and can ease himself into the seat. With the collapsible oars set in the flaps, he's ready to go places. There's nothing left to do but row—and pray!

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

TO GET THE PICTURES it wants and needs, the Navy has a corps of skilled, alert photographers.

Training pictures like those reproduced above teach valuable lessons quickly and easily.

They speed the transformation of raw recruits into efficient fighting men.

But producing training films is only one phase of the important task assigned to the Navy's photographers.

Battle Stations, Too

They sail with the battlewagons and fly with the fleet air arm. Their reconnaissance photos, taken at great risk, help in the planning of tactics.

They don't often get their names in the papers, these unsung Navy photographers. But their work is frequently behind the deeds of the men who do.

Ask the admirals—they know!

We're Sure You'll Understand

The record shows that Agfa Ansco supplies a greater percentage of its film to the Government than does any other photographic manufacturer.

And about three-quarters of all Agfa Ansco products made today go to the Armed Forces or war industries.

So, if you find temporary shortages of your favorite Ansco film, remember where it's going—and what it's doing. We're sure you'll understand.

Agfa Ansco

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

KEEP YOUR EYE ON ANSCO—

FIRST WITH THE FINEST

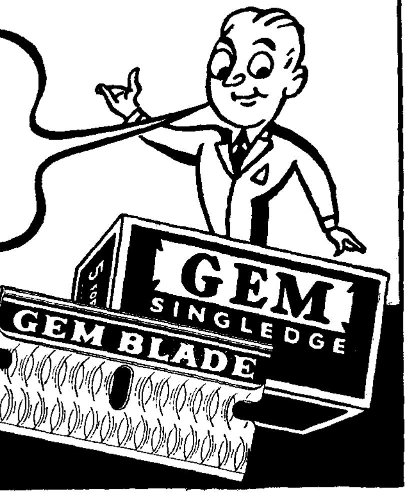
PASS INSPECTION!

AVOID '5 o'clock Shadow'

1. ***When it's a date*** with a trim, smart girl in Army khaki remember this—she's *trained* to be particular. So make certain you avoid messy "5 o'clock Shadow" by shaving with a *genuine* Gem Blade.

2. ***You'll pass inspection every time . . .*** when you shave with Gem. Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, Gems must fit precisely, shave perfectly. They're economical, too, because their durable edges stay sharp longer.

YOUR DEALER HAS AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF GEM BLADES!



GEM

Your Gem Razor must last you for the duration; dry it carefully after each shave.

vilion where no one could overhear their conversation.

Under the neglected and hungry palm trees and dried-out ferns of this quiet island, he gave Rougier the order to proceed at once with the purchase of a certain little chalet on the west shore of the Vierwaldstaettersee in Switzerland. Its price was eighty thousand Swiss francs and, after penetrating the twisted, tangled and complicated financial transactions—every one of them illegal—that were necessary to realize this acquisition of a bit of property in some safe neutral country, Plottke felt as though he had cut through a maze of barbed wire and left pieces of flesh hanging in it.

"You're bleeding me white, Rougier, you're bleeding me white," he moaned, but Rougier remained slickly adamant. Desolately Plottke stared at Rougier's bluish cheeks. "How often do you have to shave?" he asked him. It was only remotely what he wanted to know. What he meant was: You're dark and hairy and alien and I don't trust you. Maybe you are even a Jew; you're too damned handy with money.

"Twice a day, Herr Gauleiter. Why do you ask?" Rougier answered, astonished.

"I'm trusting you an awful lot," Plottke said.

"And I am taking a very great risk for you," Rougier answered pointedly.

THE next action in Plottke's busy day of disaster was to get some reservations for his wife and his two children on the first train or plane that would take them to Switzerland. The necessary documents, passports, travel permits had been ready for quite some time, for such trips had become almost a pattern. You presented a doctor's testimony that your family needed a rest or a cure, you sent them off to a neutral country and anchored them there securely by acquiring some property.

But when the Gauleiter went to the desk and asked for a timetable he discovered that many people seemed to have been gripped by the same urge for the faraway. Trains and planes were booked to capacity. However, stepping on a few toes and digging his elbow into several ribs, he told Schmidt to cancel somebody else's reservations and hold three seats for him on the morning train for Zurich.

On his way to the telephone booth, Plottke ran into Stetten, who was coming from the conference room with Vanderstraaten. Stetten was a bit wilted after hours of difficult haggling, and Vanderstraaten's sandy face looked as desolate as the Gobi desert.

"Good that I meet you here, Plottke," Stetten said. "My chief is expecting you at four o'clock in the AA to discuss a few details with you. You know; it has to do with the matter Helm took up with you this morning. We'll have the necessary documents ready."

"I wanted to drive to my country place after lunch," Plottke stammered. "My family is leaving for Switzerland tomorrow. Lots of things to attend to at the last moment."

"Ah—to Switzerland? So suddenly?"

"No, not suddenly at all. The doctor told us weeks ago to take the children there, but my wife never wants to leave our place. She's so attached to Karinsee—"

"Well, at four o'clock then," Stetten said with finality. It was as good as an order. . . .

"Fräulein Tilli! Paging Fräulein Tilli Weiler! Paging Fräulein Tilli!" called Pageboy Number 6; he meandered through the lobby, poked his head into the bar, and came back to the desk. "Sorry, I can't find her," he reported.

A little old lady was standing there, waiting for the result of his search. She had white hair and big blue eyes in a wrinkled, bloodless face. Her skin looked like crumpled white tissue paper, and she was dressed in a black suit and a black hat, both rather outmoded and worn. She wore very clean white cotton gloves, like a badge of gentility. She looked like thousands of other old ladies who had seen better days.

"I regret, lady," the harrassed janitor told her. "We can't find Fräulein Tilli."

"Oh, can't you?" said the old lady. There was a nervous twitch in her left cheek and her voice was cracked. "But you don't think she has gone out?"

"Her key is here," Schmidt said impatiently. If the old lady hadn't been so obviously a fine old lady he wouldn't have troubled about her any longer.

The old lady stood there looking very downhearted. She clasped her gloved hands as if to hold on to one with the other. Her face was twitching and she had no control over it. No one could have understood what it had cost her to come to the Hotel Berlin on this errand.

Pageboy Number 6 observed her with keen, calculating eyes. She didn't look rich; on the other hand, people who weren't rich usually gave bigger tips. She looked like the kind of old lady who might give a very big tip.

"Want me to phone her room once more?" he offered.

"Yes. If you would be so very kind."

"Who shall I say wants to talk to her?"

"Frau Mueller. Yes, Frau Mueller. She might not remember my name, but we are old friends. No—better say Sim's mother."

"Frau Mueller. Sim's mother," Adolf repeated and took the receiver from one of the house telephones. "No answer," he reported presently. "Maybe she's asleep." She'll have a hang-over the size of an elephant, he thought, but tactfully kept it to himself.

"Number 6, take this parcel up to eighty-eight," Herr Kliebert ordered with some sharpness.

"Yeah," said Adolf, waiting for his tip.

The old lady realized it, and her twitching cheek began to burn. I have not a single groschen, she thought desperately. She had planned and outlined every move and word of her perilous expedition, but she had forgotten that pageboys in the Hotel Berlin expected tips.

"I thank you; I thank you so much," she said, with too much emotion.

A BIT plemplem, thought Pageboy Number 6 as he took the parcel and went toward the stairs. Herr Kliebert, feeling some affinity with the old lady who had seen better days, went out of his way to be agreeable.

"Any message for Fräulein Tilli?" he asked and took the pencil from behind his ear to make a note.

"No. No, I don't think so. No. I will come back later. Thank you."

General von Dahnwitz who came to the desk at that moment stepped politely aside to let the old lady pass. She accepted it with just as polite a nod. Her left hand with the white glove was buried in the pocket of her jacket, crumpling the yellow star which she had taken off and hidden during her expedition into these select realms forbidden to Jews.

"Has Fräulein Dorn returned from the theater?" asked the general.

"Not yet, Your Excellency."

"Good day, Dahnwitz," von Stetten said, arriving at the desk.

"Good day, Stetten. Nice day today."

"Very nice. A bit too warm, but nice anyhow."

There was a pause in which Stetten did not ask what he wanted to ask, and Dahnwitz forgot that Stetten was there.

"I'm having lunch with Lisa," Dahnwitz said, when he remembered his former comrade again. "Any objections?" he added with a Prussian sharpness in his voice.

"But, my dear Dahnwitz—"

"Pleasure before duty, what?" Dahnwitz interrupted. "After lunch, I'll attend to my affairs." He saluted and marched stiffly toward the dining room.

Stetten gave a sigh and went into the men's room to wash his hands which felt extremely unclean.

The old lady with the yellow star in her pocket walked shakily past Gestapoman Heinrich, out through the revolving door and past the two SS men posted there. I must see Tilli, she told herself as she stood in the relentless sunlight of the street. I *must* see her today. I have no choice. I must see her.

Tilli, who had slept long and was still wrestling with her usual morning-after headache, was at this moment standing in the open door of Number 69.

"I tell you, Fräulein Tilli, you've never seen anything like it," said the chambermaid Katrine. "Not two or three new dresses but a dozen of them. And what dresses! Like a princess. I didn't know the French still had all that stuff. It makes your mouth water."

"New shoes, too?" Tilli asked. Hers was a one-track mind.

"I should say there are new shoes. Even silver ones. To go with that silver evening dress, I figure."

"I'd like to have a peek at it, too," Tilli said, overcome by the irresistible hunger of a female left too long without something to wear.

"Well—" said Katrine hesitatingly. She had a broom in her hand and a pail placed on the threshold. She sent a furtive glance up and down the corridor. The floor housekeeper was nowhere in sight. "It's against the rules—but I guess there's no harm in letting you look at the fashion show," she said, pointing over her shoulder at the big wardrobe.

Tilli sniffed, analyzing the air of the room while she looked around curiously. Perfume, good soap, cigarettes, wilted roses—and what else? She made a grimace at the general's photo. "Is he the one who's paying for it?" she asked.

"I'd say it would take a corporation to buy all those Paris dresses," Katrine remarked. She took up the blue chiffon nightgown from the bed and held it out to Tilli. "Take a look at this," she said. "It's indecent, that's what it is."

Tilli took it and held it up to herself in front of the bathroom mirror. "What does she wear? Size twelve?" she asked with the angry admiration of an ample sixteen.

Katrine slid back the doors of the wardrobe. "There's the whole show," she said. "And see you don't leave fingerprints on them."

Gingerly, Tilli took out one dress after another, fingered the material and held them up to herself. Instead of amusing her, the sight of all this luxury made her feel bad. It was like a flat, stale taste which she couldn't get rid of.

Katrine stood by, critical. "Not your colors," she said expertly. "It takes a different skin to wear these. You're the flashy type, Fräulein Tilli. You look your best in black satin." She picked up the pail and disappeared into the bathroom.

Tilli hung the dresses back in the wardrobe and nervously examined the rows of shoes which were lined up on a rack. Rows of shoes. That's what some women had: rows of shoes.

"I can always tell when a lady has had a gentleman visitor," Katrine remarked, sticking her head through the bathroom door. "The gentlemen splash so much more. They have the fun, and I have the work. That's life for you."

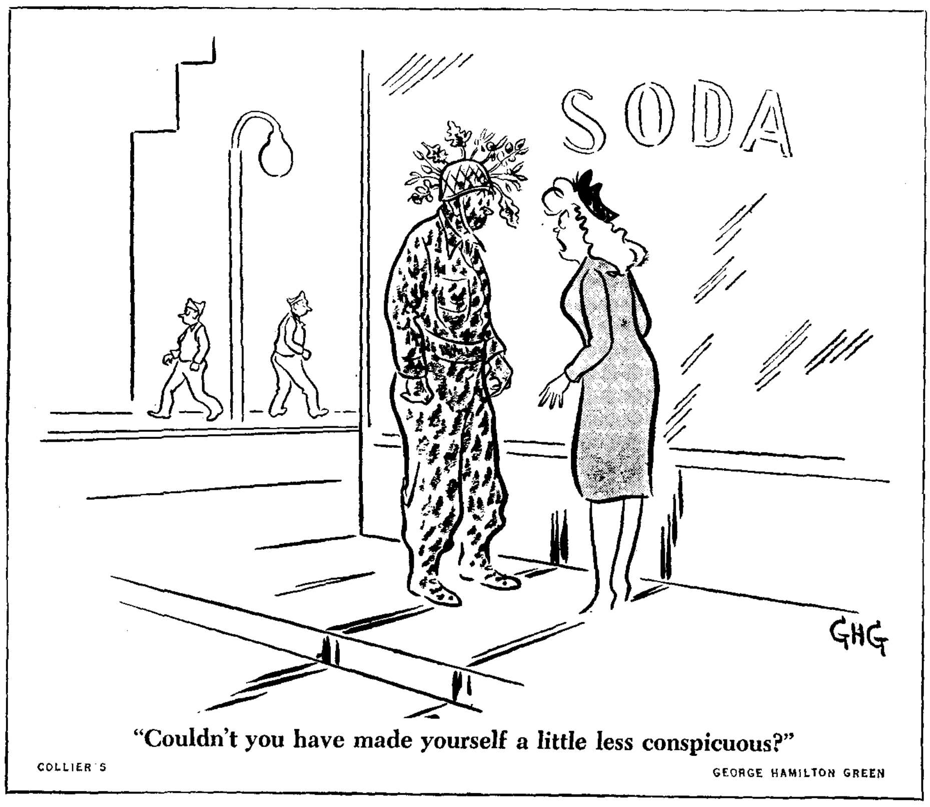
SHE disappeared once more, and Tilli pulled a pair of high-heeled patent-leather shoes from the rack; her hands shook and her knees felt funny as she examined them. They were dream shoes. They were exactly the sort of shoes she would gladly give her soul for. She sat down quickly on a chair, with her back to the bathroom, kicked off the old mules she was wearing and tried to get into the new shoes.

"What are you doing there?" Katrine asked from the bathroom. She was scrubbing the tile floor now and trying to look through the door slit at the same time.

"Just playing around," Tilli said in a strangled voice. She squeezed and pushed and tried to force her foot into the shoe. Then a gray wave of disappointment swept over her and she had to give up. Too small. Well, what of it? she said to herself. They're hers, not mine. I wouldn't have stolen them if they had been right, would I? But she knew she would have.

She got up, feeling empty and very depressed and carried the glossy things back to the rack. Suddenly something caught her attention. It was a black garment, apparently a tailored suit. There was an expression of surprise on her face when she discovered it was a man's tailcoat. The funny things an actress has to wear in some roles, she thought at first, but then she noticed that this coat was much too large for Lisa.

As if a switch had been turned, Tilli's



"Couldn't you have made yourself a little less conspicuous?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

MOM'S TRAINING TABLE FOR THE WILDCATS

GOSH, WHEN I PLAYED FOOTBALL THE BEST THEY COULD GIVE US WAS BEEF STEAK!
I THOUGHT I WAS ALL DONE BUT I'M CHECKING SIGNALS!
NOW WHO IS READY FOR MORE?
GEE! IT'S SWELL OF YOUR MOM TO MAKE US ALL THESE AUNT JEMIMAS!
OH, SHE LIKES IT! THEY'RE EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
COME ON, GANG! A BIG AUNT JEMIMA, RAH!
MY MOM SAYS AUNT JEMIMAS ALWAYS TURN OUT LIGHT, FLUFFY AND DIGESTIBLE!
YOU CAN PUT THE NEXT PLAY RIGHT THROUGH ME. I STOP 'EM ALL!
AND DON'T FORGET TO SAY THEY'RE DARN GOOD EATING!
SO, WITH TWO SECONDS LEFT TO PLAY I KICKED A FIELD GOAL FROM THE FIFTY-FIVE YARD LINE!
HAVE ANOTHER PANCAKE AND WE'LL SAY IT WAS SIXTY YARDS!
COME ON, GANG, WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU!

"Nutritious AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES sho' make pleasurable feastin'!"

RECIPE

Your family will love Aunt Jemima's magic Muffins, too!

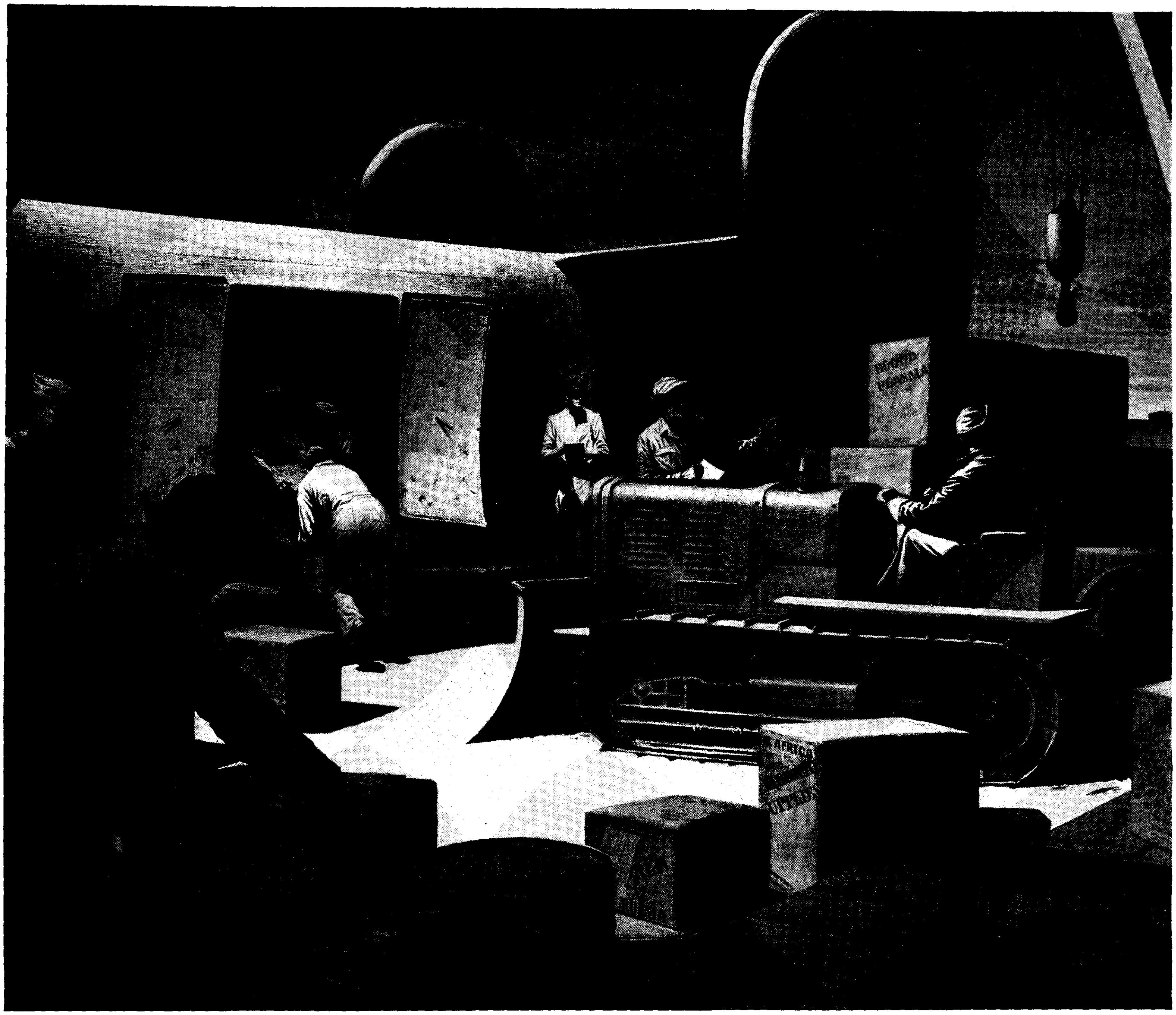
2 cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
1 beaten egg
2 tablespoons melted shortening
(makes 12 delicious muffins)

Mix flour and sugar. Combine milk, egg and shortening, add to dry ingredients. Stir until just dampened and pour into greased and floured muffin tins, filling ⅔ full. Bake at 425° F. for 20 minutes. If you wish, add chopped nuts or raisins to batter.

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

GET BOTH KINDS

the YELLOW BOX for buckwheats, the RED BOX for pancakes and waffles, too! NOT RATIONED



Snowplows in the sky

ONLY A YEAR OR SO AGO, air-minded men used to talk about hauling tons of freight by air – someday.

Today they are doing it.

The great planes of the Air Transport Command are flying the global skyways with tons of *everything* our world-based fighting men need so badly – even snowplows for blizzard-locked Alaskan airports, and complete gasoline trucks, cut in half for shipment and welded together again at their destination.

Cargoes flown, with destinations and flying time, have included medical supplies to North Africa, *27 hours* – bomb fuses to Britain, *17 hours* – aircraft engines to China, *37 hours* – blood plasma to Australia, *35 hours*—ammunition to India, *43 hours* – mail to Iceland, *13 hours* – precision tools to Russia, *24 hours.*

The whole story of the magnificent job these airmen are doing cannot be told until after the war. To tell it now – even if we could – would endanger the lives of men and reveal military strategy.

Today these trans-oceanic fliers are making schedules – not headlines. It's a routine job to them – flying each high-priority cargo to the spot where it will do *us* good and the Axis harm.

Often that spot is halfway around the world.

But to Air Transport Command pilots, *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time* from the military airports "somewhere in the U.S.A." from which they operate.

On their timetables these pilots clock off the Atlantic and the broad Pacific like locomotive engineers. One Liberator Express was in the air only 33 hours and 27 minutes from the time it left Australia until it came down in California. Another flew from

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

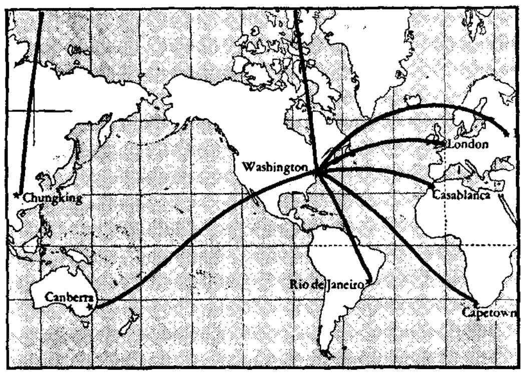
Newfoundland to Britain in 372 minutes. And a pilot on the New York-Lisbon run recently made 12 crossings in 13 days.

So it's too late, now, to wonder when the Air Age will come. *It's already here.*

And it's still too early for rash speculation about what the postwar years of the Air Age will be like. Our job today is to win the war so that there will *be* a postwar world worth living in.

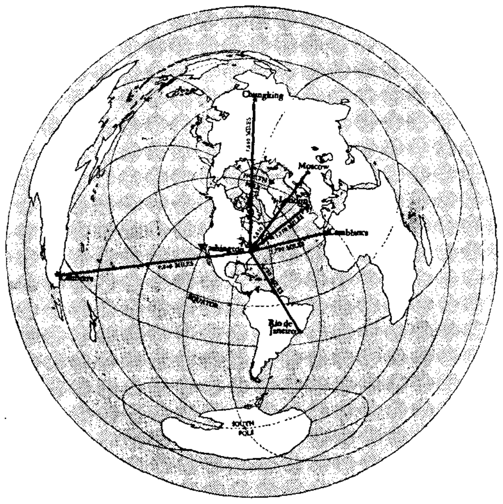
But the impact of air supremacy in winning this global war points more clearly, every day, to this fact:

When Victory has been won, air power, in the hands of the freedom-loving nations of this 60-hour-wide world, can well become "the strong right arm of peace."



MERCATOR PROJECTION

Our old maps *do not always give us a true picture of the new "aviation" geography. If a Liberator Express pilot tried to chart a Washington-Chungking "great-circle" route on a Mercator projection* (above), *he would find that it disappeared off the top of the map!*



AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION CENTERED ON WASHINGTON, D. C.

Maps like this *enable us to show great-circle airline routes from Washington to any spot on the globe as a straight line. Such a map can be drawn so that it is centered on your home town or any city.*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif. • Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich.
Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.
Louisville, Ky. • Dearborn, Mich. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

10 planes an hour — *It is estimated that U. S. aircraft manufacturers are now turning out planes at a rate of about 1 plane every 6 minutes, around the clock, every day of the month.*

• • •

The danger of ice formations on airplane wings has been completely overcome, according to a statement by TOM M. GIRDLER, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. This feat is accomplished by a new thermal anti-icer, pioneered by the N.A.C.A. and perfected by Consolidated Vultee. Hot exhaust gases now are used to keep all leading edges of plane at a temperature well above freezing when icing conditions are encountered.

• • •

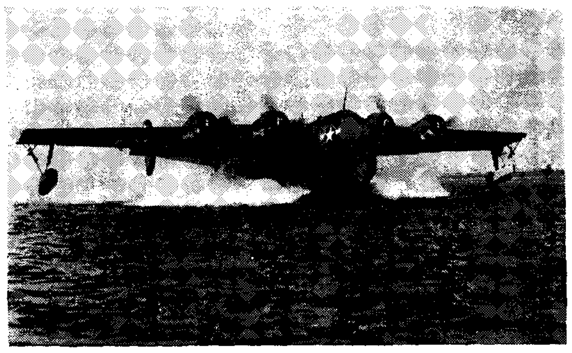
Teamwork for victory—Consolidated Vultee was the first to build multi-ton bombers in volume production on a moving assembly line. To help maintain Allied air supremacy, the Consolidated-designed Liberator bomber is also being built by Ford, Douglas, and North American.

• • •

To speed production, more than 10,000 subcontractors and suppliers, in cities all over the U. S., are working to provide subassemblies, parts, and materials for the planes being built in the Consolidated Vultee plants.

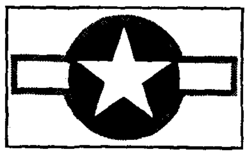
• • •

Tomorrow's fledglings — Elementary aeronautics is now being taught to students in more than 14,000 American high schools.



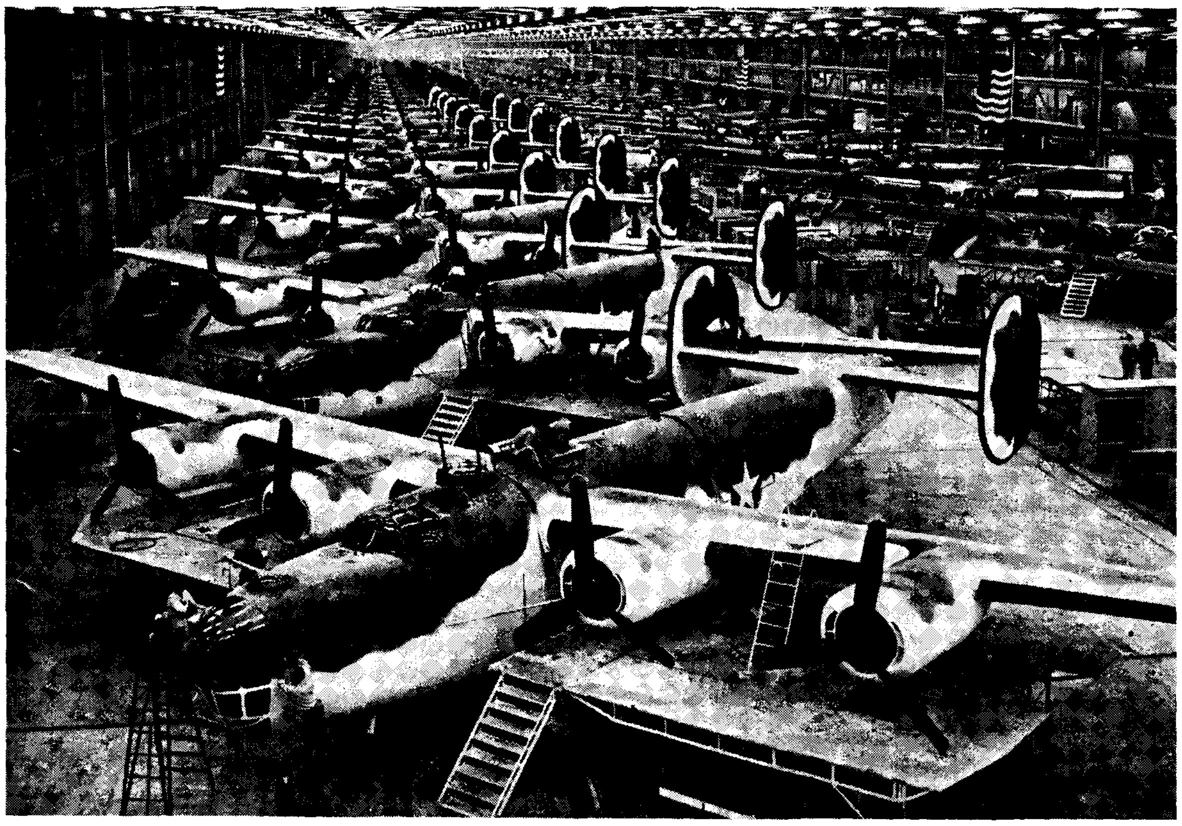
"Gone today, here tomorrow!" — *This 33-ton, 4-engine Coronado, shown here on the take-off, has a range of over 3500 miles — can remain aloft a whole day at a time. Designed and built by Consolidated Vultee, this giant Navy patrol bomber is also in service as a cargo transport plane.*

• • •



Note to plane spotters — This is the new insignia for U. S. Army planes. The change provides visibility at 60% greater range, and overcomes confusion between our former insignia and the insignia used by Axis planes.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport



In their war paint — *Before Liberator bombers go to war, they are camouflaged and fitted with special equipment for the combat area where they will be operating.* Above: *White-bellied Liberators move down an assembly line in a modification plant.*

***LIBERATOR* (4-engine bomber) — *CORONADO, CATALINA,* (patrol bombers) — *LIBERATOR EXPRESS* (transport) — *VALIANT* (basic trainer) — *VENGEANCE* (dive bomber) — *SENTINEL* ("Flying Jeep") — *RELIANT* (navigational trainer)**

MEDICO
FILTERED
SMOKING
SENSATIONAL PIPE FILTER
ALSO IN CIGARETTE
AND CIGAR HOLDERS

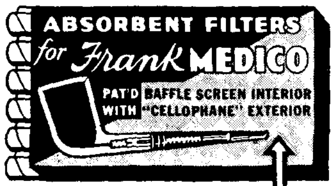
No wonder millions have switched to this amazing and revolutionary filter invention—the greatest improvement ever known in pipes, cigarette and cigar holders.

Inside of cellophane exterior are 66 mesh screen "baffles" which whirlcool smoke—retain flakes and slugs—minimize juices, raw mouth, and tongue-bite. Improves taste and aroma of your favorite smoke.

This filter is the "heart" of Medico Filtered Smoking. When discolored, put a fresh one in your pipe or holder. Costs only ONE CENT. Do not miss the benefits of mild, sanitary, Filtered Smoking.

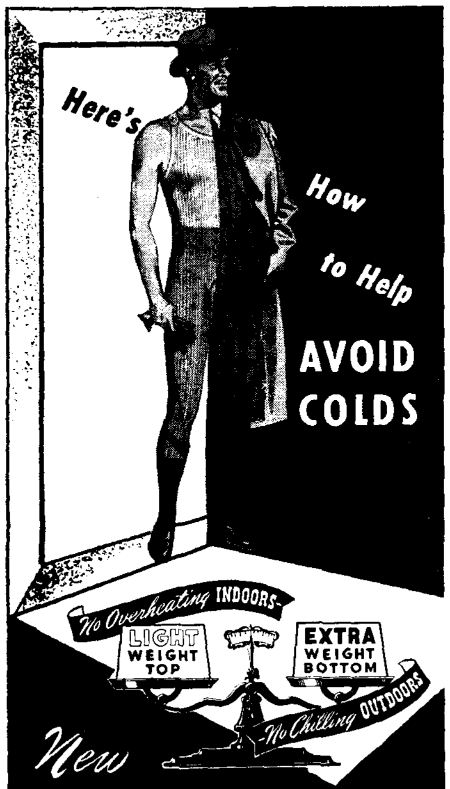
Something wonderful goes on inside

X-RAY VIEW OF FILTER



$1.00

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX



New
"BALANCED PROTECTION"

Now you can walk to work without freezing, work indoors without roasting! JONES *Health* Underwear gives *"Balanced Protection"* . . . *light* weight *above* the waist where you already have enough clothing, *extra* weight *below* to protect your bare legs! *That's* the way to help prevent colds and heart strain, save wasted energy. Just think . . . TWO weights combined in ONE streamlined garment! Also short-sleeve style, $2.00 to $3.50 at better stores...NOW!

JONES Health UNDERWEAR

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Write for Booklet . . . telling how to avoid colds.
Augusta Knitting Corp., Dept. M, Utica, N. Y.

mind began to work furiously and intelligently. I wonder how much this will be worth to Commissar Helm, she thought. Maybe not much. Again, maybe a lot. Maybe I'll get my pair of new shoes, after all. She never knew beforehand how the commissar would receive the ragged odds and ends of information she picked up for him.

Beyond paying for her room, which made her more or less of a Gestapo informer, his appreciation ranged from five marks to as much as a hundred. Maybe our Lisa is cheating the general with a civilian, she thought. A tailcoat! Who would wear a tailcoat now except perhaps the ambassador of some neutral country? And if our Lisa was secretly receiving foreign ambassadors, that might be interesting news for the Gestapo.

Tilli tenderly flicked a bit of fuzz from the lapel of her discovery and hung it carefully back in the wardrobe. "Thanks, Katrine," she called through the bathroom door. "I think I must be going along."

Katrine mumbled something unintelligible, and Tilli was on her way to Gestapo Commissar Helm's office.

AT FIVE o'clock in the morning, General Arnim von Dahnwitz had awakened as usual. As usual he was completely clear-headed and alert the moment he opened his eyes, and his first action was to reach for the monocle on the night table. The pulled-down blackout blinds kept a thick darkness in the room, but he knew at once where he was. Last night he had had a little quarrel with Lisa but had made it up with her in the end.

Groping back through the past evening, he came to his conversation with Stetten. In the soberness of the early morning, it all seemed fantastic. That conversation, then his mute dialogue with his pistol, the plan to escape with Lisa which, in this sober, early morning, appeared absolutely crazy. Probably the Gestapo would have arrested me in Tempelhof, and Lisa too. I would have embroiled Lisa, it would have been a colossal mess, he thought, and folding his hands, he said aloud: "Thank you, God, for preventing it."

Like most members of his caste, the general was religious in an unquestioning and stiff-necked way. He knew that God could not win battles for an army if that army did not have a sound strategic plan, good officers and soldiers, courage, discipline, fighting spirit, the best weapons and, if possible, a fair numerical superiority.

On the other hand, the general was unshakably convinced that none of these could win the battle if God wasn't on your side. In times of stress, he kept in steady communication with God and he believed in the power of prayer. Therefore he had never been reconciled to the paganism of the Nazis, and in moments when his sober, frugal Prussian mysticism got the better of him, he was convinced that the Fuehrer's blunders were not alone responsible for the Russian disaster of the last winter, but also God's disinclination to associate Himself with a commander in chief who did not believe in Him.

After his usual ten minutes of meditation and clarification in bed, the general got up, pulled up the blinds and stretched his solid, muscular body in front of the open windows. The first gray of dawn was coming up over the quiet city and, from the suburbs, the steam whistles of one factory after the other called the workers to the morning shift.

Besides the dominating discomfort of knowing that he had promised to shoot himself today, he became aware of a secondary unpleasantness. It was the sore place where Fischer had opened the abscess. The general probed it with his tongue until the tiny wad of cotton came loose and then he proceeded briskly to brush his teeth, pain or no pain.

After this, he went through a whole set of rather old-fashioned exercises with an old pair of dumbbells that had accompanied him through life. By the time he had had his cold shower, massaged himself with eau de cologne and rubbed his shaved head dry, it was six o'clock, and the orderly appeared with his second uniform, brushed to perfection, and his second pair of boots, polished like a mirror.

The boy began to brew real coffee on the general's little alcohol burner, and its bitter fragrance was the first comfort the general received on this cheerless day. He had felt like this as a cadet, and later in the military academy on the mornings of exams, and as a young officer before inspection, and at maneuvers before the cavalry attack and in the World War before his first battle.

Today, he would have to face the last and most severe test and examination. He was not afraid of dying; he was only afraid of not dying as well as a general and a Dahnwitz should.

At half past seven, as ordered, the hotel barber appeared, an old Italian who had been a fencing master in his youth and always attended to the general on his visits to Berlin. Dahnwitz yielded his head to old Giannini's pleasant ministrations; he closed his eyes, heard the razor swish on the strap, the lather being slapped on, and at last the scraping noise of the blade on his head. The many fastidious and methodical stations of his morning toilet were an indispensable stimulant for the general. Step by step they built him up, from a tired, middle-aged man in a crumpled nightshirt to the shining, exemplary, domineering idol of the German nation: the officer.

As Berlin was still wrapped in its civilian slumber, the general took out his eyeglasses and began to read. He had planned to go over a certain part of Schlieffen's Battle of Cannae last night, but unexpected events had prevented his doing so. Now he took the book from a small stack and tried to concentrate on it. But there was a flat taste to it this morning, and the general pushed away the book which could not hold his attention, and reached for another one.

This was an old ragged Lutheran Bible, printed on the very thinnest paper. It fell open by itself, and the general adjusted his eyeglasses and began to imbibe calm and composure from its worn pages.

BY NINE o'clock he had come to a decision. There were only two ways for a Dahnwitz to die: in combat or in Elgede. He telephoned von Stetten in his office. "Morning, Stetten. Am I disturbing you?"

"Not at all. How are you?"

"Thanks, fine."

"How's your toothache today?"

"Much better. Thanks. Listen, Stetten, I've thought about our conversation of last night."

"Yes?"

"I think you will agree that it is better if I go home, to Elgede, today and—er—take care of matters there. Better taste, I mean, much better taste. Not as vulgar and indiscreet as this caravansary."

"Well, in a way—"

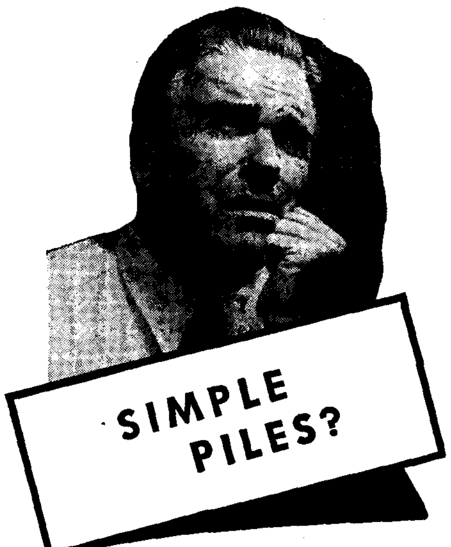
"If I understood you correctly, the Gestapo will be pleased to avoid publicity; I mean— Where would they hide the body, eh? In Elgede, there are lakes, there is my shooting box, I could go hunting. Are you listening, Stetten?"

"Yes, of course, I'm listening."

"Also, there are very many things I've got to get in order in Elgede, many things. What with both boys dead and my nephew, too, no male descendant I know of, no next of kin, the question of proper succession of heritage is complicated. I'll have to consult our family lawyer. Old Doctor Bricker in Hannover."

"Yes. I see—"

"Legacies and things, too. There are



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the old servants, and my forester, my horses, my dogs. I can't leave a pigsty behind. It's funny, but I never made a will, never did. It didn't occur to me. No."

"Quite," said Stetten, and then there was a silence in the telephone, while a busy and ingenious little device took down the conversation twice. Once in the switchboard room of the Hotel Berlin and once in the Foreign Office. "I beg you most obediently to let me talk the matter over with—another office. It doesn't fall within my authority."

"I didn't ask your permission," Dahnwitz pointed out. "I told you that I'm flying to Elgede this afternoon, so you won't worry about my whereabouts."

"Well, no. I'm afraid the situation isn't quite so simple as all that; I advise you most obediently not to undertake anything until I call you back."

"If I want to fly, I must give orders to my pilot—"

"To be sure, Dahnwitz. I'll call you back presently."

THE general felt his temper rise as he slammed down the receiver, but he took a firm grip on himself. To calm down, he went over to the wall with the maps, put on his eyeglasses and two minutes later he was immersed in the finely drawn contour lines. The phone broke into his gloomy speculations, and there was von Stetten.

"I'm sorry, Dahnwitz. Your trip to Elgede does not seem to be feasible. In fact, it is not desirable that you leave the hotel at all."

"*Himmelherrgottkreuzdonnerwetter!* Does that mean I'm a prisoner? I won't accept it. I won't. I demand a court of honor. I want to be court-martialed and convicted by my fellow officers! I refuse to take orders from these SS bastards!" The general broke into a rage that had been long overdue. The telephone remained coolly polite and unimpressed.

"My dear Dahnwitz! Be sensible. You acted irresponsibly last night. Our talk was a matter of mutual trust. But you telephoned your pilot at two-ten A. M. to get the plane ready and keep it warmed up for an emergency flight. Naturally, a certain office took this as an indication that you were trying to bolt. You must understand that they are suspicious now and are tightening their belts."

"But I didn't fly last night, did I?"

"No. Possibly you realized that you were too closely watched."

"I wanted to fly back to the front," the general said morosely. He did not like to be forced into lying. "I wished to make use of an officer's privilege of falling in combat."

"And take Lisa with you? You were heard quarreling with her about it. My *dear* Arnim!"

"I hope you don't believe that Fräulein Dorn is in any way involved in anything I may have planned or done?" the general shouted, and for the first time he was thoroughly frightened. "I give you my word of honor that she is completely unaware of this whole mess, my word of honor! Moreover, if one of those Gestapo men should dare to molest her, I'll shoot him down like a mad dog!"

"Calm down, calm down, my friend. That won't be necessary. I have it on the best authority there is not a breath of suspicion about our Lisa. Not to mention that she is *persona grata* with our Fuehrer. No reason for you to get excited or worry about her. And, Dahnwitz, you must understand that I am only a mouthpiece. I receive my orders and obey them. My personal feelings must not enter into this."

"I understand perfectly—perfectly," replied the general, who had given and received orders all his life with complete disregard for personal feelings. Even if he had gone over to the *Piefkes*, Stetten belonged to the same caste and had been an officer. Most probably, Stetten realized very well that the conspiracy of the generals, if successful, would have saved the country. It was quite possible that he was completely on their side and not very happy that the plan had gone sour. But personal feelings didn't enter into the situation.

"If you really want a lawyer, I could send you Justizrat Doehneke," Stetten said, in conciliatory tones. "I am certain he would advise you well, help you draw up a will and take care of everything that's necessary."

"That would be very kind. Thanks most obediently," said the general. "Not later than ten, though. I have a lunch date with Fräulein Dorn."

"You lucky fellow," Stetten said over there in his office.

(To be continued next week)

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

EVEN under the watchful eyes of the Fleet air arm and Coastal Command and with zealous shepherding by ubiquitous small auxiliaries of the home fleet, fishing in the North Sea remains a hazardous calling. Nevertheless, it has been valiantly carried on; and the tables of England haven't wanted herring. But Scots fishermen in particular might be excused if they should entertain wry regret for days now past when the Luftwaffe could with comparative impunity come over and shellac their ports. There was no pressing need then for the fisher lads to adventure into wild, open sea. Often they could smoke and idle placidly beside their piers while the Germans dropped bombs, then push out a mere few hundred feet into harbors and estuaries and scoop up freshly dead fish floating by the hundreds of thousands—victims of bomb concussions.

"We considered them Nazis less dangerous than storms," one sea-blue-eyed Scottie told me. "Besides, in a manner of speaking, there was economic advantages. We got fish to the market quicker with less outlay of fuel for hungry motors and food for hungrier crews!"

BOMBS are not the only things the boys of the R.A.F. and the Eighth Air Force drop on Germany. Most of them have their own special little presentations—expressing individual tastes and ideas and being, of course, something that doesn't interfere with or detract from the serious military load of the bomber. There's a widespread rumor that here is where all England's dead cats go. Empty bottles are favorites—they screech so horribly as they hurtle downward. Your own imagination can no doubt furnish some other items.

The most unusual delivery, however, was unpremeditated. You've read of one Fort crew that, after the Regensburg show, fetched home an Algerian donkey for a mascot. Another shuttle crew had different luck. Perhaps, their donkey wasn't airworthy.

Perhaps they'd been taken in by a North African salesman. At any rate, the donkey shuffled off this equine coil en route.

The Flying Fortress lads buried the donkey—through their bomb bay—over a certain city in western Germany.

W. B. COURTNEY

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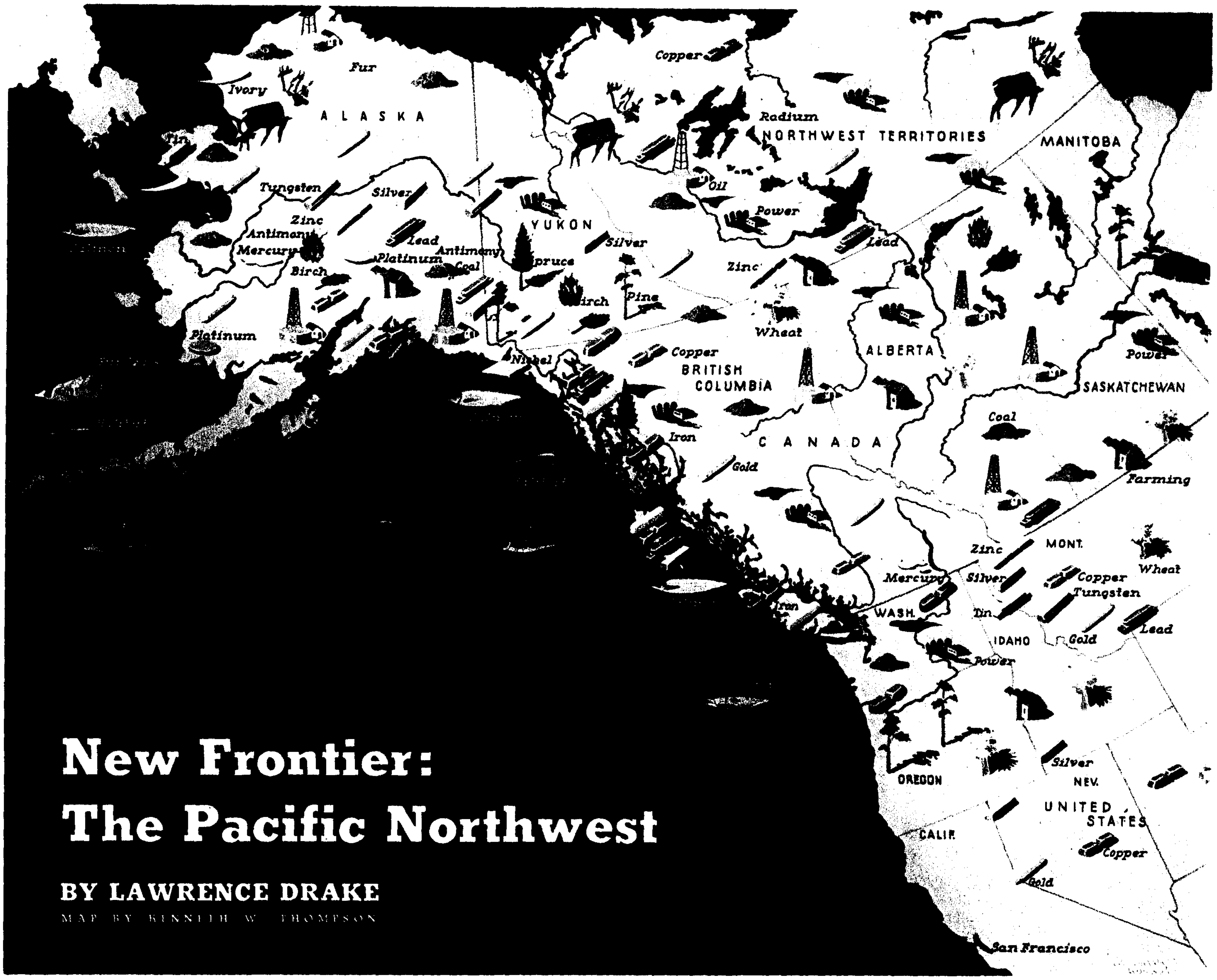

New Frontier: The Pacific Northwest

BY LAWRENCE DRAKE

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

In the vast, rich Pacific Northwest, America and Canada are planning a new empire—new homes, new lives, new hope for millions of people. It's a vision backed by practical planning and a unique lesson in international good will

IN VAST territories sprawling over Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana and running northward and westward to the forbidding narrows of the Bering Strait may be found the solution to America's No. 1 postwar problem—jobs for returning soldiers and for millions of the civilian army that will be demobilized when peace shuts down the factories of war.

No land of milk and honey is this; no prodigal paradise. Land of mountains and timber it is: storied land of nineteenth-century wealth in gold; land of unfathomed twentieth-century riches in copper, zinc, iron, tungsten and petroleum; land of prodigiously falling waters ready to drive giant power turbines; land for industry; land for labor.

Northwestward through the four states, in a word, lies the new frontier of North America—land of opportunity for economic rebirth of war-exhausted Canada and the United States. No need to put all our faith in the magic of science to open new horizons. This is the kind of frontier our forefathers would have comprehended—and put to use.

Already, the Dominion and the United States are making plans for the economic exploitation of the New Northwest. Territorially, America's contribution to the undertaking would be the afore-mentioned states and Alaska, while the Canadian participation would involve British Columbia, Alberta and the Yukon Valley.

The whole territory covers about two million square miles—a million each in the United States and Canada—or an area approximately as vast as the entire United States west of the Mississippi River. Politically, the territory is divisible. Economically, it must be planned as a whole, if the fullest richness of its promise is to be fulfilled. Geography and the majestic topography of the Rockies have made it thus.

For the present, the economic development of these broad regions has been placed in charge of a joint Canadian-American planning body known as the North Pacific Planning Project, whose experts in Ottawa and Washington are now engaged in making the surveys and drawing the blueprints for an undertaking in international empire-building on a scale the world has never seen.

Heavily underscored in both capitals is the fact that the project calls for no changes in the absolute authority of each nation over its own territory. The international phase of the enterprise is limited entirely to problems of economic planning—to the complex task of co-operating efforts of both countries to open this peculiarly interdependent region to new settlers, and to make it attractive to new businesses and new industries.

In the New Northwest today, live five and a half million persons, most of them in the cities of Seattle, Portland, Tacoma and Vancouver. Conservatives estimate that the entire territory could be made to support 20 millions, while other estimates run as high as 40 millions.

The Key to the Future

Two essential developments hold the key to economic exploitation of the area.

The first used is a large-scale basic steel and iron industry in the Vancouver-Puget Sound area. Henry J. Kaiser, the shipbuilding magician of the West Coast, already has broken through the line of opposition of the Eastern steel magnates with his blast and open-hearth furnaces at Fontana in southern California, now built and operating, thanks to a few far-sighted and courageous officials in Washington. Without a steel and iron industry of its own, the West can never be fully industrialized due to prohibitive transportation costs from the industrial East. Unfortunately, Fontana's annual capacity is an estimated 675,000 ingot tons, a drop in the bucket compared with requirements of the Pacific seaboard.

The establishment of a basic steel and iron industry on a scale that would make it attractive to private enterprise requires an arrangement for bringing together American and Canadian iron ore and coal. Iron ore is on the free list of both nations. The duty on coal is relatively small and can perhaps be completely eliminated by a system of free ports. A few problems remain to be solved.

A large-scale basic steel and iron industry looms as the most important possibility of the project.

The second important development is transportation, a system of highways and a railroad connecting Alaska with the United States and opening to settlement and development the northern part of the Canadian "corridor."

The highways are on their way. The route of the Alaska-Transcanadian railroad has already been surveyed. With a basic steel and iron industry and adequate transportation connecting Alaska with the United States, this enormous region, which for the larger part has remained an unpopulated and undeveloped wilderness, becomes a land of startling promise.

Taken as a whole, we have an empire

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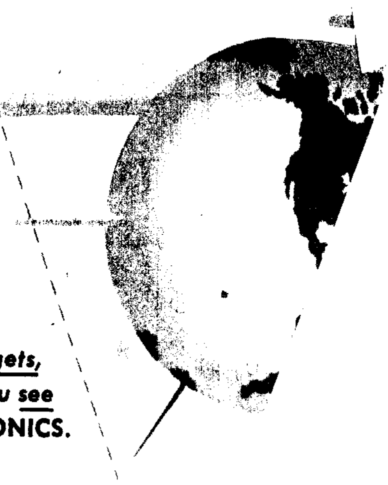

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about the size of the whole of European Russia, possessing some of the finest harbors in the Pacific. Blast furnaces and economical sea and land transportation at once bring into the picture Alaska's coal and iron ore deposits.

Alaska's coal reserves are estimated at 12,000 square miles or, as Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes prefers to put it, one trillion tons, equal to about a fifth of the coal reserves we have in continental United States. Alaska has high-grade iron ore on the Kasaan Peninsula and on Prince of Wales Island. These deposits are known. Alaska's mineral resources have not really been surveyed, and one can bet that the prospectors up there have not been scouring the country for iron ore.

There's iron ore in British Columbia and still more high-grade iron ore on Vancouver Island and in Washington. In several small mines now being worked, Washington's magnesite ore runs as high as 68 per cent iron. Alberta has enormous deposits of coal of all grades, and there's more coal in British Columbia, as well as in Washington. Limestone is found throughout the region. Alaska has been shipping limestone for cement to Seattle.

New Centers of Industry

Coal, iron ore and limestone provide us with the three basic ingredients of steel. With the blast furnaces and hearths, mines now worthless or little worked will spring into operation. New settlements will appear. New ships and barges as well as other transportation equipment will have to be built. New demands will be created for machinery.

Deposits of tungsten exist from Alaska and Yukon Territory to Idaho and Washington. Recently discovered deposits of high-grade tungsten ore in Idaho have been reported to run in some parts in veins twenty-five feet thick. Antimony is widely distributed in Alaska, while new deposits of molybdenum have been discovered in British Columbia.

With steel and iron, secondary industries are seen as certain to appear. There's the shipbuilding industry now employing more than 100,000 workers, making both steel and wooden ships and providing a steady demand for marine engines of all kinds, and marine equipment. The Boeing airplane plants will need engines, now being shipped from the East. A toolmaking industry and machine shops become inevitable.

It would obviously be cheaper to service the Pacific and Oriental markets from plants and factories located on the Pacific Coast. These industries will bring more workers, calling for more business. In turn, an increasing population will make possible mass-production industries which the present population is too small to support.

Gold, copper, silver, lead and zinc are among the region's chief products. Our Northwestern states in recent years—not counting stepped-up war production—have supplied one third of the nation's silver, one fifth of its lead, one seventh its copper, one fourth its mercury, one tenth its zinc.

British Columbia is Canada's major lead and copper producer. Yukon Territory has deposits of copper, mercury and tin as well as tungsten and antimony.

Coal and iron aside, Alaska alone can dig into deposits of gold, lead, silver, tin, antimony, bismuth, arsenic, molybdenum, nickel, chromium, asbestos, tungsten, garnet and jade, to mention a few at random.

Mercury is being mined in British Columbia. Alaska holds third or fourth place in the world in the production of platinum. Most of the sixteen strategic minerals of which the nation is deficient are found in this region.

The guess is that the region also may have extensive oil reserves. Oil is being produced in small amounts from wells in the Katalla district of Alaska. Further oil deposits have been located on the Alaska Peninsula, near Jute Bay, as well as in the Cape Simpson area in Northwestern Alaska. Oil prospects have been found in a few locations in Peace River Valley, Alberta. The Fort Norman oil wells, in the Mackenzie district, have already proved successful.

Then there's waterpower. The Northwestern states and Alaska together possess about 44 per cent of our national potential waterpower, and about 14 per cent of the actual. Southeastern Alaska and the seaboard region of British Columbia have together an estimated 800,000 horsepower of potential waterpower, of which only 22,000 horsepower has been developed. No estimates of British Columbia's total potential waterpower are available, but it is known to be enormous.

Already developed waterpower on the Columbia River, plus the available reserves in British Columbia, promise to make this region the center of light-metal manufacturing on the continent. Alumina clays found there are already being used successfully in the manufacture of aluminum.

To these bright prospects for light-metal manufacturing, must be added equally cheerful prospects for chemical and fertilizer manufacturing based upon the developed waterpower.

Bearing the importance of the abundant waterpower in mind, one can pause to survey some of the largest timber reserves on the continent, stretching from Oregon to Alaska.

The Northwestern states have been accounting for about half of our national softwood production. Standing timber reserves in this region are estimated at about 900 billion board feet. In addition, Alaska has about three million acres of timber reserves, representing roughly about 75 billion board feet.

British Columbia's timber reserves measure up to astronomical standards. Lumber, pulp and paper production have made up one of the principal industries of British Columbia.

Furniture manufacturing as well as pulp and paper production have been expanding industries in the Northwestern states; the production of plywood here has recently jumped phenomenally. Considering recent developments in the use of plywood as a new structural material in planes and gliders, it can safely be said that the advantages of combined waterpower and timber offered by this region have scarcely been touched.

Field Day for Foresters

It is estimated that southeastern Alaska could, under a government timber-conservation program, safely cut two billion board feet a year of spruce and hemlock to support a paper industry producing one million tons of newsprint a year. The United States uses in the neighborhood of four million tons of newsprint a year and about 75 per cent of it is imported from Canada and abroad.

Such a paper industry in southeastern Alaska, official estimates say, could support 35,000 people at a good standard of living. In fact, the experts maintain that they could be housed in model towns and under the most modern conditions. This industry alone would nearly double the present population of southeastern Alaska. With the cutting of timber under a government conservation plan, there would be no wasteful and premature exhausting of the standing timber. The heavy investment in the plant would be secured by continuous supply of enough timber necessary to keep it going at capacity.

The region offers a number of possibilities for such preplanned communities centered about major industries.

Then there are the sea resources. The Northwestern states and Alaska together account for one fifth of our annual fisheries yield.

Alaska and British Columbia in 1940 packed a total of 6,500,000 cases of salmon worth $41,000,000. Alaska's share in this was $31,000,000. These same waters also yielded 52,000,000 pounds of halibut worth nearly another $5,000,000. In 1941, the value of canned salmon shipped from the whole of Alaska was $56,000,000.

Other Alaska fisheries include herring, cod and shrimp, but the processing of the herring and shellfish is practically undeveloped. A very small percentage of the herring we import comes from Alaska. Other fish available in Alaskan waters are trout, sablefish, rockfish, flounder, pollack, greenlings and whitefish. These have not been developed commercially.

The fishing industry would soon feel the effects of an expanding industrial and urban population. Quick and economical transportation would make possible the processing of both herring and shellfish.

A Land of Opportunity

There are any number of other resources. Furs, for instance, net Alaska a net annual take of about $3,000,000. These furs are shipped unprocessed. Here is another instance where a little enterprise in the form of a processing industry would make this resource yield an additional handsome profit. The experts can cite many dozen such opportunities in the development of every field.

This rough and very sketchy glance at the resources of the New Northwest would be quite incomplete if we failed to include one more resource, perhaps the most important of all. This single resource would of itself force the development of this territory, even if it lacked most of everything else.

Our New Frontier has an abundance of minerals, timber and waterpower which, when put together, make it appear that we have no more than scraped the surface of our resources. But it has had all these resources in the past. What has changed the picture is the force sometimes mystically called "Destiny" and which, in a clearer geographic and historic sense, may simply be called "position."

Position is the New Frontier's greatest resource. It dominates the North Pacific, the Bering Sea, the Arctic Ocean. Alaska is the key to our security in the Pacific, and if we are to secure for ourselves the advantages of Alaska's position, it cannot be separated (according to the experts and the simpler testimony of any map) from the rest of the New Northwest.

The Arctic is expected to become one of the major airways of the future, and Alaska is our guard at the Arctic. The Orient possesses resources and markets in which we are interested. We have never made any bones about this. Normally, the European markets may not want very many of our mass-produced articles. But Asia, where half of the world's people live, is a natural for us. We are interested in the markets of the Orient, and Alaska is our land bridge to the Orient.

Alaska's top-of-the-world position promises to make it an air terminal of world-wide importance. The Fairbanks route brings Chicago and Chungking 4,300 miles nearer than the San Francisco-Hawaii-Manila route. Alaska provides the short, swift, safe route between us and the Far East and Russia. With all the possibilities of the future Arctic air routes added, Alaska becomes all the more vital to us.

Air routes established since the war now cover the whole of Alaska. It holds enormous sea and air bases as well as large Army garrisons. Alaska's postwar importance promises to increase very much. And Alaska today has no industries, no population, no agriculture with which to support any sort of a base or any sort of a garrison. It has nothing in reality with which to sustain a military operation of any scope or duration.

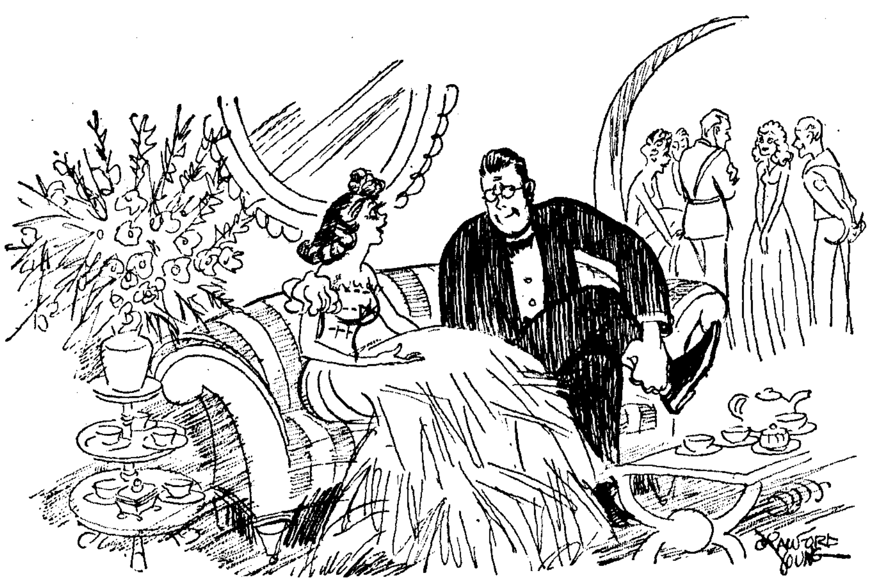
Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark lie in the same latitude as Alaska and are subject on the whole to about the same climatic conditions. The combined areas of the four European countries do not equal that of Alaska but they support nearly 17,000,000 people, while Alaska's population is a bare 75,000 of which only 41,000 is white.

Alaska has lands suitable for farming with climates similar to those in many parts of the United States. Alaska has four times the available grazing and farm lands that Sweden has, but Sweden has a farm population of 2,700,000. Alaska has 2,600 miles of seashore to guard with a population of one person to every ten square miles!

Businessmen in Seattle and Portland maintain that, with a basic steel and iron industry in the Vancouver-Puget Sound-Columbia River area, the Northwestern states would become one of the most industrialized areas in the country.

There's no doubt, even among the most conservative, that the New Northwest can support in prosperity at least 10,000,000 more people than it is supporting now. The New Frontier is there and it's a good-sized proposition for a pioneering nation.

THE END



"'Why,' I said to her, 'you're so dumb you wouldn't know a cone clutch from a slot-sided camshaft!'"

COLLIER'S CRAWFORD YOUNG

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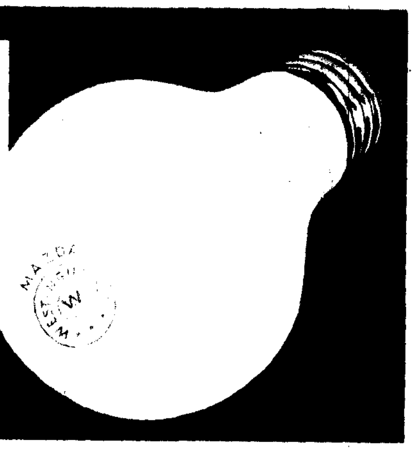

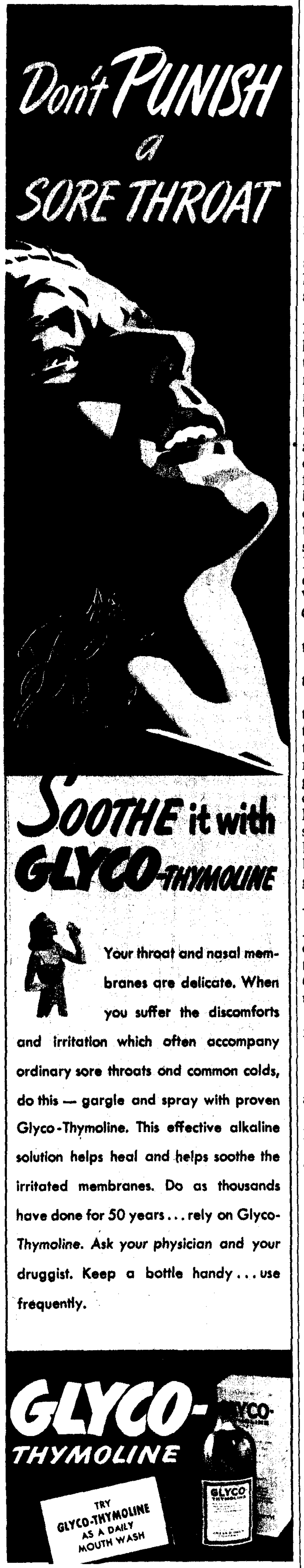

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Word from Sicily

Continued from page 20

common good. It believed, quietly, in the American dream. So it had a steady, continuing place in the world of shifting doctrines and opinion.

Five times it had been chosen for Pulitzer awards. Its editorials were quoted in the Times and the Star and the Post-Dispatch, even in the Manchester Guardian. Its editor was known wherever men respected the printed word.

Matthew Ayres said tiredly: "We've already lost our hold, Fred. We've got behind with our plowing. The weeds are ahead of us. You know that."

The managing editor nodded. Everybody knew it. In a few weeks the change had come—as quickly as that. You'd think ninety years would leave some momentum, but already the Clarion had lost its clearness, its tone, its timbre. Everybody knew it—not just Fred Pickering and the men at the copy desks. The girls at the telephone board knew it, and the delivery boys throwing their papers onto front porches in the darkness before daybreak. The citizens of Midland knew it, opening the Clarion at their breakfast tables, and the politicians in the coffee shop at the Capitol Hotel, and Governor Morehouse in his office under the copper dome. Newspapermen in New York and Washington and Chicago knew it. So Jim O'Connor had made his offer again.

"What are you thinking, Fred?" Matthew Ayres asked.

"Why, Matt," he said mildly, "I was thinking—times like this—"

He didn't need to finish. Times like this—the tensions of war, the dislocations, the cross-pulls of shortages and demands, the strain on muscles and minds and nerves, the insidious selfishness and the groping idealism—there was need for a clear voice. Times like this, with trainloads of Jamaican Negroes hurried in to save the crops in the fields, and other trainloads of white millhands lured up from below the Ohio River by the wages at the glider plant.

IN MIDLAND, in mid-America, the ugly rumor of race antagonisms. Rancor, suspicion, a creeping strife. And in the executive mansion, facing the capitol, Governor Morehouse waited, fearful and uncertain, pulling his long brown ear.

"It just doesn't seem time for the Clarion to close up," the managing editor said.

"O'Connor will keep it going."

"Yes. With his cartoons, his comics, and his man for the Senate. He'll probably double the circulation."

From the open window, above the pound of the presses, a sound gathered and grew—the angry rumble of planes overhead. Matthew Ayres slipped off his eyeshade and lifted his head. Sometimes when Webb was stationed at Fort Clinton, he had come over, dipping low above the capitol square, gunning his motor over the Clarion building where the light burned in his father's windows. Fred Pickering, still with the sheaf of pictures in his hands, shuffled out.

For a few moments, while the planes went over, while the roaring faded in the sky, Matthew Ayres stood at the window. Then he came back to the desk and turned out the lamp. He loosened his collar and pulled off his shoes, high black shoes with elastic inserts. The couch springs sagged under him. He had slept there, or lain there, every night for the past five weeks. The big house out on Elm Street was too empty, or too full of memories, to sleep in.

Now the presses throbbed beneath him, and around that central sound were other noises—the rattle of typewriter keys, the jangle of a phone, the thud of a door, the trucks back in the alley droning away with their loads.

To Matthew Ayres these were the most familiar sounds in all the world—the sounds that the events of the planet make when they are channeled into news rooms and press departments. They had been the most satisfying sounds, until that sunbright afternoon when he stood on Center Street staring at the news bulletins in the window. He was just back from a Chicago meeting with government officials on the allocation of newsprint and the threat of shortages. Now, with his bag still in his hand, he stopped to read the bulletins in the Clarion window, as any Midland man would do.

People moved away while he stood there. He was alone before those quiet lines of type: *Webb Ayres, son of the editor of the Midland Clarion, is reported shot down over Sicily. His plane crashed in the outskirts of Palermo and burst into fire.* When he climbed up to his office, the telegram was waiting on his desk.

News—the murmur of presses, the staccato race of typewriters, the teletapes jerking through the machines, the hourly bulletins going up in the window, the forms taking shape in the pressroom. News had been his inheritance, his calling, his life. Now he had not heart or soul to face it with.

In the dark office he did not sleep. He lay thinking the old, tired thoughts, feeling the tired defeat, accepting it. Before daylight, the presses went quiet. A door slammed, and the last truck ground away in the alley. From Capitol Street, he heard the rumble of the first streetcar; the blue light on his window was the sputtering of the dew-wet cable. Then the courthouse clock struck five.

Sicily . . . his thoughts ran in their futile, regretful pattern. Strange that the greatest happiness in his life and the greatest disaster should both belong to that sunlit island in the ancient sea!

They were not young when they were married. He had been absorbed in the Clarion, with no life outside it, until Frances Webb came to Midland to join the English staff at the college. He was forty then, and she, at thirty-seven, was an established minor novelist. They had both worked hard and singly. Perhaps that was one reason their wedding trip was so grave, so quietly and deeply happy, day after day in the white cities of Morocco and along the sunlit Mediterranean shores. They had not the breathlessness of young love, but something else, something nameless and mysterious and deeply discovered. They had known enough of life to realize what they had found—and to know what they might lose when Frances woke one morning weak as water and twisting with pain.

There was a doctor on the boat from Naples to Palermo, but he missed the diagnosis. The sea was rough, the boat pitching; perhaps he was afraid of operating even though he saw the symptoms of extreme appendicitis. At first, he said it was seasickness, then indigestion.

At Palermo, they carried her off, with glazed eyes and bright spots burning in her face, and her body tight with pain, to the fine, white, gleaming hospital in palm and mimosa gardens at a mountain's foot. There, in a strange land, after a few groping words with an interpreter, Matthew Ayres walked the streets all night, wondering and waiting. Twice he went into the hospital; twice they turned him away.

BEFORE daybreak the fishermen clumped out of narrow alleys on the water front, and in the gray dawn their sails creaked above the restlessness of the tide. Over the water he heard them singing, and some small part of his mind remembered that Palermo was called *"la felice"*—the happy.

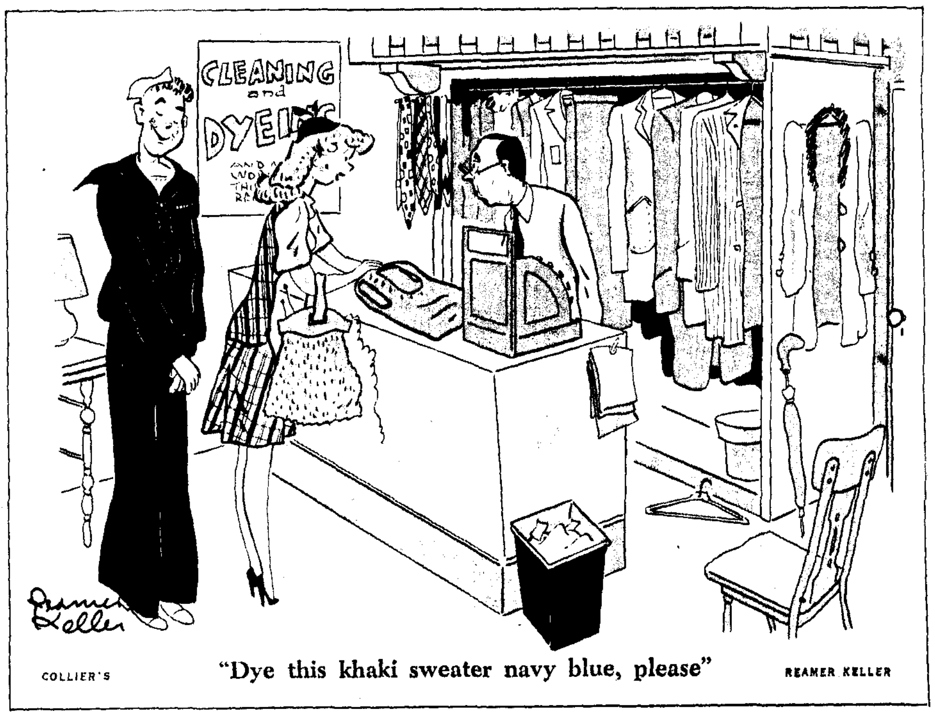
He was back at the hospital when the stars were paling. This time they led him to the end of a white corridor. She lay quiet on the high, severe bed, her dark hair shattering the pillow, her face very white and still, her hands at her side. She lay so quiet that a tightness clenched his throat. Then her eyes opened, the large gray eyes with the deep light in them. Her lips moved, but no sound came.

"Don't talk," he whispered. "Don't say a word. Don't try. It's all right."

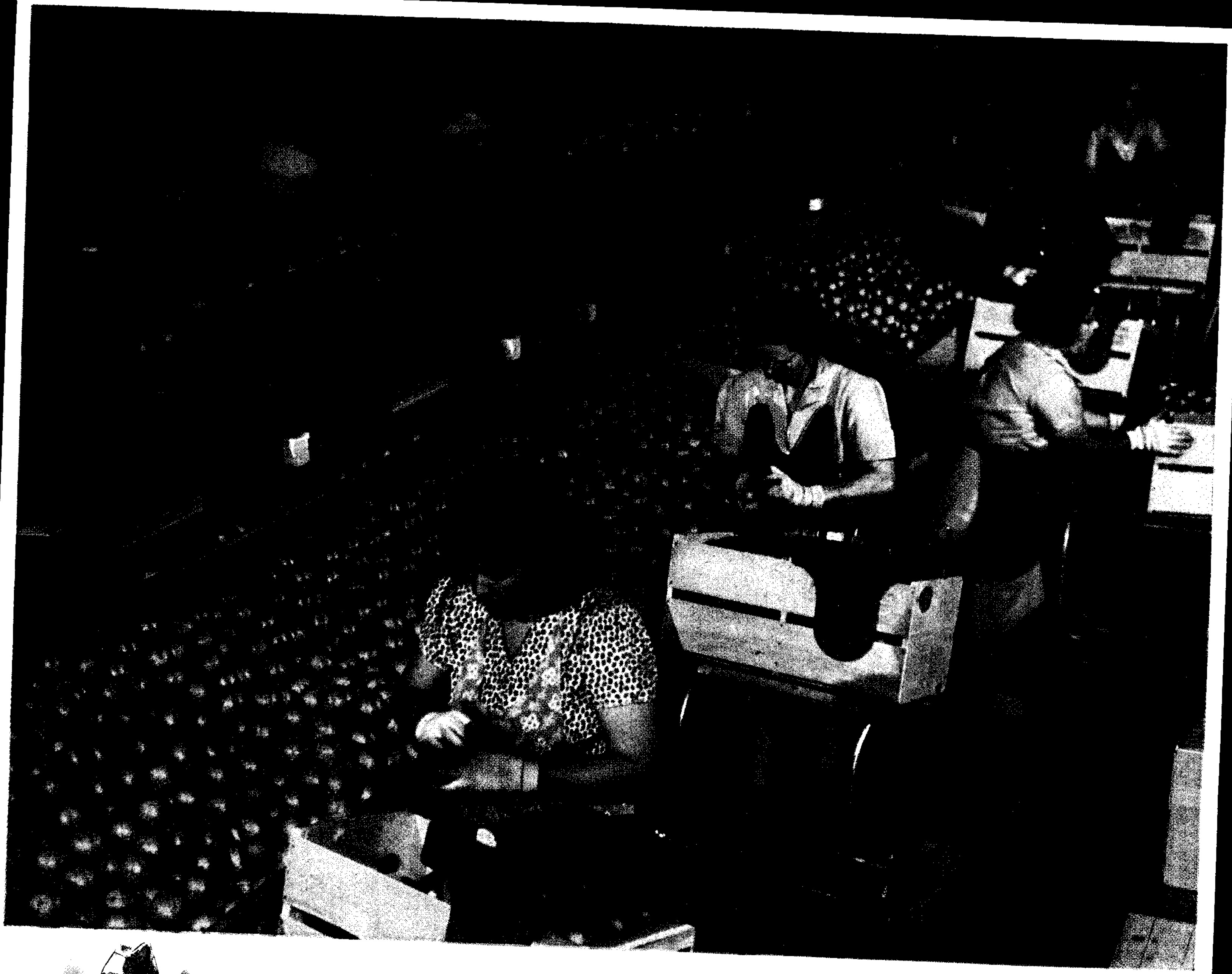
The tears spilled down his cheeks, and then he had no more voice than hers. Her mouth twitched in the faintest smile before her eyes closed again.

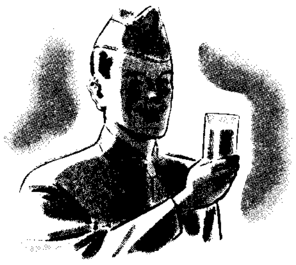
They were there for five weeks. After a great fear, there came a great happiness. It was all happiness—looking from a balcony over the roofs of Palermo to the encircling hills, driving in a donkey cart through the checkered plain of Conca d'Oro, strolling on the waterside at evening with the centuries around them.

As her strength returned, they explored the narrow passages above the harbor. They looked into dim shops at Greek vases and terra cottas as old as the legends



COLLIER'S "Dye this khaki sweater navy blue, please" REAMER KELLER





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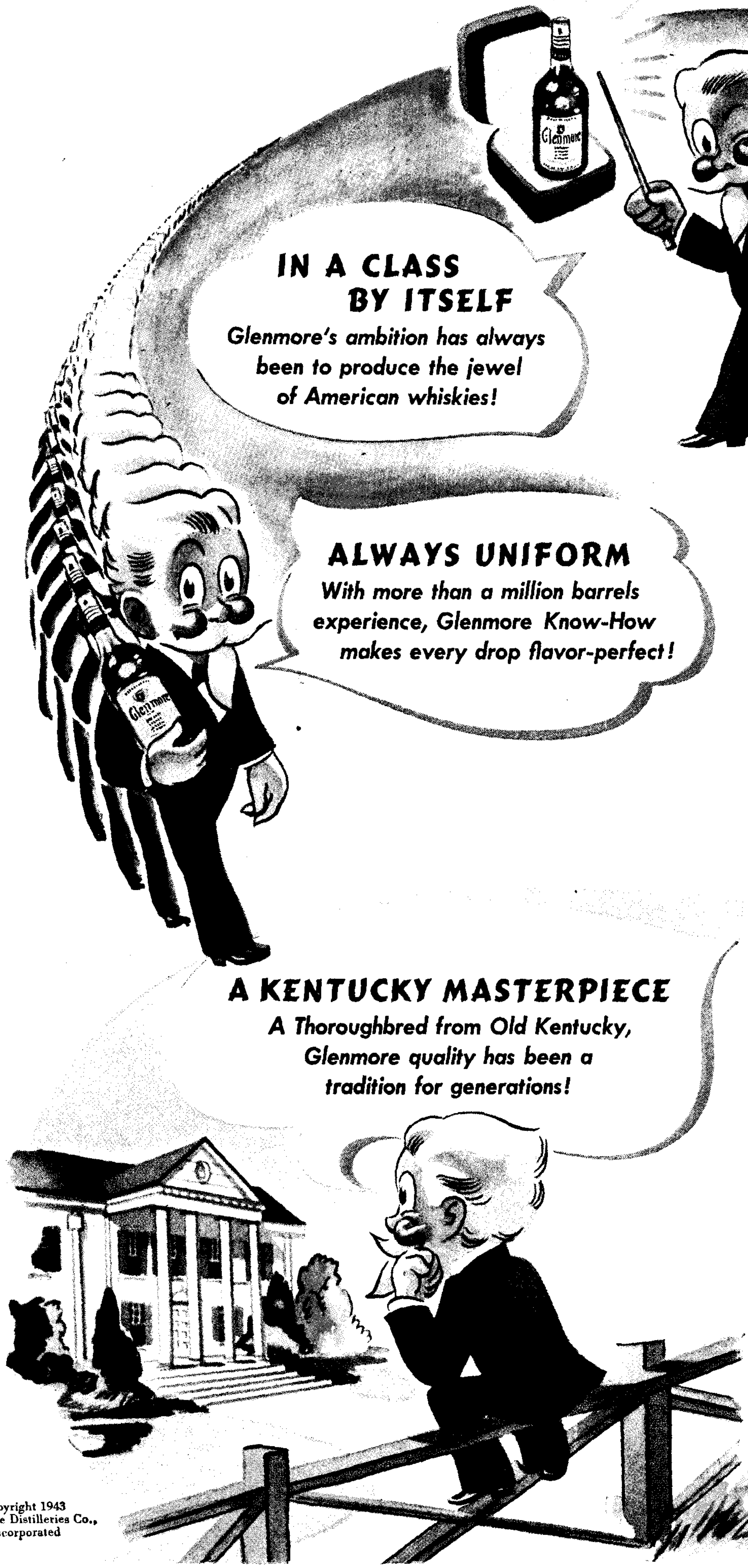
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of Ulysses, at tiny Saracen knights in chain mail and armor, at Moorish, Spanish, French ceramics. The ages and the races met in that hill-girdled town.

In the doorways women sat with their needlework and behind them sounded the hum and creak of the treadle as flax was spun into linen thread. In the street, bright-caped venders weighed out fish, with brass scales teetering in their hands. At the fountain, basket-laden donkeys bent to drink, and girls filled water jars which they carried away on their heads.

On their last night, Frances led him out to the balcony.

"I'll never forget any of this," he said.

"I'll have a new name for happiness," she said. "Sicily."

NOW another Midland streetcar rattled from the corner. The first gray light was in the room where Matthew Ayres lay. He was glad she had not lived to know how a burst of bullets in the Sicilian sky could shatter happiness four thousand miles away.

From Sicily, as daylight grew, his mind went on in its familiar pattern. Webb Ayres, with his mother's gray eyes, sitting across from him in the dining room on Elm Street. She hadn't left him alone after that snowy day at the cemetery. Webb Ayres, straight as a sword, home from St. Mark's in his academy uniform. Webb Ayres, with his mother's slow smile and her quick, clear mind, home from Yale to work at a Clarion copy desk, in the news room, on the press floor, during his vacations. Webb Ayres, small-boned like his mother, trim enough to be a fighter pilot with the silver wings on his jacket, saying goodby at the station. When the train was called, his father gripped his lean brown hand. "It's going to be hard without you, Webb."

Webb nodded, the way his mother would have done. "But we're still working together, Dad. On the biggest job."

After the train left, Matthew went straight to the Clarion office. He worked all that night with a sense of duty and a sense of pride.

Now full daylight flooded the windows. His last day with the Clarion. He hoped it would go quickly.

At seven-thirty, he drove out to Elm Street for breakfast. At nine, he was back in the office, bent over his desk.

Miss Webster came in. "Good morning, Mr. Ayres. Why—you haven't touched your mail."

"Take it," he said. "Answer it, please."

She turned up the letters quickly. She dropped one of them on his desk before she left. "Here's one you will want to see."

Matthew Ayres stared at the V-mail envelope a long time before he opened it. Then he was reading the small glazed page written in a stiff, up-and-down hand:

"I was Webb's squadron commander. I wanted to tell you how he went, but an arm wound has kept me from writing till now. The day when the show began on Sicily's beaches, we went out to cover bombers aiming at an airfield behind Palermo. We got there before daybreak, and the bombers found their target. When the sun came up, we had a swarm of Messerschmitts above us. We climbed at them. Some of our planes got slugged. Webb took a burst in his wing and began to lose altitude. The Messerschmitts were streaking after our bombers. I told my boys to try to separate the Jerries; maybe what was left of us could hold them off a bit. Then I heard Webb in my earphones. He was hurt already, I could tell by his voice. "Don't count me out," he said. He had got control again, and he could do things with a Thunderbolt. It was beautiful. He got three of them before they pinked him. By that time, our bombers were high-tailing it back for Tunis. What I remember about Webb is that he had every reason to get out, but he stayed in. Our boys have a new answer now, whenever it's odds against us. They say, 'Don't count me out.' "

Matthew Ayres kept staring at that last line. *Don't count me out.* Very clearly, as though it were written there, he saw the snow falling in an open grave. When they came back from the cemetery, the Christmas tree stood by the fireplace and the mantel was strewn with holly. Matthew Ayres paced the floor, and Webb, in his knee pants with a dark wing of hair falling across his forehead, stared at his book without ever turning a page. The housekeeper began weeping in the kitchen.

"Let's get the car," Matthew said suddenly, and the boy gave him a brief, sharp, grateful look.

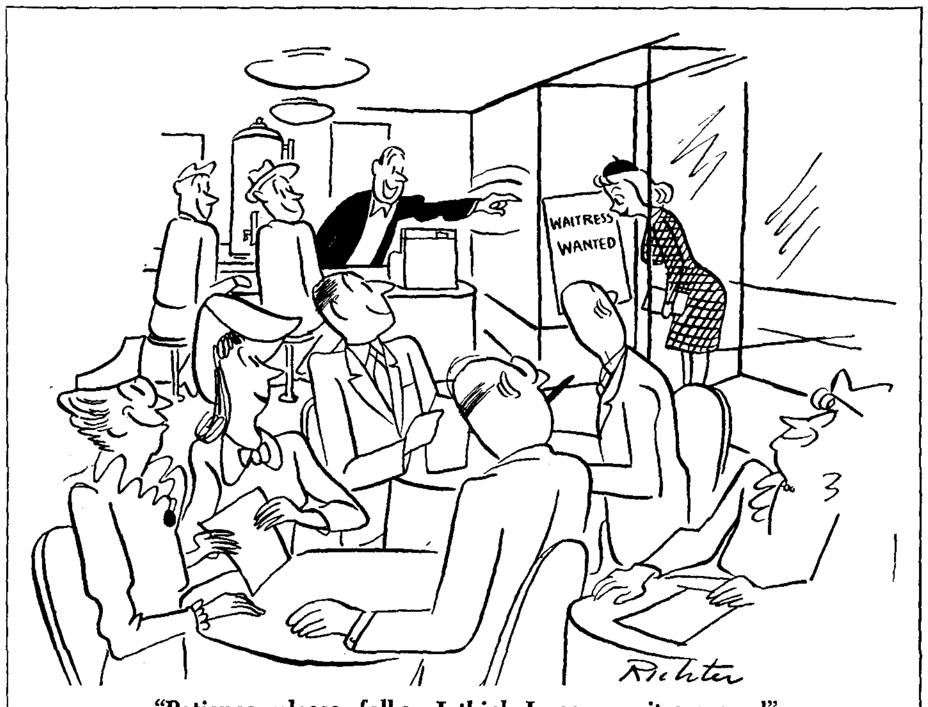
They drove silently over the empty country roads, with the snow falling on the fields and the afternoon fading.

"We knew she was going," he said at last.

And the boy answered, "She told me a long time ago."

"I nearly lost her another time. In Sicily, that was. Since then, I've had fourteen years. I ought to be willing to go alone from here."

They passed the lifeless fairgrounds and turned back into Elm Street, the snow whitening all the trees and the darkness falling and the Christmas lights in the windows. It was a time for happiness. Matthew Ayres blew his nose.



COLLIER'S "Patience, please, folks—I think I see a waitress now!" MISCHA RICHTER

He flicked on the headlights and stared at the whiteness swirling. He said it again, as though repeating a lesson: "I ought to be willing to go alone, now."

A hand tightened inside his arm. The boy was staring ahead too. He said in a low voice: "Don't count me out, Dad."

"MR. AYRES—" Miss Webster stood in the doorway. "Mr. O'Connor is here."

Big Jim O'Connor crossed the room trailing a blue thread from his cigar. He put out a hand. "How are you?"

"I didn't expect you so early," Ayres said.

"Oh, I came down last night. Wanted to see the governor." The cigar tilted in his mouth. "You're a smart man, Ayres."

"How's that?"

"You're getting out at the right time. Lots of headaches in our business now, and more coming. That crowd in Washington. And a lot of restlessness around the country. You're going to have trouble here, unless somebody keeps the lid on pretty tight." He set his lips and nodded emphatically. "Yes, you're smart to get out."

Outside, a high, hard droning grew quickly in the sky. The swivel chair squealed as Matthew Ayres swung around. There was a struggle in his face. His movements were faster now. Three strides brought him to the window.

"My son used to come over," he said, watching the blue gulf of sky.

"Too bad about the boy," O'Connor said. "I didn't know it till last night. Carl Morehouse told me."

"He was shot down over Sicily. Took three Germans with him." Matthew Ayres turned around. "Have you ever been to Sicily, Mr. O'Connor?"

"Yes, I was there once, eight—ten years ago. Virginio Gayda sent me around the island. Gave me letters to every official on the place. They entertained me like a king."

"It's a beautiful place."

"Not now."

"Well." The swivel chair complained as Matthew looked up at the picture on the wall. "It's being scarred again. One more war to go with all those in the past. I'd like to think this will be the last one."

"Not making up a peace plan, are you?" O'Connor stubbed out his cigar. "My lawyer is in the next office, Mr. Ayres, talking to your managing editor. If you're ready, I'll call him in and we'll get things settled. I want to see the governor again before train time."

When Matthew Ayres looked up, there was a new light in his blue eyes. "I'm glad you've got other business here, Mr. O'Connor. I've changed my mind about the Clarion."

"But you wired us, just yesterday. If it's terms you want, we can discuss that."

"No. It's not terms. I've changed my mind. Call it an old man's crotchet. I'm sorry I put you to the trouble—"

"Trouble—"

MATTHEW AYRES stood up. "Goodby, Mr. O'Connor."

When he was alone, he pushed a button on his desk. The managing editor came in.

"Get those pictures out again, will you, Fred?"

Fred Pickering's long face lighted slowly. "You mean we're still printing?"

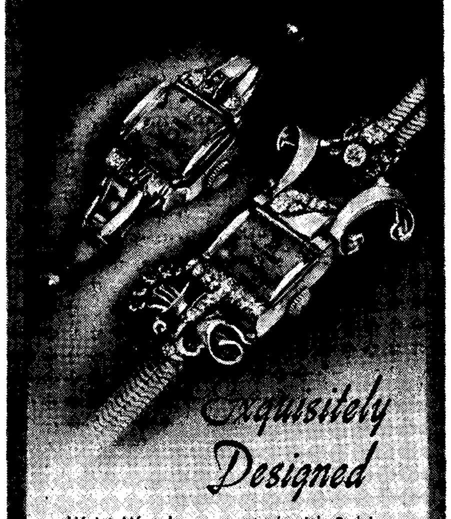
Matthew Ayres pressed another button. When Miss Webster came in, he laced his fingers behind his head and leaned back in the swivel chair.

"Take an editorial, Miss Webster."

She took her chair and poised the yellow pencil, but her face was puzzled. "An editorial?"

"For Sunday. We'll call it: Don't Count Me out."

THE END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"Christianity Must Go" Says Japan

Continued from page 19

missionary and his wife grabbed their children and started running for their air-raid shelter. But they were too late. The next Jap bomb scored a direct hit.

When Mr. Nyhus recovered his senses, he heard his wife and elder daughter screaming. He found them seriously wounded and drenched in blood, and his three-year-old daughter, mangled and crushed to death beneath piles of debris.

Nishihara's communiqué that afternoon in Shanghai had said: "Today our planes successfully bombed an *important objective* in Honan Province."

Yes, everything associated with Christianity had indeed become an "important objective." The Japanese government persistently denied that it was trying to wipe out Christianity, but it also denied hostility toward the United States. In both cases, the facts speak for themselves. In her own mind, Japan is as much at war with Christianity as she is with the United States.

A "Dangerous" Doctrine

That Japan's leaders should regard Christianity as a deadly enemy is only natural. Christianity denies every doctrine which Japan's leaders, and their thousands of "thought-control police," have succeeded in pounding into the heads of the Japanese people. Christianity denies the divinity of the Japanese emperor and Japanese racial superiority. It urges social reforms which would lift the Japanese masses out of feudal and industrial slavery. Christianity teaches "good will toward men," a philosophy of peace. Obviously, any nation intent upon enslaving the entire world must regard this doctrine as dangerous.

The Japanese regard their present religion and *Bushido* (their code of morals) as the only true faith.

I recall a Japanese colonel who was directing artillery fire against a small Chinese village in 1940, as a group of American correspondents came upon him at the front. Each time his battery let go with a shattering salvo at point-blank range into the little village, the colonel would throw confetti into a near-by stream.

"These bits of paper," he explained, "are prayers for the Chinese we are killing in that village. This is the spirit of *Bushido*. We honor the enemy as we kill him. You have no such beautiful and honorable ceremony in Christianity, do you?"

The Japanese have another practical reason for fighting Christianity. Christianity is a religion of hope. Christianity teaches that there is a day of reckoning for evil. To millions of helpless natives of the Orient, whom Japan hopes to shackle in eternal and hopeless slavery, Christianity has given faith in eventual delivery.

Jan Tsuchiya, Japanese Foreign Office propagandist in China, once told me the *Chinese could* never be permanently subdued while Christians were able to preach their doctrine of faith and hope. "We have tried brutality," he said, "and we have tried friendly propaganda. We get nowhere, largely because too many Chinese have been told there inevitably will be a Christian day of reckoning for us. That is the nonsense we Japanese must silence if we hope to remain here. That is why Tokyo has ordered me to direct all my efforts against Christianity."

No Japanese official ever permitted us correspondents to quote such an undeclared war, but Japan's plan of operations against Christianity on both the military and diplomatic fronts has long been obvious. First, every Christian mission behind Chinese lines is to be leveled to the ground by bombing. They hope the missionaries can be killed in the ruins of their missions or terrorized into fleeing from Free China. Few missionaries have fled, but many have become martyrs. Hundreds of churches, schools and hospitals lie in ruins.

The Japanese have carried out more than eight hundred bombing attacks on Christian missions in China in the past six years. Thousands of Chinese and foreign Christians have been *killed* or maimed as they were attending religious services or school classes in mission churches and schools. The majority of victims have been young students, some*times as many as five hundred in five* minutes.

This massacre has been a long time in bringing itself to the attention of the Christian world. Each individual bombing makes only a small, inconspicuous item on the inside pages of our daily newspapers. But in the aggregate, these systematic bombings should go down in history as one of the bloodiest and most ruthless *campaigns* ever carried out against any comparable number of Christians.

Until the day of Pearl Harbor, each new Japanese attack on Christian missions brought the Japanese a "stiff protest" from foreign diplomats—German and Italian as well as American, French and British—and each protest brought an expression of "deep regret" from the Japanese. They said the bombings were "mistakes" for which they could assume no responsibility.

Exasperated American diplomats, in an effort to "embarrass" the Japanese, finally gave them detailed maps showing the exact location of every American mission in China. The missions at the same time were advised to paint large American flags on the roof of every building.

The next two months saw a sharp increase in the number of American missions bombed. The fatal bombing of the Nyhus family occurred during this time.

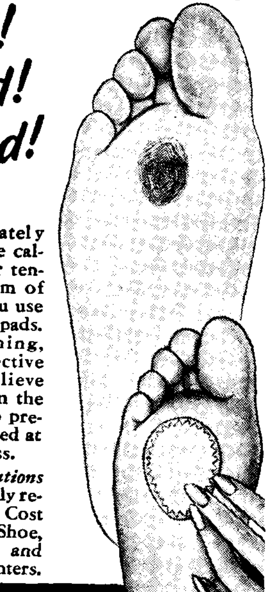
The Japanese stuck to their story: Each bombing was a "regrettable mistake." But Tsuchiya told me later that those maps and flags "were very convenient guides for our fliers."

Christians: Made in Japan

The second front on which Japan has been at war with Christianity has been behind her own lines in China, the Philippines and other occupied areas. The vast majority of Christian missionaries have been driven from their posts, imprisoned, or confined in concentration camps. Many have been shot dead, beaten, given the "water cure" or subjected to atrocities too obscene to be described. Christian parishes everywhere have been turned over to Japanese "Christian missionaries" who serve under orders from the Religious Department of the Japanese Army.

These Japanese "Christian missionaries" now in China and the Philippines total about fifteen times as many Christian ministers and priests as have been *ordained in Japan* in the past thirty years. The majority of them are carefully disguised, specially trained Shintoist priests. Their job is to sabotage Christianity from within. They don't ask the native Chinese or Filipino to give up Christianity. They tell him to remain a Christian, but to forget the ridiculous lies which the Western barbarians have taught him in the name of Christianity.

Their version of Christianity goes something like this: Christ was an Oriental, born in Japan. He was a great prophet who gained His knowledge from the god-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emperors of Japan. He went to the West to spread these great teachings to the barbarians, but they rejected Him, crucified Him and misunderstood all He taught.

After rising from the dead, Christ is alleged to have reappeared in Japan where He finally died again and was buried. The wisdom which Christ acknowledged in the teachings of Japan's god-emperors in His day, is said to be the same divine wisdom possessed today by Emperor Hirohito. Little by little, the Oriental Christian is to be lured away from the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ.

This effort to subordinate Christ to the god-emperor has reached the point where hundreds of Chinese and Filipino Christians are being taken on free pilgrimages to Japan to visit the "burial place of the prophet" Christ. Such a shrine actually has been erected. But during these trips, of course, it is made clear to the pilgrims that the high light of their visit to Japan will be the opportunity to stand before the Imperial Palace in Tokyo and pay homage to the god-emperor.

•

Behold—the Living God

These Chinese and Filipino Christians are sent home with the thought that Christ is dead, but the god-emperor is very much alive and the true and rightful inheritor of the world.

Prior to Pearl Harbor, Tokyo was even more subtle in waging war against Christianity within Japan itself. Here the Japs could afford to be less harsh, which made it possible for them to deceive some Christian missionaries during the years Japan found the missionary so useful for non-religious reasons.

After almost a century of continuous Christian missionary effort, there were no more than 50,000 sincere Christians in all Japan. Practically all of these were willing to go to war against America and Britain, or anyone else, because their native warlike traditions were still much stronger in them than the doctrines of Christianity. At best, they were a silent, infinitesimal minority among 80,000,000 fanatical emperor-worshipers.

The bulk of the remaining 250,000 registered Christians in Japan fell into various classifications, none of which should have caused their government any special alarm. Many of them were army and navy officers, such as described by Nishihara. Others were opportunists who preferred to work for the Christian missions because their wage scales were well above the Japanese average.

As soon as it became evident that the democracies intended to impose embargoes against Japan, making mission dollars and pounds sterling useless to the Jap army, all foreign church property was confiscated without indemnification. Japanese Christians were ordered to accept no further financial support from abroad. All foreign missionaries were to be dismissed. This was to guarantee noninterference with the new version of Christianity sponsored by the government.

Several prominent Japanese Christians, such as the internationally famous Doctor Toyohiko Kagawa, who refused to participate in this plot against their new faith, were beaten and exiled into the mountains. Others were imprisoned as conscientious objectors or "communists."

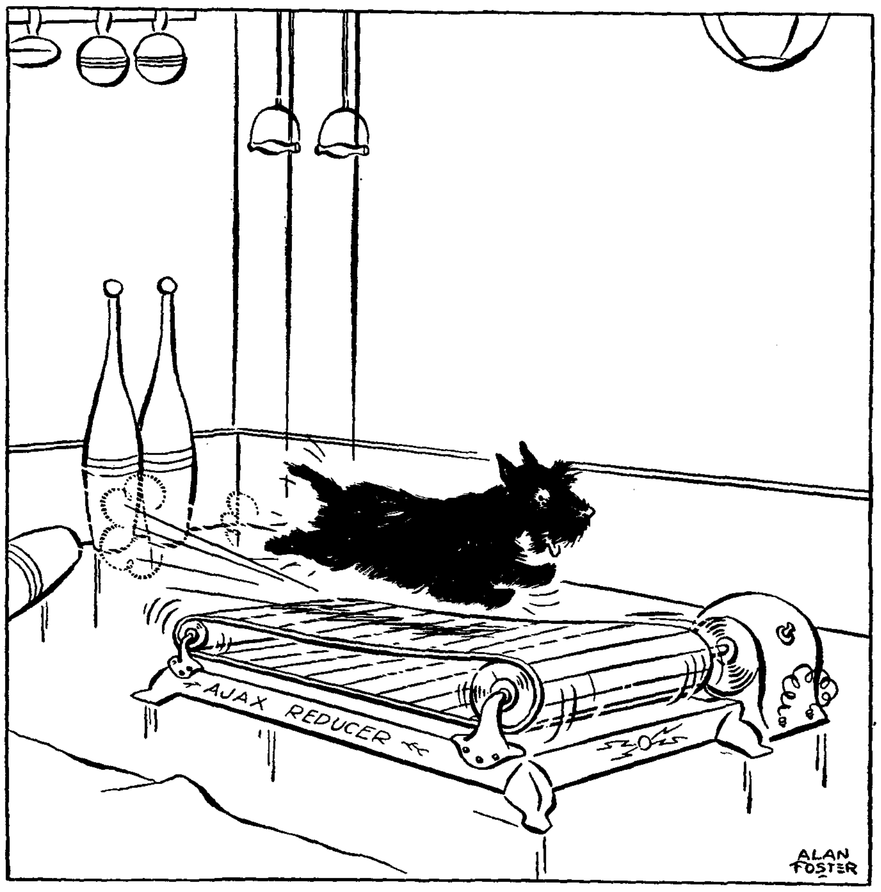
At the same time, Japanese who had not already registered as Christians were hounded by the police and, in some cases, imprisoned, if they showed any interest in becoming converts.

With all Protestant Christians under control, the Japanese decreed that the Roman Catholic Church in Japan should also be an independent, national church, headed by a Japanese archbishop. For political reasons, the Japanese Catholics are permitted to maintain nominal relations with the Vatican, and the government itself has established diplomatic relations with the Vatican. No one is very much surprised that the Japanese should want their spies in Vatican City, the best-informed capital in the world.

Most American missionaries left Japan before Pearl Harbor, satisfied that it was useless to preach Christianity there until Japan's militaristic traditions had been shattered.

THE END

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



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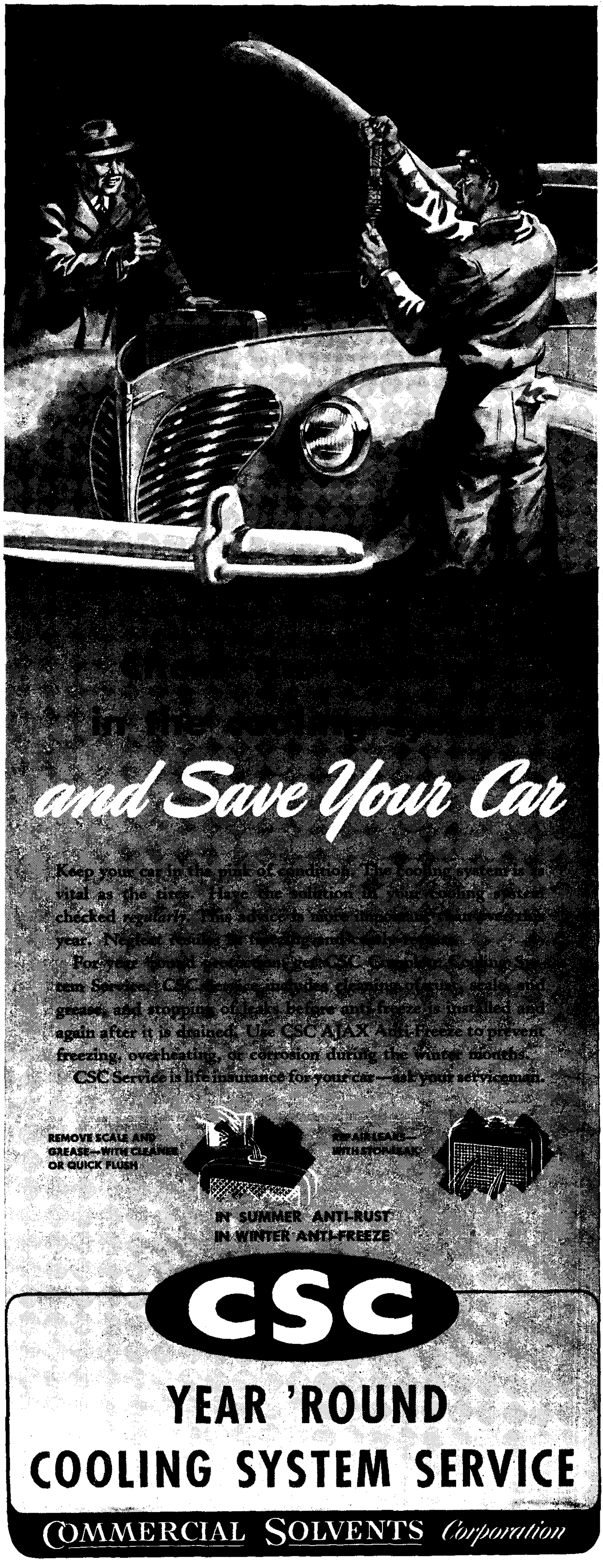

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COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS *Corporation*

Debut in Battle

Continued from page 12

on the way there. As daylight advanced, it was easier to pick out targets. "Sheik" Southerland, our air group commander, found a choice selection of targets—nine twin-engined bombers sitting on a runway. Two dive-bomber pilots saw them at the same time, made wrecks of a couple, and before the other seven could take off, a team of Hellcats pounced and left them all burning.

"It's just like a football game. The only things missing are the crowds and cheering." Red, a fighter pilot who used to play fullback for California, had just landed back aboard. "Are you guys going in now? Listen, there's a ship in the lagoon you can get. I made a couple of passes at it, trying to set it afire. Give it the works. *Someone started a swell fire* over on the south side. Looks like a fuel dump."

Red's advice wasn't wasted. The next attack group bombed and strafed the ship he described until it sank in flames. Then a pair of motor torpedo boats, seen scooting across the lagoon, were riddled and sunk. A fleet of small boats, apparently used as landing craft, followed them down—and that was the end of the Bititu navy.

This wasn't a one-sided battle, however. It was a baptism of fire—antiaircraft fire—for most of our pilots. Even those who had tangled with an enemy before admitted it was the hottest ack-ack they had ever faced. The condition of the returning planes from the raid confirmed this opinion.

Johnny, another Hellcat jockey, came back from his first sortie with a magneto shot away and asked for a replacement plane. He took off again to taunt the island batteries with his low-strafing tactics, and this time a direct hit crippled the hydraulic gear operating his wing flaps. He notified the carrier that he couldn't get the flaps down, which meant that he would have to land a hot fighter without this braking power.

Ready for Crash Landing

Such a landing is always dangerous, but it was decided to risk it. The flight deck was cleared, and extra barriers were raised forward, precautions for a crash landing. But Johnny had no intention of landing so crudely. His Hellcat stormed in over the stern in a perfect approach and, by skillful use of the brakes, he was able to slide it to a stop short of the barriers.

Later in the day, Johnny went down to the hangar deck to look over the second plane he had used to tempt fate. The mechanic showed him many holes in the fighter, including a sizable one through the propeller. The hydraulic system, they reported, would require a major operation.

"By the way, just how low did you go on your last trip?" one of the mechanics asked. "Look what we found sticking out of your wing guns." He held up a bunch of green slivers—palm fronds.

"Whew!" said Johnny. "I didn't realize I was down that low. It must have been on the final strafing run. Just before I pulled out of my dive, I saw another fighter closing in on the same target, so I dived under him. Those palm trees did look mighty close."

There was another spectacular dive that morning. Joe, a Dauntless pilot, had just peeled off to go below and plant his bombs when he ran smack into a burst of ack-ack that sliced through the engine's oil line. Hot oil gushed back into Joe's face and, just when he needed both his eyes most, he found himself blinded. The plane was speeding downward like a falling meteor and was definitely out of control.

Then Joe heard a calm voice speaking over the interphone: "I think you'd better pull out now, sir." The rear-seat gunner, realizing something was wrong, gave warning just in time.

When the plane leveled off, the gunner looked over the side of the cockpit. The plane was a few scant feet above the ocean.

By late afternoon, our business call on Bititu was finished, and some of the pilots made side trips to two other Jap bases in the vicinity—Makin and Apamana. There was little opposition at either of these, so the boys just took a good look around, dropped a few bombs as calling cards and came home.

Ernie Snowden, squadron commander of the dive bombers, led the last wave back from Bititu. As he circled the island for a last look at the fires and wreckage, he saw a sudden upheaval far below him. Buildings, uprooted palm trees and debris flew high into the air through a column of smoke and flame rising 4,000 feet. One of Ernie's boys had just hit the jack pot—an ammunition dump.

Baldy Pownall's mission was accomplished now, so he headed his ships back toward the base. Our speed was stepped up to get away from that unfriendly neighborhood, and fighter-plane patrols were ranging ahead of the task force to clear the sky of any enemy planes that might try to intercept us. Before the day was over, three Jap bombers did make a try, but two of them were shot down, and the third ducked behind a screen of clouds and decided to go home.

Four of our task-force planes were reported missing after the day's operations. How some of the others, battered and holed by antiaircraft fire, escaped the same fate was considered a miracle. Forty-nine of them sustained this damage and had landed safely back aboard.

The carrier was no longer a plebe; she was a veteran now, with crew and pilots ready for all comers, if and when. Their first action had been sweet reward for grueling months of training under a determined skipper and, by sheer coincidence, the date of their victory held particular significance for this observer, who had shared their hopes and fears and ambitions. It was my birthday anniversary.

THE END

NAMES

Owen Smells went into a Pryor, Montana, marriage license bureau to get a license to marry Mary Knows.

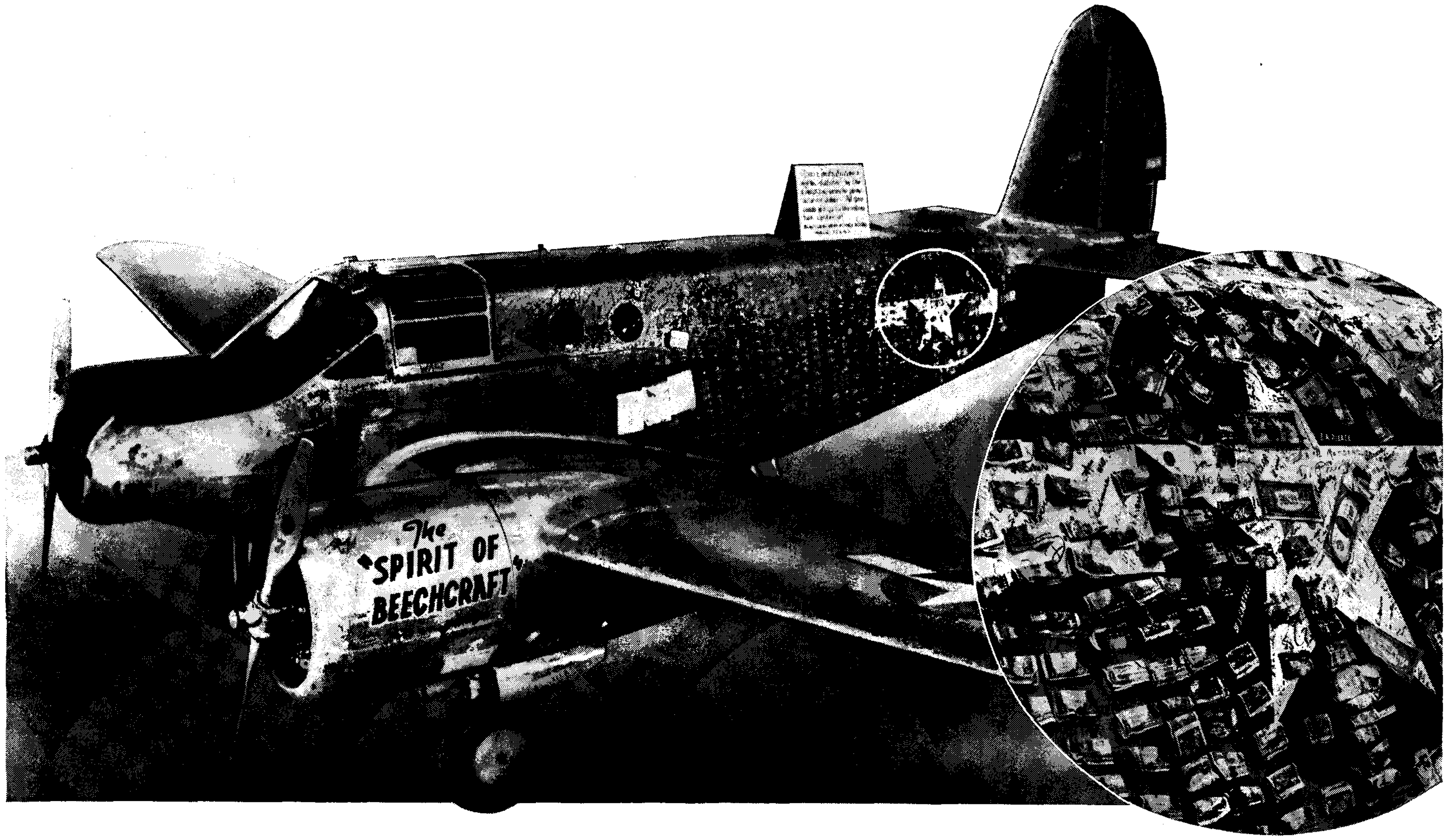
The director of the town band in Rockport, Missouri, is named Miss Silence.

Charles P. Cobb of the Bronx, New York, had his name changed to Howard DeP. Indiancorn.

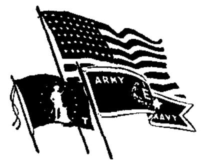
In Los Angeles, Miss Lolly Popps complained that a man had stolen her coat, purse, a check for $27 and 85 cents in change.

Trying to please everybody, a New York restaurateur, Raymond Andrieux, changed the name of his Vichyssoise soup to De Gaulloise, then to Giraudoise, and finally to Francoise. He says if that proves unsatisfactory he will call it Cordell Hulloise.

CHARLES H. PROUT



THE SPIRIT OF *Beechcraft*



What distinguishes this unkempt-looking Beechcraft plywood AT-10 Transitional Trainer from its sleek sisters among the umpteen hundreds that have been delivered to the Army Air Forces? Simply the fact that it is signed (in wash-off crayon) with the names of thousands of Beechcrafters and has their money plastered all over it.

It was the last unit of a large group, and a spontaneous movement developed on the production line to commemorate the event by autographing the airplane and making a donation to the recreational fund of the field to which the airplane would be assigned.

The Beechcrafters didn't care where the airplane was going; they just wanted to be generous to some of the Air Force men who use the product of their hands and skills.

In a few days the movement spread to all departments of the plant and almost every employee autographed the airplane and made his or her contribution. The result was a total of more than 2100 dollars derived solely from employee contributions, to be given without any restrictions to the recreational fund of the training field which received this Beechcraft AT-10.

This is another example of the Spirit of Beechcraft which has manifested itself in the past through Benefit Shows and Carnivals organized and conducted by Beechcrafters for the benefit of Service men and women.

The motto at Beechcraft is *"Let's Kill 'em with Production,"* but that doesn't prevent additional activities which are intended to show appreciation of the heavy contributions which are being made by Service men and women everywhere. Perhaps this spirit expresses the meaning of that much-abused word, Morale.

Beech Aircraft

CORPORATION

BEECHCRAFTS ARE DOING THEIR PART

WICHITA, KANSAS, U. S. A.

Rumba One Man

Continued from page 18

good-will plans of the various governments. "Avvrytheeng zat halps Pan-American good weel halps the roomba band bizness," he says. "Vize-Prezident Wallace haz done a lot for me. He'z my pal."

With this sally, Cugat winked so broadly that his beret shifted on his forehead. "Perhaps you don't know eet, but so far az the Souzz American people are concerned, Wallace ees Prezident of the United States."

When the war is done, Cugat figures we will send ten bands southward to every one coming northward, and that all our returning musicians will play Latin music. When that happy day arrives, Cugat, who is responsible for the whole thing, will have reached the climax of a saga that began in an appropriate atmosphere of fireworks on the first day of this century in Barcelona, when a son was born to the Cugat family and named Xavier in honor of Saint Francis Xavier.

Two years later, after Papa Cugat had had what was vaguely described as "some political trouble," his family—mother, father, aunt and four boys—voyaged to the New World in a crossing that took forty days, or almost as long as Columbus'. Mexico was the destination, but they stopped in Cuba, liked it and stayed there, a circumstance that turned out to be extremely fortunate, as Cugat points out, because "Mexico haz had twenty revolutions since then, and Father would have been in all of them."

The Man Across the Street

Papa caused an initial sensation by bringing the first acetylene light to Cuba; when it was introduced in a street lamp, citizens came miles to see it. Otherwise, Xavier's life was sunnily uneventful until, in his sixth year, a violin maker named Iglesiar set up shop across the street from the Cugat home, and the boy's waking hours became filled with the sweet, queer noises of violins being tuned and tested.

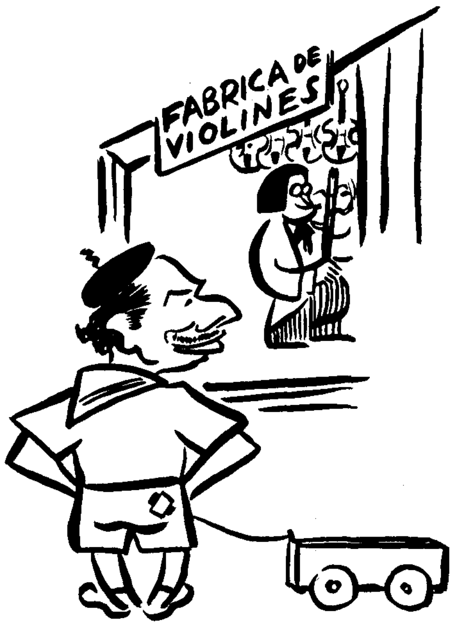
At first he ventured timidly across the road to stand outside the door and listen, but before long he was inside the shop, watching and asking questions, and, for his saint's day, Señor Iglesiar gave him a small violin. That gift started his career. "Eef we had moved in front of a shoemaker's shop, I'd be making shoes today," sums up Cugat.

By the time he was twelve, he was supporting the entire family by playing in the opera at Havana. He held the position of first violinist in the orchestra when Caruso sang there and Serafin conducted.

His ambition—vaguely motivated but, as it later proved, extremely sound—was to come to America, and in 1915 he did, accompanied, naturally, by the entire Cugat family which travels in a pack. He studied and concertized here, and was heard by Caruso, who engaged him as assisting artist.

The great tenor was an excellent cartoonist, and observing him on their tours around the country, Cugat became interested in the art which subsequently was to give him much pleasure, considerable money and some pain. His caricatures are so cruel that, not many years ago, a rather thin-skinned California lady took one look at a sketch he had done of her and promptly sued him for $25,000 damages. She lost the suit but, for a moment, things were uncomfortably *comme-çi, comme-ça,* and ever since then Coogie has preferred to draw men.

During his career as a concert violinist, Cugat was a musical purist with fanatical scorn for anything less noble than a Liszt concerto. "I waz never in a dancing place—that was a dizzgrace. I never listened to dance music—that was deesgosteeng." He smiles about it now, over his piles of newly minted gold.



At the tender age of six, Cugat ventured timidly across the road to listen to Iglesiar

He was a more-than-ordinarily-successful concert fiddler, the reverent reviews in his scrapbook attest to that, and he might be making the tour of the philharmonic halls to this day were it not for his predilection for stepping into fate's shoes every now and then and directing his own destiny.

"I make a date in the calendar," he says. "By that day, eef I am not on top of myself, I cut it out abzolutely." (Translated, this means he vowed that if, by a certain date, he was not the world's greatest concert violinist, he would give up his career.)

Fifteen years ago, that date loomed on the calendar. Cugat attired himself in tailcoat, carefully brushed his mustache, and soloed brilliantly with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. At the close of the concert, he laid his fiddle in its velvet-lined box and quit being a violinist. The next morning he became a cartoonist for the Los Angeles Times.

His caricatures were well received, but Cugat soon recognized the violent incompatibility existing between the Latin temperament and the journalistic dead line. "Az a hobby," he explains, "I love to draw. But eef I have a dead line, I cannot move my hand." So he gave up newspaper work.

Following a Popular Trend

At just about that time, he was beginning to figure that some day the United States would recognize Latin America. Americans seemed to love anything with a touch of Spanish—tunes like Valencia, musical comedies like Rio Rita and matinee idols like Valentino—so Cugat organized a Spanish band.

His musicians were dressed with ruffled sleeves and scarlet bandannas. He managed to get them installed at the Montmartre, a garish café on Hollywood Boulevard where one of Texas Guinan's young pals, a fellow named George Raft, used to hang around and do the tango. In those days, Latin music meant tangos. There were no rumbas being played north of the border.

The band was billed as Cugat and His Gigolos (gigolos were popular then, and the term was more complimentary than not), and under that title, the boys played the first "sound" short ever made. The ex-

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perimenting Warner Brothers paid Cugat five hundred dollars for it—band and all.

The Gigolos graduated from the Montmartre to the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, where Gus Arnheim was headlining with a trio of vocalists, including a kid named Bing Crosby. Cugat pepped up the Spanish part of the entertainment by hiring three personable Latin boys to dance with lady customers and "create an atmosphere"—Ramon Ramos, the dancer, Eddie LeBaron, who became an orchestra leader, and a third whom Cugat thinks it is better to leave unnamed since he is at the moment a South American general.

Rita Hayworth (then Cansino) was one of the group of dancers who performed under Cugat's baton. "I thought she waz a little, fat, unattractive girl," he admits. "Waz my face radd when I saw her later!"

When sound began to be used in motion pictures, Cugat scored dozens of musical films and started to make impressive money. So did his boys. They were paid $30 and $35 an hour, and they worked every hour they could stay awake.

Victim of a Double Play

At that stage of Coogie's career, his ideal of womanly beauty was Dolores Del Rio, then engaged in making a picture called The Loves of Carmen. He contrived to gain admittance to her set, meet her, express his extravagant admiration of her talents and beg permission to entertain her at dinner. The actress was surprisingly amiable. In fact, he had two dates with her before he discovered she was not Dolores Del Rio at all, but Miss Del Rio's double, Carmen Castillo. By that time he was too enslaved to care.

He used the old Spanish technique—had her serenaded every night by a group of Mexican boys—and it worked. Carmen fell for him. "When I dizzgovered she had thirty-two brothers and sizzters, I got a little skeptical about marriage," he confesses, but his qualms arrived too late.

Carmen was sold on the idea. She allowed the courtship to drag along just so far. Then she selected a day when he had been working on two pictures at once and was dead tired, called for him at the studio, announced she wished to drive home by way of downtown Los Angeles so she could buy some shoes, and drove to the City Hall instead. His chauffeur and a scrubwoman witnessed the ceremony.

Carmen quit pictures then and sang with Cugat's band for a while. Their marriage was colorful but continuous until last spring, when she decided that what she needed was a divorce, and The King agreed with her. "Being the wife of an orchestra leader iz very tiresome," he observed.

He arranged the divorce settlement, gave Carmen her fare to Reno and kissed her goodby. But, in her excitement, Carmen got on a train for Los Angeles by mistake, and by the time she got off she wasn't so sure she really wanted the divorce, so she never went to Reno. A reconciliation followed and, at the moment of going to press, the Cugats are still Mr. and Mrs.

Cugat's phenomenal success in promoting the rumba and saving it from the fate the tango met in Anglo-Saxon countries is part talent, part technique, part timing.

Subtle coaching from The King made New Yorkers first to pick up the rumba idea. He lured their feet into following the simple but sultry pattern of the tropics by a deft device. He would take a popular American number, play a couple of choruses as a fox trot, then introduce the Latin instruments one by one and gently change the tempo until the fox trot became a rumba, and people were dancing to it without realizing they were doing something new. That was technique.

Timing entered the picture when he plugged the rumba at the height of the ASCAP-BMI feud. When that contretemps started, radio advertisers anticipated being forced to take all dance bands off the air, because most of their tunes were in the forbidden ASCAP category. But lo! There was Cugat with a tremendous repertoire—all non-ASCAP and, by a not-surprising coincidence, all Latin. He was swamped with offers, accepted one from a cigarette company and gave the rumba a tremendous shove into the national limelight.

Also, at that time, natives of Texas and Rhode Island and Idaho began to discover South America. Travel in Europe was virtually out, so vacationers cruised to Brazil and Argentina, and people who had never liked or even listened to Latin music had a few drinks in the soft lush ozone of a Rio night and, before they knew it, were loving the rumba beat. Next thing, they were trying to dance to it.

As soon as New Yorkers had accepted the rumba, it went west to Los Angeles and then to towns like Chicago and St. Louis. Detroit is rumba-mad. Every time Cugat plays there, he breaks all records, and last season when a prominent New York dancing teacher had thirty-six rumba instructors working in one hotel, they couldn't handle all the people who wanted to take lessons.

This, Cugat avers, is in sharp contrast to the situation in Cuba, where hardly anybody dances except professionals. "Buzzinezzmen never dance in Cuba," he says. "They don't dance with their wives because they don't take their wives to night clubz, they take their sweethearts; and they aren't suppozed to be seen with their sweethearts, so they don't dance."

The outfit with which The King woos the rumba lovers is fifty per cent Latin, fifty per cent American, and is composed of eighteen musicians, two vocalists and ten choristers. He also employs two arrangers, a voice coach, a road manager, a personal secretary, a bookkeeper, an accountant, a road secretary, a business manager, two publicity advisers and a valet.

His wardrobe rivals Adolphe Menjou's in size and exquisiteness, although recently, in deference to the times, he has been traveling light, with just twenty suits. All except evening clothes are made of striped materials, because Coogie optimistically believes stripes make him look taller and thinner. At home, in his office or at rehearsals he clings to the blue beret that makes him look like a tired but rakish cherub. He is fond of flashy jewelry, and goes in for gold bracelets and shirt studs initialed with "X" in diamonds.

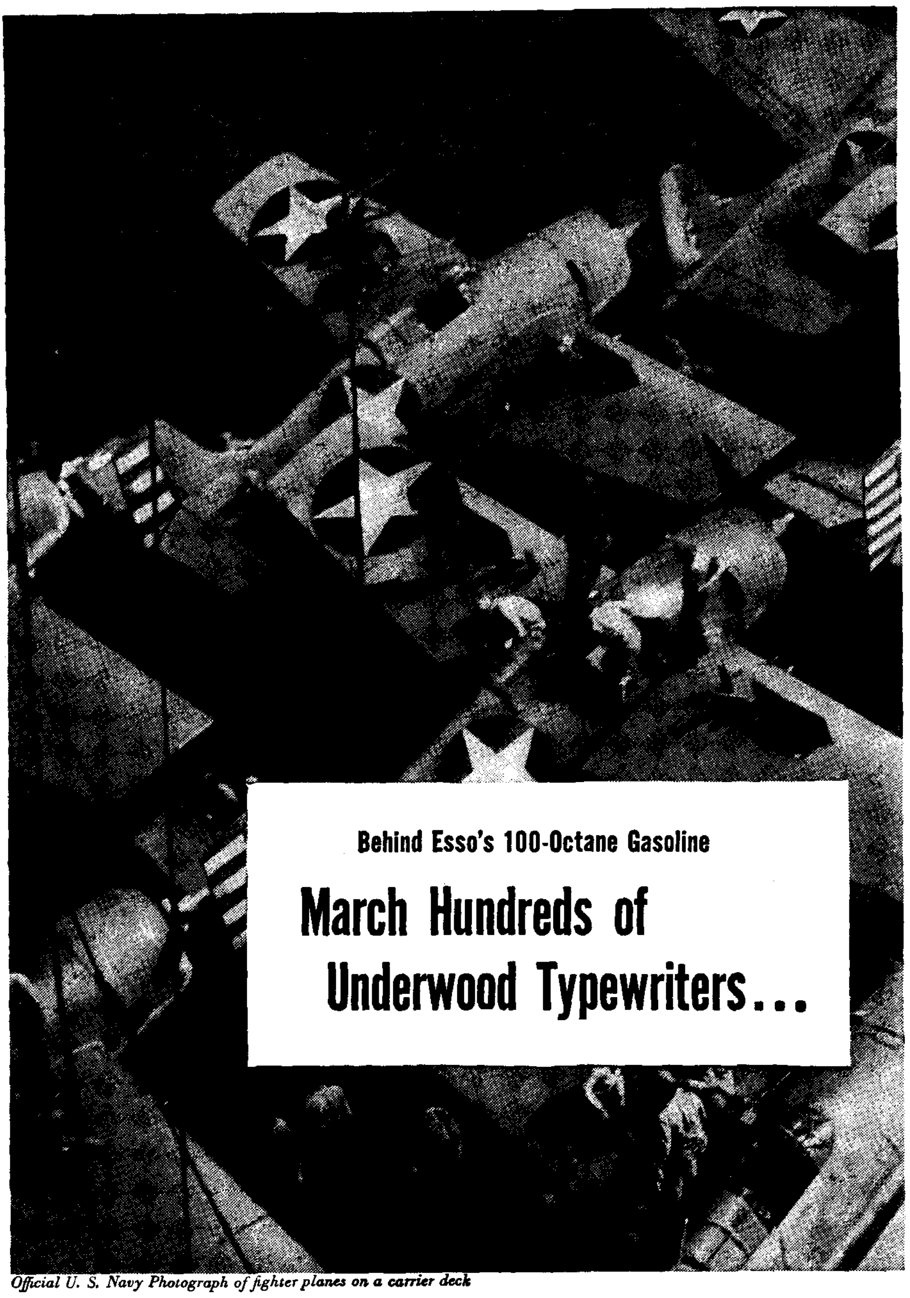
Obedient to His Dead Line

He does not plan to wield a baton all his life. He has another date with himself, a date which no one, not even his wife, knows—to fish at Acapulco and to paint with oils. When that date comes up on the calendar, he will pack his rods and his brushes and you will hear no more rumbas by Cugat, except those he leaves behind him on ten-inch platters.

But before that day, he intends to strike a tremendous blow for Pan-American good will by touring South America with an entertainment organization of one hundred people—orchestra, choir, singers and dancers. He has official invitations from the governments of most of the South American countries to visit them. This he intends to do immediately after the war ends, taking his tunes along with him and doing to Buenos Aires what he has done to Boston, Massachusetts.

There is no end to The King's ambition. He expects to make the rumba so popular that someday even the Latins will be doing it.

THE END



Official U. S. Navy Photograph of fighter planes on a carrier deck

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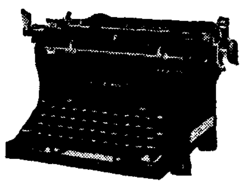
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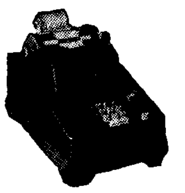
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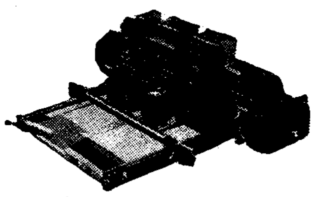
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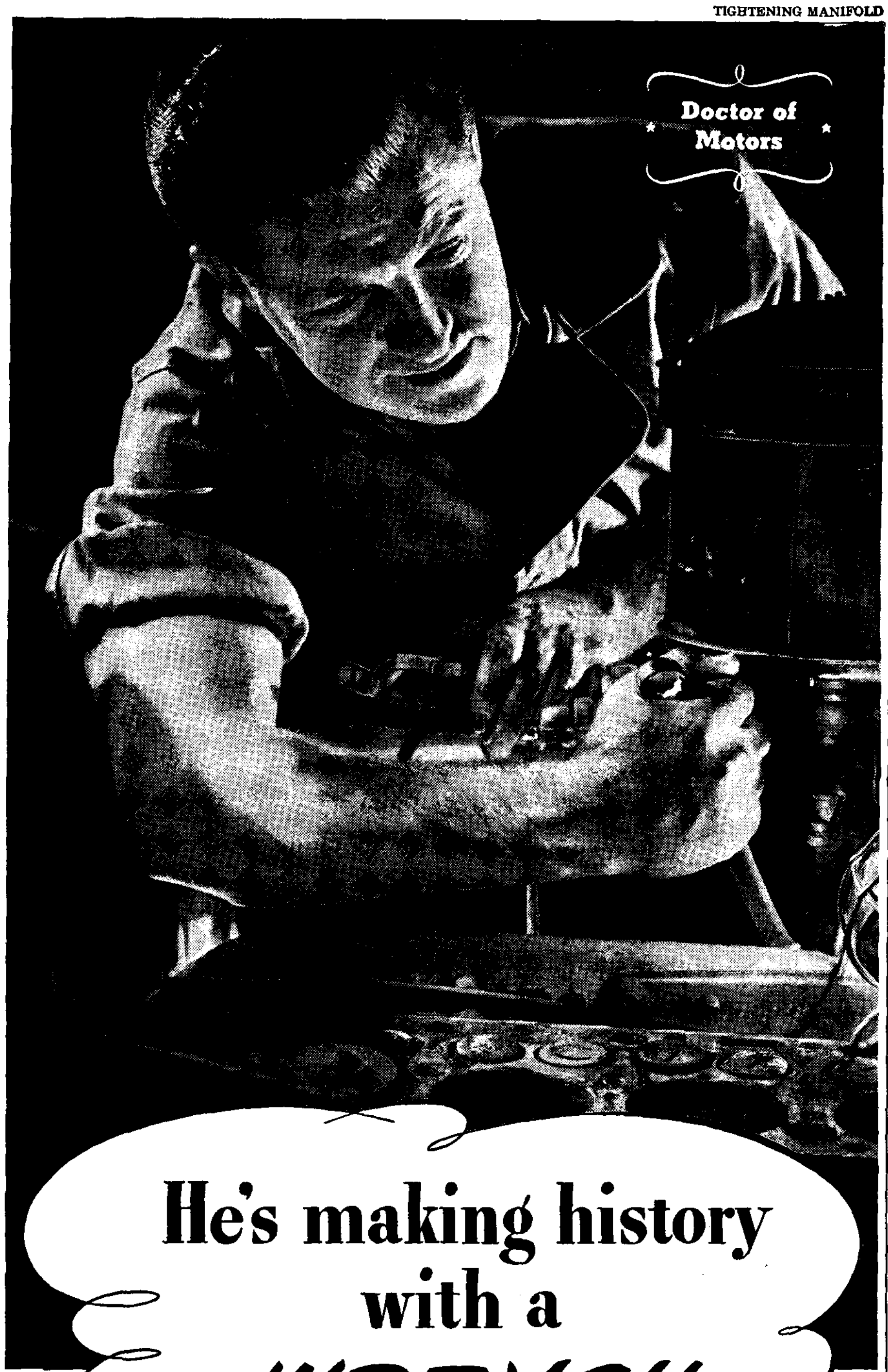

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Any Week

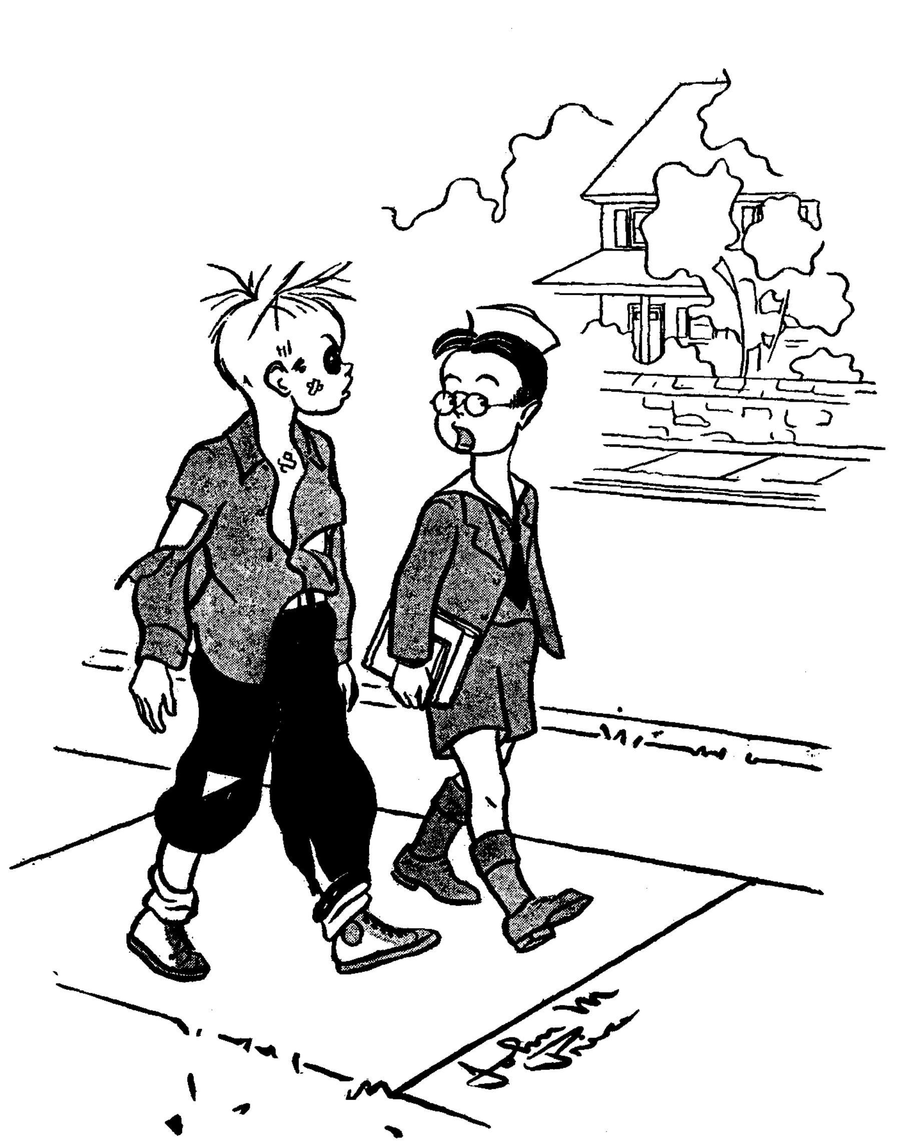
Continued from page 4

defense is that the noise of jive from that loud-speaker was driving him mad and reducing his efficiency as a riveter. "I just couldn't stand it," said Mr. Christisen. "Pistol Packin' Mama, Cow-Cow Boogie. No, sir, just couldn't stand it." However, we have refused to act as treasurer for the Roy Lewis Christisen Defense League and have returned four dollars received from the Bach Fugue Fellowship, the Beethoven Brotherhood, the International Society for the Promotion of Chamber Music, and the West Coast Friends of Good Music. Some of Mr. Christisen's fellow workers tried to prefer special charges against him because he cut off Frank Sinatra smack in the middle of I'll Never Smile Again, but the F.B.I. seemed to think that that part was O. K.

SOMEWHAT to our surprise, Harold Ickes is not a hero to all the employees of the Department of the Interior. An old friend of his who has long been in the habit of just dropping in on the secretary, without appointment, was greatly concerned when told that Mr. Ickes had gone home to his Maryland farm, although it was not yet three o'clock. "Not ill, I hope," said the visitor. "Nope," replied one of Mr. Ickes' boys. "Just gone home to curdle some milk."

HAVING thought it over carefully, we've come to the conclusion that, in affairs military, we shall put our faith in General Marshall rather than such politicos as Senator Taft and Senator Wheeler. So we're immovably opposed to a suggestion from Mr. Edwin N. Nimball of New Orleans, Louisiana. Mr. Nimball thinks that our generals should be elected by popular vote. He argues that we elect judges, giving them power to dispose of us as they see fit when we're foolish enough to get caught. Therefore . . . But no. We shall mention no names, but when we think of some of the gentlemen who'd be running for jobs held by Eisenhower, Clark, MacArthur, Halsey, King, Nimitz, Arnold, Spaatz and Doolittle, we're tempted to run out for a quick one. In fact, that's just what we did. And when we realized that these bush-beating wahoos would doubtless be elected, we had another.

AND from one of our soldiers we received a warmish letter written immediately after he had listened to an American news broadcaster croon the glorious tidings that "in the Salerno sector our victorious troops are swiftly mopping up the remnants of the Nazi forces." This soldier writes from a hospital where he is recovering from wounds, happily minor, received at Salerno. "All I want to know," says he, "is did this punk ever try mopping up a couple of hundred Nazi 88s parked a hundred and fifty feet above him? How many beers does a guy have to mop up before he gives out with stuff like that? At Salerno we and the Germans mopped up each other, only we mopped a little faster. The trouble with being in the Army is that we get to have more respect for our opponents than we have for our friends, especially swiftly mopping-up broadcasters. Otherwise I'm fine. How're you? . . . W. D.



COLLIER'S "Yes, but the important thing is, did you win the peace?" JOHN M. PRICE

Home Again

Continued from page 30

corner of the barn. He was standing in the middle of the vegetable garden and she knew he liked what he saw. It was mid-September. The first black frost was only a week or two away. But the garden was at its peak, bearing far more of everything than she and the children could harvest. She even had new peas.

Tom turned as she walked toward him between the tomatoes and the sweet corn. He looked tall and lean in his khaki shirt and trousers.

"Hello, little one," he said.

He put his free arm around her and she held up her face to be kissed.

"I've got to get rid of this cup," he said, when he'd kissed her.

He put the cup and saucer down under a tomato plant.

"I'll pick it up on my way back," he said.

She smiled at that and he smiled back. They both knew he'd forget it. One of the hired man's chores, when they'd had a hired man, was to pick up the coffee cups that Tom left beside trees or on terrace walls.

THEY walked down the garden rows, his arm around her when the space was wide enough, pausing often to note something special—like the belated hollyhock blooming in the corn.

"You've done a lot of work," he said. "The garden's as good as it was when we had a man."

"You know how I love doing it," Katy said.

There were things she didn't love doing—washing dishes, for instance, and shelling endless baskets of peas to be canned, and running the lawn mower. But they all helped to keep her busy the day long and it was only when she was busy that she could keep down her anxious thoughts about him. He'd been away a year. But the summer had been the worst. There had been weeks and weeks when she hadn't known whether he was in England or in Sicily, whether he was alive or dead.

They walked out of the vegetable garden toward a wide flower border in front of a dry wall. Then the children came—Cynthia and Johnny. They looked shyly at this man who was a stranger and yet their father. And then Cynthia smiled back at him.

"I want to ride on your shoulder," she said.

"So do I," Johnny said.

Tom put Cynthia on one shoulder and Johnny on the other and walked back to the kitchen door. Katy followed them proudly. The two children were almost as brown as their father after his summer in Sicily. He looked ever so boyish with the children on his shoulders, with his close-cropped hair and his lean hard body.

It was only when she studied his face that Katy knew he had been through something that had made him older—much more than a year older. He had a white scar on the left side of his head, above his ear. She'd asked him the night before what had hit him. He'd just grinned and said, "I don't know—I didn't see it coming."

They had breakfast on the terrace, the two children staring, grave-eyed, at their father. He smiled at them but he was as silent as they were.

Katy tried not to chatter. There were so many things she wanted to say, so many things she wanted to ask. But she felt she had to wait.

"Mother," Cynthia said, "may we play in the brook?"

"Yes, of course," Katy said.

The two children ran barefooted across the lawn to the little dam where the water fell a foot or so. Katy sat beside Tom watching them. He took her hand in his. There had been many times that summer when she wished she had a near neighbor. But now she was glad there was no one within half a mile. Hardly anyone except the rural free delivery carrier came along their road. She hadn't told their friends just when Tom was coming. No one would interrupt this peace, this content, this happiness. And she wouldn't think about the sixth day, when they'd drive to the railway station ten miles away and she'd come back alone.

Cynthia and Johnny had boats made of shingles. They were wading more than knee-deep in the pool above the dam and getting their clothes wet.

"They look awfully well," Tom said.

"They've been so good. They've been too good. It's as if they felt they had to be—when you were away."

He sat watching the children in silence for a long time.

"Has it been pretty tough, Katy?" he asked, without turning his head, without looking at her, almost as if he were asking the question of himself.

"Not so bad," she said.

"Do you get enough sleep?"

That was, she thought, a soldier's question. It had never occurred to him to ask her if she got enough sleep before he went into the Army.

"Heavens," she said. "I go to bed at dark with the children and I'm usually tired enough so I go to sleep within five minutes."

"You aren't working too hard?"

"No," she said. "And it's so good to be physically tired at night because—"

She didn't finish the sentence. She had been about to say "because then you sleep no matter how anxious you are." She didn't want to tell him how afraid she'd been for him.

He was silent again. She wouldn't have minded his silence if it hadn't been so unlike him. He'd talked so freely in the old days—about the children, about this place they had built together, about his work. She knew there was something on his mind that he was determined not to talk about. It must be so much on his mind that he couldn't talk about anything else. She couldn't ask him what it was and yet she had to know.

THE telephone rang inside the house and as she got up to answer it she stilled her feeling that the telephone threatened bad news by telling herself it couldn't be anything bad—not when Tom and the children were right here in sight, when they were all together.

"Let me take it," Tom said.

She had to let him. She could hear his voice through the open window as he talked at the telephone, without hearing what he said. But he sounded so cordial, so like his old self.

"Hey, Katy," he called out from the window. "Can we go to the Hewitts' for lunch?"

It was so like Sally Hewitt to interrupt their first day together. She was the warm-hearted sociable kind of person who didn't know that anyone ever wanted privacy.

"Do you want to go?" she called back to Tom.

"Sure."

She couldn't tell him what a blow it was that he wanted to go. How could he want to leave this place for Sally Hewitt's?

"Of course we can go," she said.

Tom helped her do the breakfast dishes and then it was only a little while before she had to find dry clothes for Cynthia

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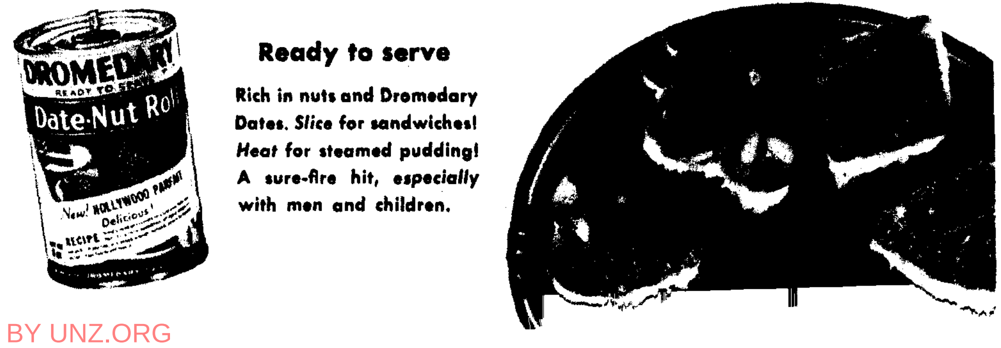

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and Johnny and they drove the mile to the Hewitts' big house. There were ten people for lunch and more came afterward. The party lasted all afternoon. The Logans asked everybody to their house after dinner. Katy saw that Tom took it for granted she'd accept.

"I haven't anybody to stay with the children," she protested.

"Oh, darling, we'll fix that," Sally Hewitt said.

She did fix it. She sent her fifteen-year-old daughter over to spend the night.

Katy had planned a grand dinner—sweet corn and peas fresh from the garden and fried chicken; but when they got home there wasn't time for a dinner like that. Besides, the Hewitts had given them fried chicken for lunch. Everybody in the neighborhood raised broilers and had chickens for guests because there weren't enough points for anything else. She got Tom to open a tin of ham she'd been saving all summer, and made a salad. When she got the children to bed it was time to dress.

She had no chance to talk to Tom all evening, or even to listen to him. She'd hardly seen her old friends all summer and they wanted to talk to her. Toward the end she shamelessly abandoned Sam Hewitt when he was in the middle of a sentence in order to join Tom and Dr. Rowland.

"It's one of those assignments you don't hear much about," Tom was saying. "I don't know why they picked me for it. I'm no psychologist. I'm with a fighter squadron but of course I'm not a pilot. All I do is talk to fighter pilots when they come in and try to find out what happened. Sometimes you sit with a man for hours before you get much out of him. You see they're wound up. They're so wound up they don't remember what they saw or did. Or if they remember they don't want to talk about it. And we have to know."

Dr. Rowland was interested. "How do you unwind them?" he asked.

"It all depends," Tom said. "Sometimes you do one thing and sometimes another. But mostly you just wait. Whatever's on the man's mind wants to come out and in time it does."

Katy was hurt because Tom had told Dr. Rowland so much more about his job in the Army than he had told her. She felt when she got home after midnight that she might as well have stayed home and let him go without her. She hadn't had a word with him. And Tom had seemed perfectly happy talking to other people.

She took him with her into Cynthia's room to make sure Cynthia was asleep and then into Johnny's room. But he didn't linger to admire them as she felt a father who hadn't seen his children for a year might linger. They were such beautiful children, and so sturdy.

"We made a lot of dates," Tom said, as they were going to bed. He seemed to think it was fine.

KATY lay awake after he'd gone to sleep, thinking bitterly of the invitations she'd had to accept. Every single evening of the five days left was taken; and most of the afternoons.

She awoke to the sound of the shower bath and remembered what had happened the day before. She pretended to be asleep with her face buried in the pillow as he tiptoed around the room. She couldn't let him see that she was crying.

When she heard him go downstairs she took a quick shower, put on a fresh cotton dress and went down to the kitchen. He was sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee. He jumped up to get coffee for her.

"I thought you'd be walking around the place with your coffee cup in your hand," she said.

His face was turned away as he got a cup and saucer from the shelf, so she couldn't see his expression as he spoke.

"I did that yesterday," he said.

She sat down at the table opposite him. In the old days he'd looked the place over every morning.

So, she thought, something is really the matter.

She wanted to say, "Are we married or aren't we?" But she knew she mustn't.

They had breakfast on the terrace again with the children. And then the telephone rang. She hurried to answer it before Tom could.

It was a Mrs. Woodbury—somebody she hardly knew—asking them to lunch.

Katy put the woman off. She knew as she went back to the terrace that she'd been rude about it. She didn't care.

"There's something you could do for me," she said to Tom. "You could grind all the knives. They're so dull."

"Do I have to do that?"

She saw that he was only pretending he didn't like the idea.

"You can do it while I'm doing the dishes," she said.

He got out all the kitchen knives. The children followed him out to the barn. Presently she heard the song of the grindstone.

SHE went to the telephone then and called up all the people whose invitations she'd accepted and canceled them. Tom ground things all morning. When he'd sharpened the knives he went to work on the sickle and the scythe and the ax. And after lunch he and she and the children worked in the vegetable garden, picking bushels of tomatoes.

"Weren't we asked to a cocktail party?" Tom asked toward five o'clock.

"It's off," Katy said.

"Where do we go for dinner?"

"We're having dinner at home."

He picked the peas and the corn. They had the dinner she'd planned for the night before. When she'd put the children to bed she went back to the terrace and sat on a bench beside Tom. It was warm and still. The moon, big and red and round, rose slowly over the treetops across the brook.

Katy put her head on his shoulder and he put his arm around her.

"I thought the Renshaws asked us to dinner," he said.

"They did."

"What happened?"

"I called it off. I telephoned everybody and called everything off."

She knew by the sudden stiffening of his body that he was angry. He took his arm away and turned to face her.

"How could you do that to our old friends?"

"Why couldn't I?"

"What excuse did you give?"

"I said you needed a rest so badly that we just couldn't go places."

"What do you think they thought was the real reason?" She saw that he was furious and trying not to show it. "What did you do it for?"

"I had to," Katy said.

"But why? Are you crazy?"

"You treat me as if you hardly knew me," she said. She couldn't keep the bitterness out of her voice as she went on. "I might be any woman you happened to be with. You're like a stranger in the house. You don't pay any attention to the children. You don't care about this place any more. You don't tell me anything about yourself or what you've been through or how you feel about it. You don't talk to me."

"I suppose you think you talk to me," Tom said. "I come home and find you so tense you aren't a wife at all. I know you've been anxious about me. I know you've been working too hard. But you won't admit a thing. I know you've had a hell of a summer here alone with the kids and when I ask you if it's been tough you say, 'Not too bad.' I ask you if you've had enough sleep and you say you go to bed at dark and sleep the way the children do."

"I didn't say I slept well." She didn't mean to yell that at him but she did.

"That's what you were trying to make me believe. Of course I seem like a stranger to you because you treat me as if I were somebody you couldn't tell the truth to."

"Oh," she said, "how could you say that!"

And then she could no longer hold back the tears. She was quarreling with him and she couldn't bear to quarrel.

Tom put his arm around her and she cried on his shoulder.

"You—you haven't—haven't told me anything—"

"What have you told me, Katy?" he asked. His tone was ever so tender.

"Everything. What a tough summer I've had. And how sore I was at you for leaving me and going into the Army when you didn't have to."

"What!" Tom said.

"Of course I was. Wouldn't any woman be? I wanted you to go. I'm so proud and glad you did. I wouldn't have you any different. But can't a person feel two ways at once?"

"A person certainly can," Tom said. "I want to stay here forever and I want to go back. I want to tell you about everything in the Army and I don't want to talk about it at all. I want to be alone with you and I want to see our friends and have a few drinks and all the rest of it—the way I would if I'd never been away."

"I—I," Katy began. "Maybe I wasn't as loving last night or the night before as I wanted to be—as I am now."

He held her closer.

"You still haven't told me."

SHE waited a long time for her answer. "It's those kids in the Army," he said at last. "They're so young and so good at their jobs and so brave. I'm almost old enough to be their father. They talk to me about their girls and about the little towns where they grew up and about what they want out of life. And what they want is what you and I have."

"We haven't it any more. They've taken it away from us."

"For a little while. We'll have it again. Some of those boys never will have it. They're fighting for something they'll never have—so we can have it."

"You like them. You're crazy about them."

"That's why it's tough. Because every once in a while I wave a hand at some grand kid as he's going out to his plane. And I watch him go up. And that's the last I see of him. He never comes back."

"So when you're sitting with me and never saying anything, you're thinking about them."

"Some," he said. "When I look across the lawn at Cynthia and Johnny playing in the brook I think all the children in the world ought to be like that. Those boys of mine were like that once."

Katy put her cheek against his. "You want to go back to them."

"This is paradise. But I want to go back to them."

They were both silent for a long time, his arm around her, her head on his shoulder.

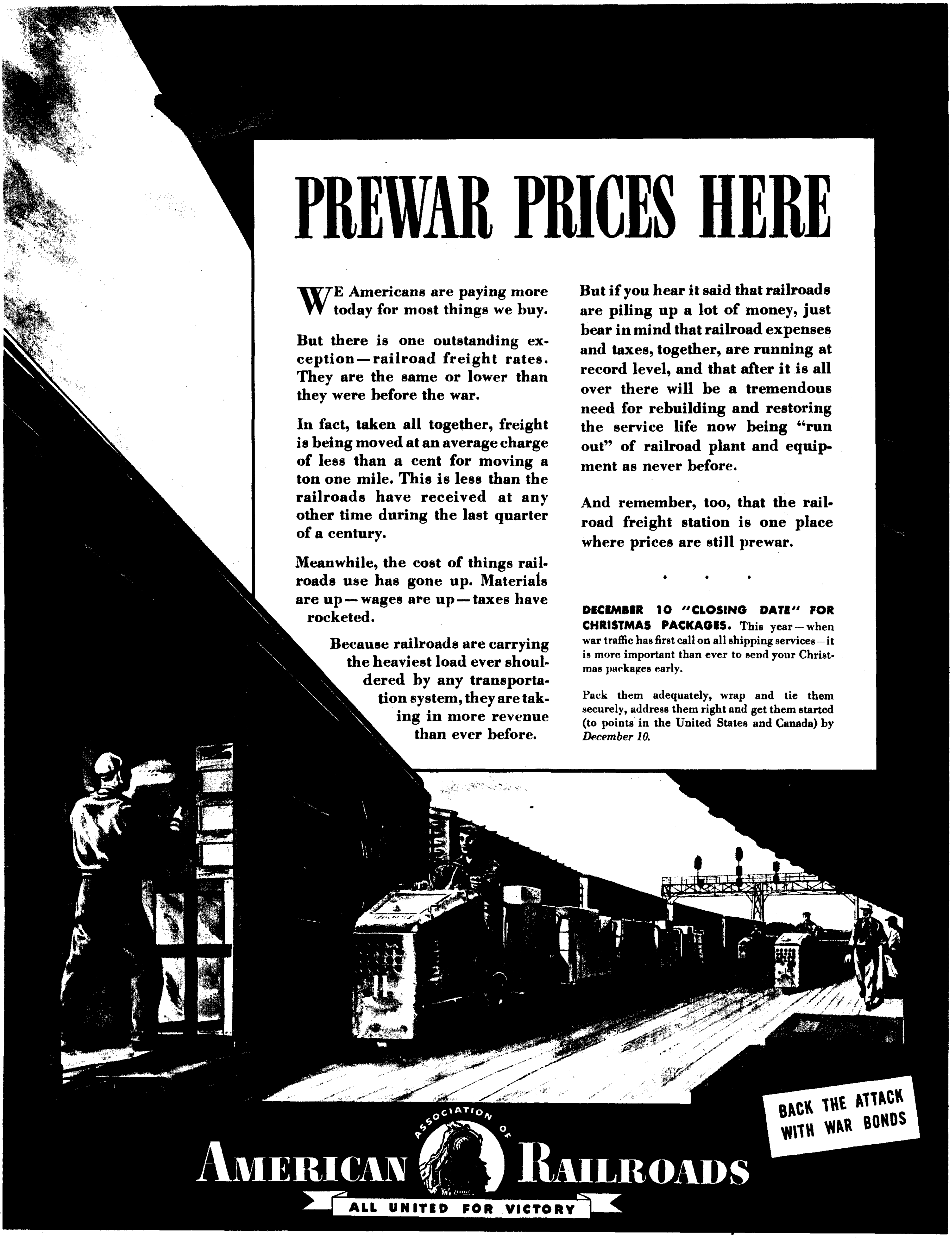
Then Katy jumped up and started for the house.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To call up Betty Hoyt and tell her we'd like to come to dinner after all," Katy said. "Because you aren't a stranger any more. You're home again."

He caught her hand, and they walked into the house together . . .

THE END



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And remember, too, that the railroad freight station is one place where prices are still prewar.

• • •

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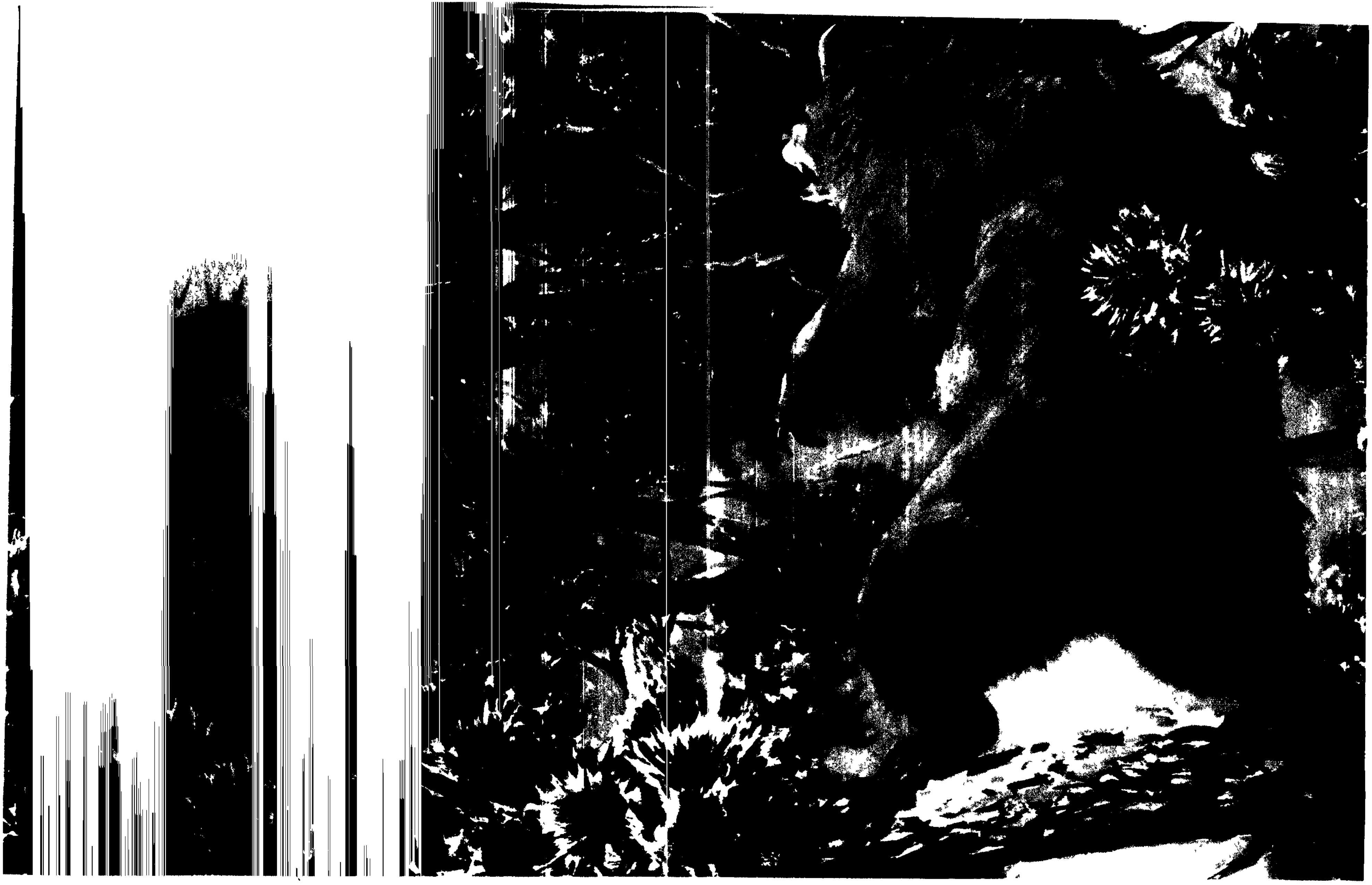

“Whoa!” Joe breathed in sudden alarm, for Pieface began to act queerly. The bear raised his muzzle, showed gleaming fangs and snarled

A KILLER AT TWO TREES

BY KENNETH GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Joe had hand-raised Pieface and he couldn't believe the cub had turned killer, not even when all the evidence seemed to point that way

THE moon was down, and in that darkest hour after the false dawn, it was hardly possible to see objects beside the foot of the low cliff. Yet a black and bulky shadow stirred, and another, less bulky but trim and leonine, moved likewise, and the night-shrouded silence was traced by a snarling duet, one high-pitched and whining, the other rumbling with menace. The third shadow, which lay on the ground between them, did not stir.

For as much as a minute, the mutual threat lasted, then ceased as both faced about upwind, listening. Soon after, the opaque darkness of the near-by scrub timber swallowed them. Dawn was just breaking when a man and a boy rode down the wind and stopped suddenly as they saw the dead colt lying on the ground.

Behind them, trotting nervously and nickering with uneasiness as she rolled her eyes and twitched sensitive nostrils at the dread taint of death which hung thinly in the air, the chestnut mare followed the riders. Only the presence of the human beings could have drawn her back to this spot of terror where the night-haunting assassin had struck down her first-born. But she drew a little courage from their presence, and although the panicky impulse to bolt still was strong in her, she would not run unless they did.

She whistled at sight of the moveless thing lying on the ground. It looked familiar and yet it was unlike the baby that had galloped at her heels while the clean breeze from the hills stroked their flying manes. She stopped and would come no nearer, but the bowlegged man with the gray, drooping whiskers swung out of the saddle of his fidgeting mount, dropped reins to earth and walked forward, studying the ground.

“Bear,” he announced grimly at last, looking up at the boy accusingly. He pointed to one spot on the hard-packed ground where the outlines of a big, almost manlike paw were still visible. “No other bear that size hereabout, so there's no mistake. *Your* bear, by thunder! I reckon you'll have to tell Steve what it was killed his colt when he comes back tomorrow!”

The boy was maybe seventeen, range-burned and lanky, with older eyes whose expression did not seem to belong to the unlined features that still held the downy look of the fledgling. He saw the bear track and he saw the dead colt, and he risked one glance at old Mac Peters before he looked away quickly. Steve would have to be told. Steve, who had been at Guadalcanal and who was now on his way back, “bunged up a little,” as he had written his brother. Steve Brandon had always been fond of understatement, and Joe had scarcely dared think of what that admission “bunged up a little” might mean. Probably crippled or, at least, hurt so bad that it would be a long spell before he'd be able to pull his weight around the ranch again. Joe worried about Steve, and it doubled his worry now to remember what Steve had tagged onto his last letter.

“BUT I can get around enough to train Daisy's colt,” he had written. “Can't wait until I lay eyes on him! Kid, you won't believe it, but I thought more about you and about Daisy and her youngster than I did about the Japs out on that stinking island. You ever see anything more of that fool bear you raised as a cub? Pieface, you called him, because of that punkin-colored muzzle of his. I laugh every time I think about that, kid. But if he cuffed Mac, it's a wonder that you only run him off the place, instead of shooting him. Can't trust a bear when he grows up. They get mean and treacherous. Like Japs! He'll likely start working on the stock if he ever gets hungry enough. Well, now, Joe, you take care of yourself, and I'll be seeing you next week, because they're turning me out of this hospital in four days, and I'm fanning for home. Tell Daisy to take care of that baby of hers, special care. He's got the best blood lines in the country.”

Yep, Steve would have to be told, and it would hurt worse than Jap bullets did.

Old Mac spat on the ground disgustedly. “If you'd let me kill that blasted bear when he mauled me, this wouldn't have happened. Said you'd run him out of the country, but, Joe, I know all about what you've been doin'. I follered you once to Two Trees Springs, and I saw that cussed critter come out of the brush like he'd been expectin' you. Saw you feed him half a comb of honey. Run him out of the country? You've been coaxin' him to stay, and this is what you get for it!”

He hunched his shoulders and turned as though to stride back to his anxious horse, for it would come no nearer to that thing lying on the ground. And yet he waited as though he expected Joe would have something to say.

“Mac,” Joe said at last, “you hated Pieface from the start, and that's what caused this. When Steve hauled out, you set yourself to be rid of that bear; and you teased him; that's why he cuffed you. If Steve had been here, you wouldn't have done that. Shucks, Pieface is more like a dog! He wouldn't harm—”

“He did that, didn't he?” broke in

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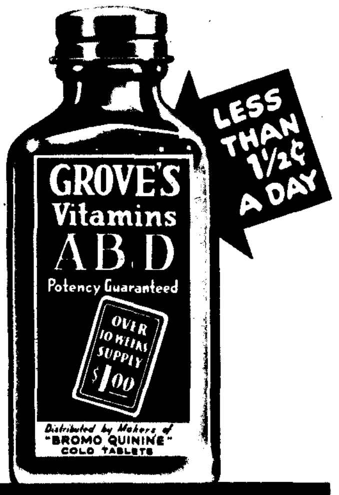
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Peters, pointing to the dead colt. "He aimed to get himself a feed of horse meat because he got tired of honey, maybe. Well, it's your chore. You can tell Steve. Or, maybe you'd *like* me to tell him!"

Joe sighed, and in the dawn his face looked tired and drawn, for they had been riding half the night, ever since Daisy had come thundering up to the house, telling them of the dread thing which had happened.

"I'll tell him," replied Joe. "It's fit that I should."

He looked more small-boyish than ever; this was going to be the toughest demand ever made on his courage. He looked— But then old Mac Peters came to him in a stride and clapped his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"Kid," he said huskily, "I know what you're up against. I'm stringin' along with you when Steve hears. But there's one thing he'll want to know. He'll ask what we've done about—this. Well, we can do that!"

"You mean—"

"Pete Cruger and his pack," Mac went on. "We'll go get him now. We'll track down that cussed bear with them dogs, *tree him, and you'll shoot him.* Then we'll have his pelt to show Steve tomorrow. Thing like this couldn't have been foreseen. But it'll make it easier for Steve when he knows you've acted prompt—that you've got the killer."

The boy hesitated. After a moment, he said as though to himself, "Why, I fed Pieface from a bottle when he was only a baby bear not much bigger than a kitten. He's trusted me ever since." He wagged his head and his face screwed up. "Mac, I—I can't kill him!"

"If you can't," retorted Peters sharply, "then I can, by thunder!" This time he turned toward his horse and kept going. "I'm goin' to get me some sleep. Then we're riding for Cruger's place."

THEY called him Silent Pete Cruger, and he had not spoken since they had ridden to his place that morning and told the story. He did not speak now as he got out of the old buckboard, uncrated the four hounds, led the patient nag to a scrub tree in the lee of the cliff and tethered her there.

The afternoon sun lay hotly across the land. It was about as hot, thought Joe whimsically, as Steve had found it on Guadalcanal. His arms cradled the carbine which Steve had given him three years ago. Mac Peters got off his horse, carrying an old-fashioned repeater with brass trimmings; the dogs were still on leash, but sniffing eagerly about the ground where the dead colt lay. A swarm of bluebottle flies rose with angry buzzing and settled again.

"There!" Mac pointed out the still visible bear track on the ground. "Let 'em get a whiff of that!"

Cruger shot him a curious glance but did not speak. Suddenly, a big blue-tick hound, apparently the leader of the pack, raised his muzzle and sent a melodious blast ringing through the silent hills.

Mac Peters chuckled and fingered his rifle. "This oughta be easy," he declared. "That bear didn't go far. Old Drum, there, has got him figured out already!"

Cruger looked at him again, and cast off the dogs.

Joe felt a tingle run up and down his spine. Pieface, he thought, his throat pinching together unaccountably, wouldn't stand a chance.

Silent Pete Cruger let the dogs sing while he unhitched his horse from the buckboard and threw a saddle across her back. He had no rifle, but a hog-leg gun swung in a holster at his right hip. He swung up and took off at a slow trot after the pack which had fanned out now and were making good time toward the northeast.

Mac rode alongside Joe's horse. "We'll have that black devil inside two-three hours," he declared confidently. "Pete will let us take the pelt to show Steve. Bears don't run far, and they go up a tree soon as they know dogs are on their trail."

Joe's eyes puckered a little, as though the wind hurt them, but he said nothing.

Half a mile farther, the dogs paused and milled about. The scrub timber had thinned out, and a creek twisted away through the woods. The trail they had been following evidently led downstream, for they swung that way at last. Thereafter, they came out of the timber and spread out over a rock slide. Their singing had died now, save for an occasional yelp of petulance, as though at protest in having lost the scent.

Darkness settled over the hills, and in the gloom the dogs could not be seen, although now and then they could be heard. "Hell's fire!" muttered Mac Peters. "A bear's smell is so danged strong I could pretty nigh trail it myself." But Pete Cruger paid no attention at all; he sat there on his horse, listening.

After a spell, Joe heard the triumphant bellow of Old Drum again, telling the rest of the pack that the puzzle of the trail had been solved. Joe let the wind out of his lungs so gustily that Mac Peters heard him and turned in the darkness.

"You kinda figgered that bear got away, didn't you, kid?" he said. "But the scent will hold better, now that the sun is down. We'll catch up with him soon. There'll be a moon, too."

Then he kneed his horse and rode off after Pete Cruger, whose wise nag was already picking out the easiest course over the rough ground. Joe said nothing, but followed the others.

The trail grew easier now, for it had swung back into the scrub timber once more. It was an hour later that they caught up with the dogs. They had fallen silent and were sniffing at something lying on the ground. Pete Cruger spurred his horse and came up quickly, and at a single word of command, the pack broke and drew off. Joe got down from his horse as did Mac Peters, and they gathered around.

"Fawn," announced Peters. "That damn' bear took time out enough to get himself a meal. Ate half the thing. Well, he'll likely be logier now. He'll hit for a tree, because he can't run far on a full belly." Pete Cruger spat on the ground and looked about. He waved his hand, and the dogs began casting out. Soon they were in full cry again.

JOE swung into the saddle with mixed feelings. It was plain to him now that Pieface had changed the manner of his ways. If he had turned killer—as the evidence indicated—then maybe it wouldn't be so smart to keep friends with him. Joe fingered the gun, trying to tell himself that Pieface could not be trusted, yet it was hard to feel afraid of Pieface, whom he had laughed at and cuddled and fed from a bottle since the day he and Steve had found the comical-looking, big-eared cub whining at the foot of a rock slide which had killed his mother.

Reluctantly, Steve had agreed to let Joe take the cub home. "Never any good come of it," Steve had said. "He'll grow up and cause trouble. He'll be a pest and a chore to raise, and you'll feel like kicking yourself some day." Now it had been proved that Steve was right. Joe didn't feel like kicking himself, though; he felt worse. He felt like crying, and maybe he would have, just a *little,* if he had been sure that old Mac Peters didn't find out.

The night wind which leaped up when the sun vanished brought the dog music chiming back from far ahead, and Joe saw the moon edging above the hills; now the land seemed bathed in a weird and spectral sunlight. They kept moving on and at last they made out a dark blotch against the skyline ahead.

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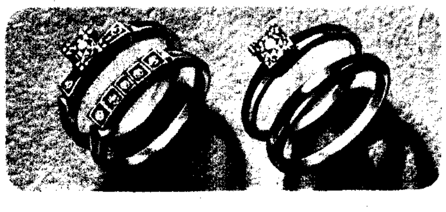

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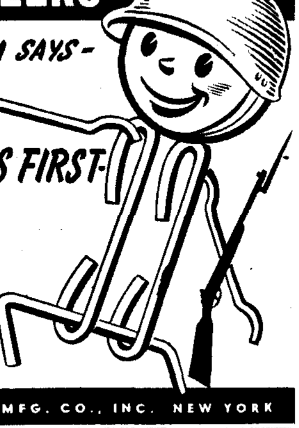

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"Two Trees Springs!" exclaimed Mac Peters. "Now wouldn't you know he'd head for them tall firs? They're barkin' treed, Pete!"

He urged his horse a little faster, but Cruger's speed did not quicken. After all, it was a day's work with him, and he had known this moment many times.

The goose-pimples fluttered along Joe's ribs, for the dogs' chant had changed into a yelping din. They were hurling epithets at the creature they had treed, and they were telling the world and particularly Pete Cruger that the chase was over.

The riders came up and dismounted about a hundred yards from the trees. Beyond the base of the trees, Joe could see water shimmering in the moonlight, and beyond that was fringing brush. The first of the scrub pines edged down to a small creek fed by the overflow from the bubbling spring. Joe carried his gun and followed Pete Cruger and, looking up at the interlaced limbs through which starlight filtered, he made out a blob of shadow maybe thirty feet above ground.

Mac Peters saw the same thing, for he exclaimed, "There he is, Joe! You hold right on that black patch and let drive, and you'll get that killer!"

But Pete Cruger was moved to speech at last. "Who's runnin' things here?" he demanded. "You'll only wound that critter, and he'll knock hell out of the dogs when he comes down!"

There was a better way, and Pete Cruger knew it. He went over to the second tree and put his arms around it, and Joe knew what the man had in mind. Cruger figured to climb the second tree so that he'd be close enough for a deadly shot. But when he tried to coon his way up the rough-barked bole, he groaned and slid back. His muscles were too old and stiff, and the nearest limb was a good twelve or fifteen feet above him.

"Simpler if you'd tie up the dogs and blast him from here," suggested Mac Peters, but Cruger didn't say anything. He looked up the tree and then he looked at Joe.

"Well," demanded Peters, "you goin' to tackle it, kid? We can't stand around here all night. You're young and spry. Anyway, it's your chore. Slip the sling of that carbine around your shoulders, and I'll give you a boost."

So far as Joe could see, there wasn't much else he could do. He had no fear of getting near Pieface up there. The bear would be in one tree, and he'd be in another, and they'd be separated by maybe fifteen feet. At that range, Joe knew he could hardly miss, and the chore would be simple and painless. Pete Cruger's dogs wouldn't get mauled, and Steve could be told of how vengeance was exacted for the death of the colt.

So Joe let Mac Peters help him up a spell, and pretty soon the boy had hold of the first limb. After that, it was easy. In no time at all, he was up the tree, and there, in the nest of limbs of the tree opposite, he could make out the opaque blackness which he knew was the bulk of Pieface.

The bear didn't seem greatly disturbed. He moved a little, and the moon, filtering through the branches, picked him out clearly. Joe could see the Jersey-cow muzzle of tan fur which had suggested the name of Pieface. The bear lifted it and sniffed tentatively, and knew that a friend was near. Joe didn't dare speak, because he was afraid that Pieface would make things tougher. Like as not, he'd want to climb over and see if Joe hadn't brought along a piece of comb honey.

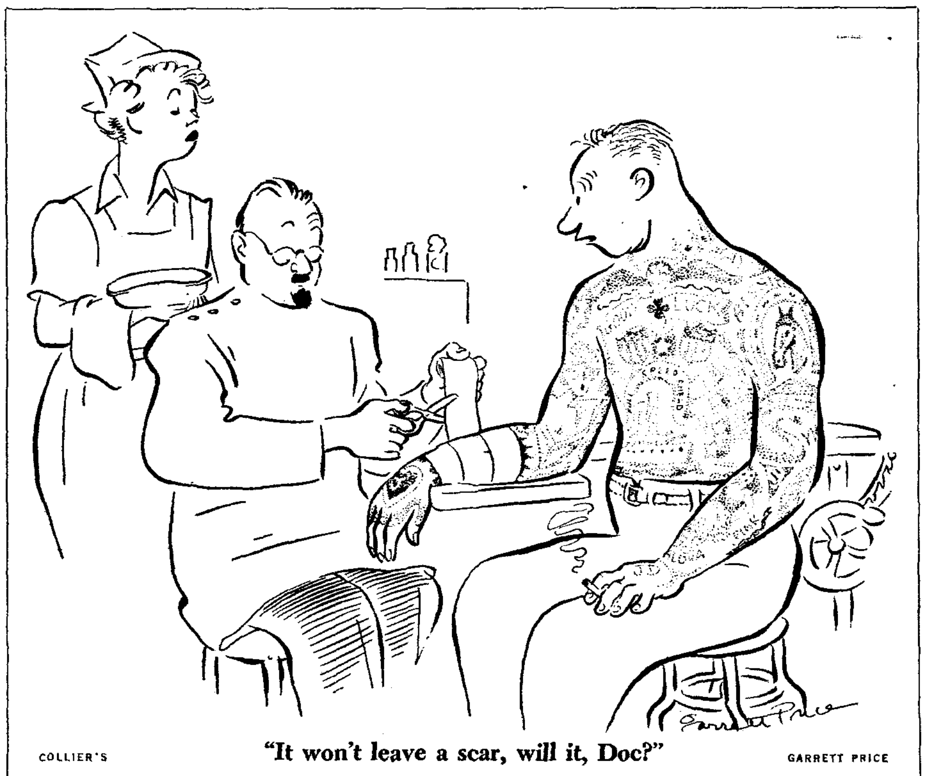
Joe settled himself on a limb and slewed the gun muzzle around until it was pointing in the direction of Pieface, then waited a spell until he could get a grip on himself.

Down below, the dogs had fallen silent, as though sensing that the kill was about to be made. In a moment or so, the gun would speak with its slapping report, and a black body would drop limply out of the tree, and they'd have the satisfaction of sinking their fangs into flesh which was no longer animate or menacing. They could grab hold of a furry pelt and snarl and worry it because they'd done their chore well and they deserved reward.

JOE lifted the gun, trying to steady his nerves, wishing that his heart would stop thump-thumping. He had a duty, same as Steve had had, killing Japs, and it must be done. He snuggled his cheek against the gunstock and squinted along the barrel, which glinted dully in the moonlight, and he wished that Pieface would hold still, so that the thing could be over quickly. Quick and merciless.

"Whoa!" he breathed in sudden alarm, for Pieface began to act queerly. The bear stirred and moved along the limb, lifting his head and sniffing. Joe reasoned that Pieface knew him, that he had decided to get nearer his friend. But the bear did an even stranger thing. He raised his Jersey-cow muzzle, showed gleaming fangs and snarled.

Joe gulped in dismay. So Pieface understood at last the traitorous thing the boy was about to do. It was just as though he



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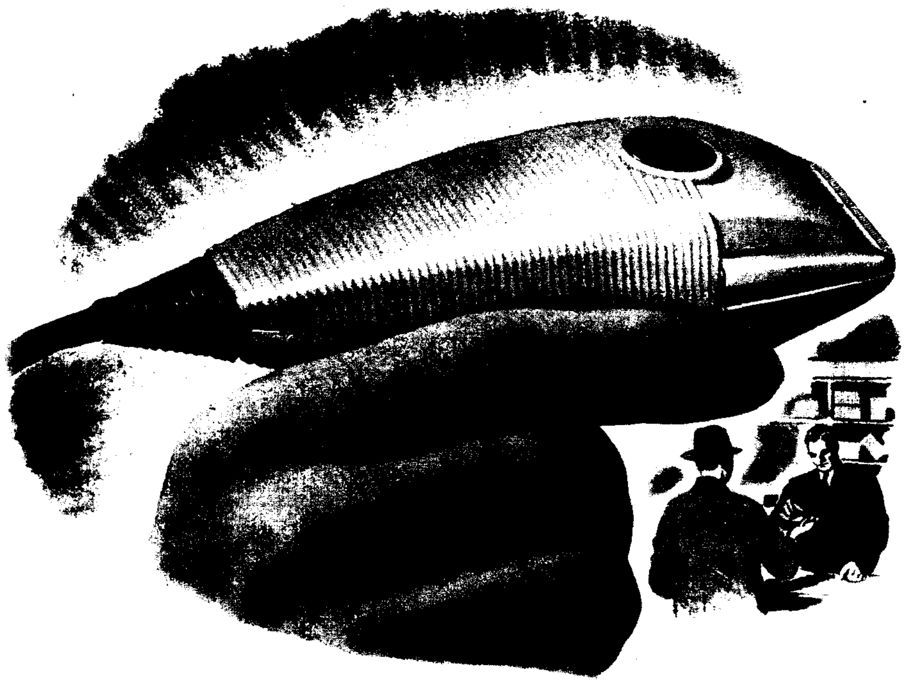

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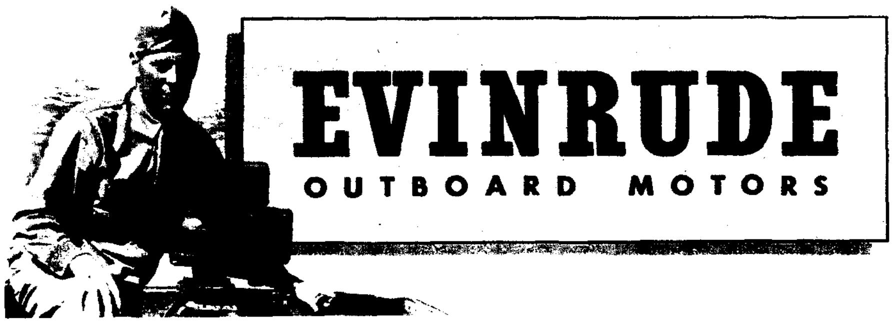

★ HELP SPEED VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

said, "So you've come to kill me!" It was unnerving and appalling, and Joe wanted more than anything else at the moment to be able to make Pieface understand. But the bear's challenge took on an ominous, whining note, as of preparation—and abruptly it struck response from a point just behind Joe!

With a sharp intake of breath through opened mouth, Joe saw what he had not seen before, so eager had he been to reach a point from which a shot at Pieface would be easy. On another limb some five feet above and maybe twelve feet away from Joe—but in the same tree—bulked a shadowy form whose sleek outlines were unlike those of any bear.

Moonlight, sifting through the filigree of branches overhead, was mirrored in twin points of cold, whitish-green light, a lambent fire as steady as that in fixed stars. Joe's terror-fascinated gaze made out a round, ropelike tail which swayed with gentle undulation, the end curving and uncurving. He picked it out detail by detail, and the moonlight seemed to strengthen to aid him; he saw the long body draped along the limb, the hunched shoulders, the lowered, cattish head with that basilisk stare which reached deep into his marrow as though with icy lances.

His memory flicked back to something Mac Peters had mentioned casually, something a line rider to the north had told him, of a tawny plague which had fallen upon the foothill herds, a lean old cougar who had moved his range when he discovered that it was easier to prey on calves than it was to stalk wary deer.

Nor did it seem amazing to Joe that this stock-killer and Pieface had chosen virtually the same refuge. Bear and cougar hated each other instinctively, but when the pack was trailing, and the chase grew hot enough to send them aloft, they had buried their feud and turned to the tall firs of Two Trees Springs. Yet something had brought that feud alive again just now, and Joe intuitively guessed what it was.

Pieface had challenged his foe in the opposite tree, but for a reason that was suddenly alarming. For Joe sensed that the bear understood the cougar was going to attack; Pieface had read motive in the attitude of the big cat. Probably Pieface didn't understand that it was the boy whom the cougar had in mind; all the bear knew was that the manner of the killer was one of preparation.

JOE froze in anticipation. Pieface had fallen silent, and the cougar, which probably felt that it was cornered and that the only thing to do was to fight clear, waited as though summoning its courage. The fact that Joe did not move was puzzling to the tawny cat. It wanted to understand the meaning of his abrupt watchfulness. Beneath the sleek hide the muscles were tensed and every nerve drawn to bowstring tautness.

It became now a battle of wits, and the slightest move on the part of the boy would release the fury of the beast on the limb above. Joe knew this—knew that before he could swing up the carbine and shift its muzzle for hasty aim, the cat would be upon him in an arrowy leap so fast that he would not have time to wink an eye. He waited, breath pent up inside him, not daring to stir. Seconds ticked by and it seemed as though his lungs would burst.

Wild impulses suggested themselves and were discarded. He thought of letting go and risking death by falling to the ground. But that was a long drop, and he could not be sure that he would even fall clear before the cat would strike.

More seconds ticked on, and Joe, fighting down panic, let the breath out of himself slowly and gently, while all the time the cold topaz-jade eyes were fixed on him in an inscrutable stare. The gun hung from his hands as he had been about to lift it to take aim at Pieface, and inadvertently he must have moved, because he saw a peculiar tremor go down the length of the giant cat on the limb above. It was taking a fresh grip on the limb, balancing itself for the leap.

At that instant, Mac Peters' voice jarred up from below. "What in tarnation's wrong? Why don't you let him have it?"

As though at a signal, too, Old Drum wailed in impatience. The interruption threw the cougar's decision off balance, for the muscular preparation ceased—yet only for a moment.

Joe saw the shoulders hunch again, the lambent eyes quench almost to slits; and then there was a whining snarl so loud in his ears that it seemed Pieface must be just behind him. For the bear had likewise read the signs aright and probably figured that the attack which the cougar intended included him as well. The challenge of Pieface was a keening sound like that of a whirring saw biting through green timber.

THE effect was instant and startling, and Joe, crouching there, knew that the moment of crisis had come—because the cat had involuntarily lifted its head, with ears laid back, as the bear flung defiance, and Joe knew that a cat will not leap with its head lifted.

In that fractional part of a second, his own muscles responded. The carbine swung up and around, steadying, just as the cougar's head dropped and its body left the limb. At that short range the bullet seemed to shove back the body that was already in air, doubling it oddly so that it went earthward jerking grotesquely. It struck the ground in a turmoil of furious yelps from the pack and bawled orders and curses by the usually untalkative Pete Cruger.

Then Joe, fighting against the desire to faint, was slipping and sliding down the tree trunk, knowing that a decision had been made. When he landed, he saw Mac Peters standing there, while a few steps away, Pete Cruger was pawing at the dogs who were snarling and worrying a shapeless thing sprawled on the ground.

"You all right, kid?" asked Peters anxiously. "Hell's fire, if we'd only known—"

"What didn't we know?" demanded Pete Cruger. "My dogs started trailin' that cougar from the start. They won't bother a bear when there's a cougar around. Knew it was the old devil I been after for a month when I saw what happened to that fawn. Knew he'd killed that colt, too, the way the neck was twisted. You think I been wastin' my time runnin' down a fool bear?"

It was a record speech for Silent Pete Cruger, but he was not finished. "Good shot you made," he told Joe. "If you hadn't plugged him plumb center, so that he hit the ground dead, I'd likely need me a new pack. You, Drum!" he roared at the leader. "Lay off that now! You want to ruin a good pelt?"

Nothing more was said after that. Not even Mac Peters had a word to say. They helped Pete Cruger drape the body of the big cat across the patient horse, and then Joe and Mac Peters rode on ahead, knowing that Cruger would make his way back in good time to where the buckboard waited.

"Plumb tuckered out," Peters declared petulantly. "This chasin' around night and day without sleep is no good for a man my age."

But Joe felt no weariness whatsoever. He rode lightly and easily, warmed by the thought that Steve would be home tomorrow. It wasn't going to be half so hard to tell Steve now, even though Pieface still huddled mistrustfully on a limb back at Two Trees Springs.

THE END

The Week's Work

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain—Somewhere in England

WHEN you see a double by-line, as in By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain (Gunners' Green Pastures, p. 16), do you wonder, as we do, how collaborators collaborate, whether they write alternate paragraphs, or alternate words, or what?

Everything is clear now. Corey Ford explains: "MacBain and I go into a room where there is a desk and a typewriter. We put a sheet of paper in the typewriter, and a bottle of Scotch on the desk. We go out and shut the door, shutting the gremlin inside so he can work better. We come back a few hours later and find the paper blank, the bottle half empty and the gremlin lying under the desk drunk as an owl. So we kill the rest of the bottle and do the job ourselves."

All the same, this Ford, whom you've known for years as a funnyman (Meaning No Offense, In the Worst Possible Taste, Three Rousing Cheers), is a straight man now, at least in his work. The war caused the transition. After seeing the worst of things in Alaska, in England and on other fronts, he concludes, "The people at home need to have their noses rubbed in the facts, and the facts aren't funny."

Ford used to be mild-tempered, he says, but now his temper fuse is short, especially for those at-home people who use the "Don't you know there's a war on" line to excuse doing their jobs in a sloppy, indolent way.

"I want to get away from the war at home and back into gunpowder," he says. He and MacBain, when popular Columbia University oarsman and athletic director, first teamed up because they both liked fishing. A prewar fishing trip to Alaska turned their interest to the strategic importance of Alaska, and they wrote a piece for Collier's about Dutch Harbor two months before war broke out. A subsequent Alaska expedition cut short MacBain's honeymoon and, with more work always coming up, he still has not had a chance to settle down to real domesticity.

By way of biographical data, Ford submits that he is one of the scant two or three New Yorkers who actually were born in New York. He became a part-time householder in Freedom, N. H., and learned to talk through his nose. Another house in Ivanhoe, N. C., gave him a synthetic Southern accent. He added the two speech habits together and found himself reverting to pure New Yorkese.

His only claim to fame, he says, is that he once had a trout fly named after him, the Corey Ford Fly, like that. Collier's carried its picture . . . "but it didn't look much like me, it having a slate-gray body, and mine tending toward the conventional pink, and white tails I wear only in the early morning. . . . Now I'm looking for a trout named after me to take the fly."

IT IS an axiom of the trade that the last thing writers want to do is write. If you've ever tried it, you know. Margaret Widdemer, distinguished novelist and poet, as a worthy member of the writers' tribe, agrees that the axiom is true.

But Collier's, through its sleuth-editor Herbert Asbury, caught her off guard. Asbury and Miss Widdemer's brother, Kenneth, are friends and fellow residents at Canada Lake, N. Y. There on a lazy summer afternoon, Asbury said to Miss Widdemer, "Why is it you haven't written any short stories lately? We'd like to have one by you."

"Well, I might," said Miss Widdemer. "I've been thinking of a story. . . ."

Two weeks later, Collier's was the happy recipient of She Looked Like an Angel (p. 14), an absorbing spy tale and, for a change, delightfully free of gun play. A.P.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Margaret Widdemer

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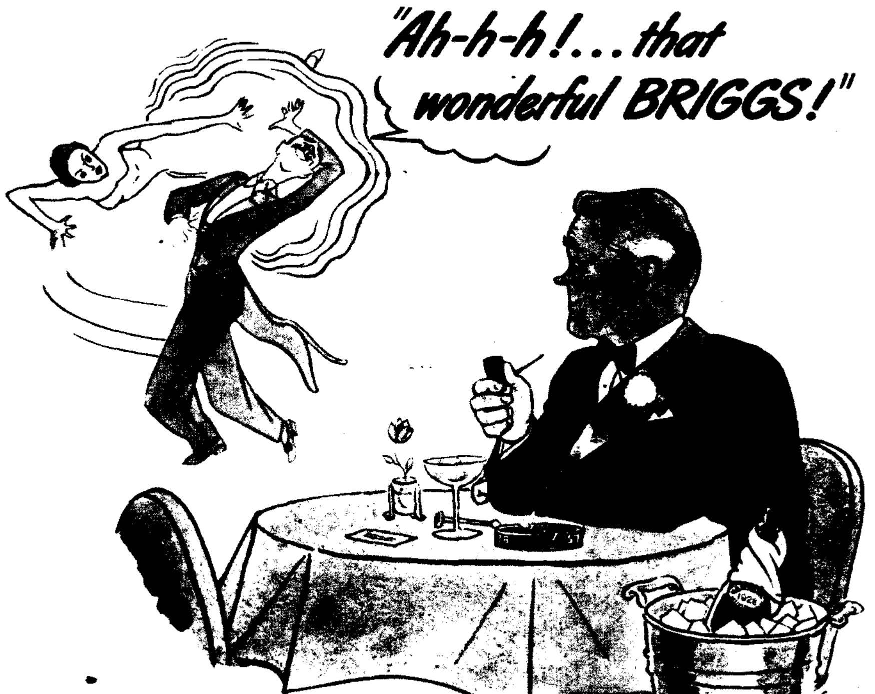
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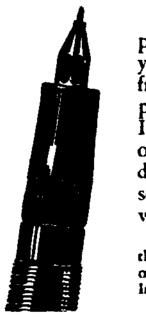

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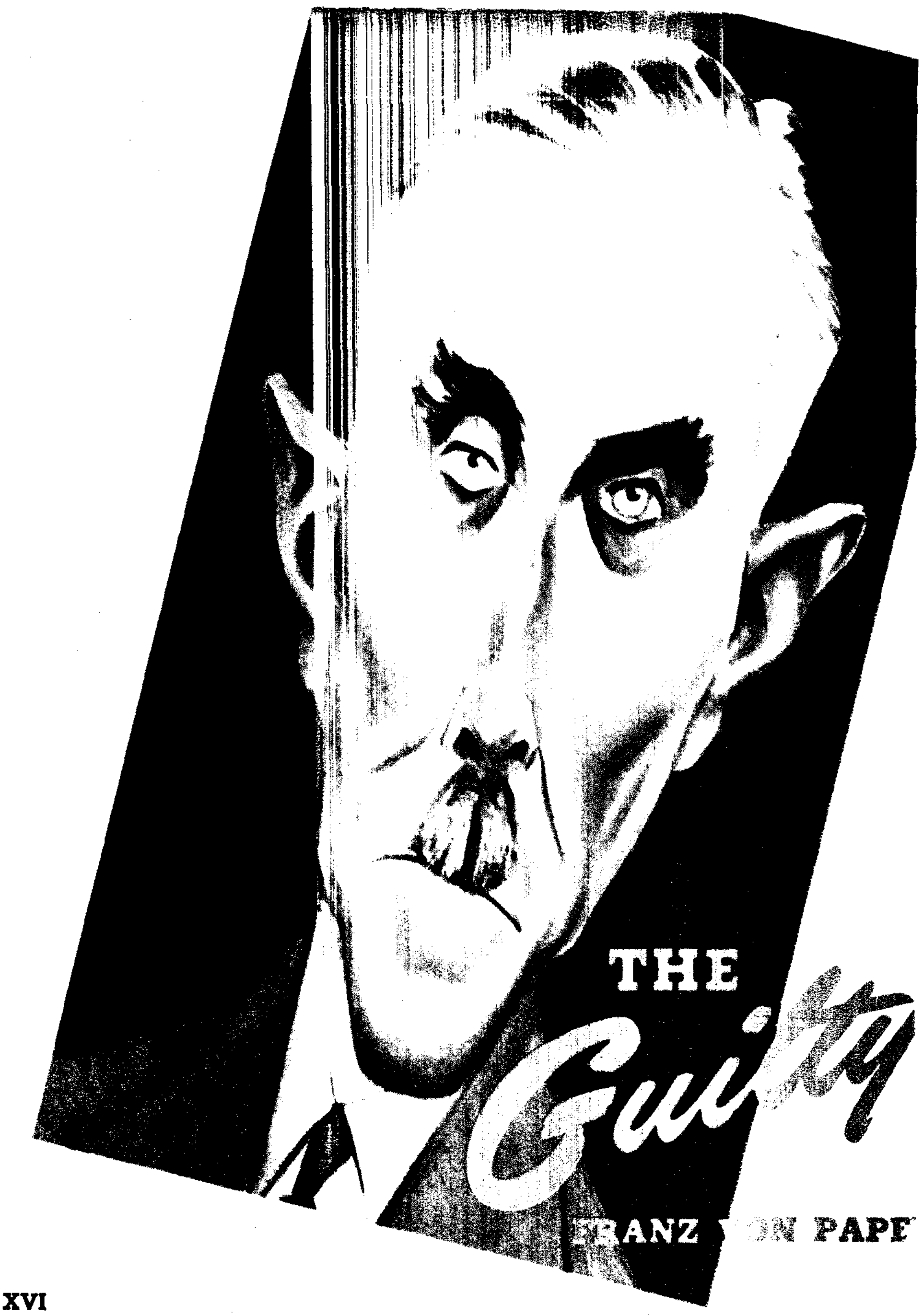

THE Guilty

FRANZ VON PAPE

XVI

FRANZ VON PAPEN, as much as any other, is responsible for Adolf Hitler. At a time when the psychopathic Austrian was sinking out of public view, the German restored him to power, thinking to use him as a *tool.* A master traitor, false to the core, it is such blunders that have kept von Papen from being one of the world's most deadly, dangerous men.

Germany's military attaché in Washington at the outbreak of war in 1914, von Papen employed and directed the saboteurs who bombed, killed and burned in an effort to prevent shipment of arms and munitions to the Allies. Uncovered at last, it was found that the fool had carefully preserved his canceled checks, likewise the names and addresses of his agents. Even the key to the German code was left in the drawer of an unlocked desk, letting the "idiotic Yankees" read his reports to Berlin.

After the armistice, von Papen emerged from obscurity as a principal figure in plots against the struggling German republic. After the assassination of Erzberger and Rathenau, and the overthrow of Heinrich Bruening, the army put von Papen in as chancellor. Before the chair was warm, he began double-crossing both Hindenburg, who trusted him, and the military clique that backed him. Blundering as always, his treacheries were soon laid bare, and all joined in giving him the boot.

Now was the stage set for his prize boner. Establishing contact with the Nazis, he rescued Hitler from the junk pile, and engineered the coup that made him chancellor in place of General von Schleicher—all under a secret agreement, of course, that Adolf was to be a puppet and Franz the power. It was the one big laugh in the whole German tragedy, for Hitler quickly made von Papen the puppet. But still scheming, the Fox then induced the senile Hindenburg to draw a will naming him as successor to the presidency. An ace in the hole, but Franz was ass enough to babble about it. On the day of Hindenburg's death, Hitler simply surrounded the house, destroyed the will and made another in *his own* favor.

Undiscouraged, von Papen returned to his plots, but once again Hitler beat him to the punch. The Blood Purge of 1934 came close to ending von Papen. Goering and Himmler meant to kill him, but the Fuehrer stayed their hands, and the Fox escaped with no larger damage than the loss of his teeth. In his business, Hitler needed a man with a gift for treachery. And who would serve his purpose better than Franz von Papen, the suave, the plausible, and so much the high-born German gentleman? Particularly with a Himmler to watch him!

On his faith as a German of noble blood and a devout Catholic, von Papen assured the Pope that the Reich would stop its mass murders and persecutions, and he secured the Vatican's consent to a Concordat. As ambassador to Vienna, von Papen persuaded Schuschnigg that Germany had no designs on Austria, and he plotted in secret with Seyss-Inquart for the betrayal of his country. As ambassador to Turkey, von Papen laid the groundwork for the Soviet-German pact, and he still bribes and lies in desperate efforts to win the Turks.

A lackey now, this man who dreamed of ruling Germany, but as dangerous as a coiled snake. Every Nazi leader knows his cunning and his capacity for treachery, and while ten attempts on his life have failed, an eleventh may yet cheat the gallows that awaits Franz von Papen at the end of the war. ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

She Looked Like an Angel

Continued from page 15

his marriage to a Jenny Smith. The chief wrote him a double congratulation, and after making him a present of an extra three weeks' leave, he suggested, "Why not finish your honeymoon in Miami? Nice place, and Jim Blaine's loafing down there too."

Jenny liked the idea. She said she had been there with her mother once. She seemed to have been a lot of places with her mother.... Well, naturally, why not?

"If only Mother could be with us," she said now, turning to him in the gray velvet salon of the big New York shop. "She loved beautiful clothes and pretty rooms. But when we were in Miami we stayed in a queer little place full of foreigners."

He did not answer. Next moment she was in a whirl of grateful excitement over the white silk sports suit he insisted on her buying regardless of cost. She was so childishly grateful and devoted. She was so beautiful and responsive and passionate. He watched her there, slipping the suit on and off, standing shapely in her slip and stockings, awaiting his approval and pleasure like a good child. . . . He was married to Jenny, and they were in love. Everything but Jenny was blacked out. . . .

She spoke of their future, though always without insistence, after they arrived in the Miami hotel. Kennedy had by now told her he had a job under the government which, like her mother's, made travel necessary. She turned, in her thin silk wrap, from the window where she had been watching a column of young recruits drilling. She said, "Couldn't you get the government to let you just be a lawyer in one place ? Then I could belong to the church and garden club, and have women friends. Yes, darling?" She moved across the room in the bright, late sunlight, white and firmly soft-curved under the transparent garment. She would not wear shorts because they were "not modest"; but she had no reserves for him. The contrast between her walk and manner, her air of the great world, and her ingenuous humility to him, overwhelmed him. And then she was rubbing her cheek on his and saying, "But I'd love anywhere as long as I had you. You won't ever stop loving me, will you?"

He said, "Never."

THEY lay on the sand and watched the planes above the water. They ate at little restaurant tables and held hands across them openly. They swam and played tennis. They slept together in the big cool room. The wind of war blew everywhere about them, but they were too drunk with each other to feel it.

Jim Blaine looked Kennedy up in about ten days. They were dallying over luncheon in their corner of the breezy dining room, Jenny playing with an apricot liqueur and Kennedy finishing a cigarette. He sat down at the table with them, his eyes full of the startled admiration all men showed for Jenny, and made small, pleasant conversation for a time. Presently he said, rising, "Going out to have a pipe in the gardens. Come along when you're through and have one with me, Hugh. May he, Mrs. Kennedy?"

Jenny said, "Indeed yes," with her faint French accent. She gave Blaine her quick warm smile. "Perhaps you are saving us from being too bored together, 'm, Hugh? And there's a lace woman coming anyway. Hugh says he'll be ruined. Go on now, darling, if you're to be ruined, better get it over!"

"You're to come out, too," he said, "when she's gypped you enough." He bent over her and murmured, "I can't stand being without you too long. Mad over you." Their hands touched. She whispered, "Mad over you, too."

Jim said when they had smoked five minutes, "Chief told me to leave you in peace a fortnight unless something turned up. . . . Mrs. Kennedy's a beauty. Where did you find her?"

"In a Canadian convent school."

"Oh, sure, when you were taking Angel-Face? That was nice going."

"Thanks." Hugh made up his mind swiftly. "I'm not telling the world, Jim, but she's Angel-Face's daughter. Her father was a decent American; she doesn't know about Sophie."

Jim said, "Oh, that's who she looks like." He puffed, then went on talking: "Sorry to bust in a honeymoon, but I guess when the chief steered you here you knew something was cooking."

HUGH lied mechanically. "Yes." He was appalled. He'd acted on the chief's hint with no more realization that it was an assignment than if he'd been a rookie who had to have everything spelled out for him. He had been like a man who has been off whisky a dozen years, and then has drunk too much. He said, "What *is* cooking?"

Jim grinned happily. "Who do you think's down here, genial as life and twice as natural?"

Hugh slapped his thigh. "Not Dreihausen?"

"Old Chief Three Houses himself! With you here, able to witness to everything back in Detroit, it's in the bag."

Now Jenny's gay voice called behind them, "Hugh—Hugh! Turn round and look!"

They wheeled. Jenny was running toward them under the palms, laughing, pulling by the hand a big smiling man in whites. The three men greeted one another pleasantly.

Jenny said, "Why, you never told me you knew Uncle Carl, Hugh!"

Von Dreihausen smiled. "Such a short marriage," he said in his Oxford voice. "He hasn't had time to tell you everything, my dear. Pleasant to see you off duty, er—Kennedy. And married to my old friend Sophie's daughter!"

Jenny said joyously, "Yes—and we still have two weeks more vacation!"

"And then?"

"Oh—maybe then we'll take a little house with a garden—" She smiled mischievously at her husband.

"That sounds as if you were retiring, Kennedy," von Dreihausen said cordially. "With a little wife like our Jenny here, that is understandable indeed!" He stroked her cheek.

Kennedy didn't know what he answered, as he watched his wife nestling against Dreihausen like a kitten. Had she forgotten the "liberties" the man had once taken? He said abruptly, "Sorry, we have an engagement. Come, Jenny."

She had her mother's natural aplomb. She said, "Oh, yes! I forgot!" and with an easy gay excuse to the two men followed him, chatting till they were in their rooms. She faced him angrily then.

"You have insulted my oldest friend. I've known Carl since I was a baby. If you love me you must behave decently to him."

"And the 'liberties'?" he asked coldly.

She colored. "I—he explained that Austrians are like that," she said. "I was prudish. And—I told you because I thought it would make you want me more, maybe."

"Austrian! He's Prussian, and the sort of Prussian who cries over his own dead canary, and kicks hungry Russian children when he's quartered in their homes," Hugh said intemperately. He was beyond

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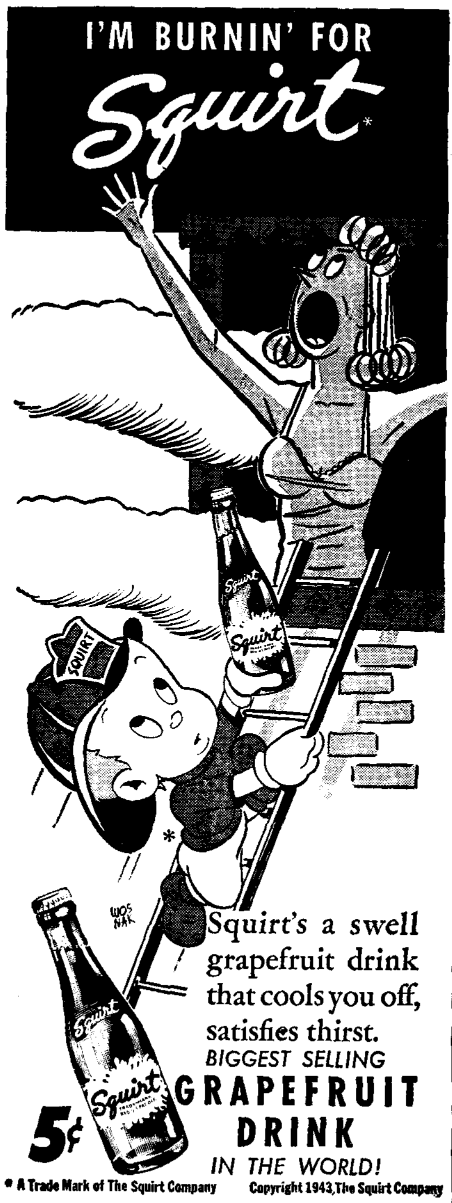

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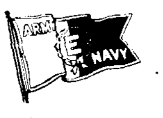

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himself with jealousy, and that old unacknowledged doubt as to Jenny's innocence.

With one of her swift changes she had both arms around him. She whispered, "Don't you love me enough to be nice to poor old Uncle Carl?" She rubbed her cheek on his and coaxed, "I thought you loved me, darling."

He said, "It works both ways. If you love me, you've got to take my word that there are good reasons why you can't be friends with him."

He wished he dared tell her that she was the wife of a government man about to get von Dreihausen hanged for criminal sabotage. That if she proclaimed herself artlessly to be von Dreihausen's old friend and adopted niece she was putting her husband in a difficult position, as well as endangering herself. But he did not dare, and the glimpse into his own fears stunned him.

Jenny looked ten years older as she stood against the door. She said, "I will not be disloyal to my mother's oldest friend. You are to be his friend, or never have—me—again."

He wanted her more than anything in the world. But his job came first. He heard himself say, "No." He tried to take her in his arms. She wrenched herself away. He heard the click of the door as she ran into their bedroom. Then the door from there into the hall. She had gone to von Dreihausen.

He tried to get hold of himself. He told himself that her affection for the man as a link with her mother was reasonable enough. She had adored Sophie. She had explained her complaint about the "liberties" frankly enough; she had wanted to prick Kennedy into defensive jealousy and succeeded. It was for love, after all, that she had done it; she had courted him as frankly as a woman can court a man.

JIM BLAINE'S knock jerked him from his thoughts.

Jim looked worried. "Got to talk to you," he said. He looked into the bedroom automatically and returned to stand before his friend. He said, "Hugh, this is an impossible business. Do you know your wife just ran downstairs and put her arm through von Dreihausen's on the veranda before a couple of colonels and one of our own men and walked off down the beach with him, calling him 'Uncle Carl'? She did. He's pretty well known already for what he is. He knows the bag's tightening, and he's playing to discredit you He'll assert at the trial that you played both sides, worked with Sophie and her daughter. It's—"

Kennedy said, "Stop. Jenny's doing this in plain ignorance and loyalty to Sophie."

Blaine said, "*Sophie!* Sophie could take a man over in a fortnight and turn him in a week after that."

The click of the opened bedroom door was too soft for even their practiced ears, and Jim went on, "Jenny did it to you in ten days. Deny if you can that she began to work on you even before her mother was buried

"Sophie was tops as a professional and, without morals or decency, as a woman. She framed Bert. She engineered the sinking of the Augusta last spring. Hugh, were you crazy, or doped, to fall for a girl who'd been in the hands of our two most fanatical and brilliant enemy agents since babyhood?"

The bedroom door flung wide before Kennedy could answer. Jenny, standing there with that set smile, might for all her youth and height have been Sophie. And seeing her, Hugh Kennedy knew two things: That he had never been sure about her in his heart. And that he could never stop loving her.

She said, "Those are horrible lies, about Carl and my mother. Tell him so, Hugh, and kick him out of our living room!" Suddenly her face melted into its tenderest, most angelic expression. She came to him and clung. "I won't even ask you if you believe what he said about me. We love each other."

He stood passive under her hands. He said, "I love you. But not even you come before my job. Blaine tells the truth about von Dreihausen and your mother. I was there to arrest her. I would arrest you if I believed what Jim does about you."

He could feel her whole body freeze and reject him. She stepped away. She said, "Believe what you like. I see I have only Carl left. I shall fight for him and my mother, and how will that look, you American spies?"

Blaine said, "As I thought." Kennedy made a step toward her.

She said, "I shall tell him the lies you believe." Then she was gone.

Hugh walked to the window. He said, back turned, "Don't judge yet. She loved Sophie; it was a shock. If she was out to get me she wouldn't have come into the open this way."

Blaine said, "She's not long at the game, that's why. But, when Uncle Carl tells her he can't get out of Miami without being picked up, she'll come over all loving and persuasive again. She'll make a last effort to use your feeling for her. You'll believe me then, I suppose." He did not wait for an answer. He put a rough arm across Kennedy's shoulders and said, "I know it's damn' tough, Hugh."

Left alone, Kennedy realized that he was shaking. He'd better rest while he could. He made himself go into the pretty bedroom, full of the feel and tokens of Jenny, and lie down. The mimosa perfume he had bought her was on his pillow where her hair had been. . . . He needed a clear brain for what was coming, and he forced his mind to blankness. But he had never hoped so much for anything as he did that Jenny would return, still showing the anger and resentment any honest girl would, learning what she had about her husband and her mother.

But when she came back, an endless two hours later, she showed none. She came over and smiled down at him in the old way. She said sweetly, "You look all in, darling. Let's forget it and just rest." His heart was sick.

She moved about as usual. He heard her taking her bath. He knew through closed eyes how she came back: barefoot, her hair pinned up off her soft damp nape, holding her transparent blue trousseau wrap around her body. She lay down on the bed a handbreadth away.

Sophie's next move would have been obvious. Jenny lay still. He wondered how she knew that her closeness and passivity drew him more than if she had tried to seduce him frankly. He lay still, too, his hands clenched. By and by it was time to dress. They got up. They dressed together in a dreadful parody of yesterday's intimacy. Jenny talked on as lightly and lovingly as if nothing had happened, only her eyes looked different.

BLAINE was at a table where he could face Jenny. Dinner was another scene in the parody of intimacy. Jenny's warm laughter and lovingness did not change. The men's eyes were on her, on Hugh enviously, as always. He had known before that the little murmur which followed Jenny said, "Honeymoon couple . . . good-looking . . ." He wondered what they were saying now. What would happen next, and when?

It happened quickly, after dessert had been removed. Jenny broke off a little story about what she had seen on the beach front, to say easily, "Darling, you won't mind. Uncle Carl is having his liqueur with us, my pet apricot liqueur, before he goes away. . . . You know, you weren't very nice to me this afternoon . . .

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Won't you make up this way?" Her eyes looked wooingly into his, her hand lay on his across the table in the old childish way.

As she spoke, von Dreihausen was making his way to them, sitting down with them. Only an impossible scene would send him away. Kennedy knew the man.

Now he had to face it. Jenny had heard him accept Blaine's statement that her mother was a Nazi agent. He had warned her that if she herself was a Nazi he would show her no more mercy than he had her mother, in spite of their love. . . . And here she was, coquetting, and reproaching him lightly, as if he had been stingy about a new hat, meanwhile forcing Carl on him as an old intimate under the eyes of half military and official Miami. . . .

He wondered dully whether his fate was to be merely a frame like the one they had worked on Bert Degnan, or whether Carl would make the sounder if more perilous choice of quiet liquidation. He was close enough. . . . So was Jenny. There were plenty of ways. If it weren't for his job he'd rather welcome it. But there were more than himself to consider, and he had to play it through.

Jenny had been leaning caressingly toward Carl, whispering and stroking his big white hand. Carl was smiling like a big cat as he listened. . . . Suddenly he reared back with staring eyes. He choked *"Verdamte Hündin!"* He fell forward amid a crash of china and glasses.

Blaine and Kennedy were on each side of him quickly. Blaine was speaking to the waiter, then the two men were getting the heavy, inert body out of the room, into a chair on the elevator, into Kennedy's suite. As they went, Kennedy heard Jenny say clearly to the women pressing round her, "Poor Mr. House. He was too long in the sun this afternoon. I'm afraid it was too much for him."

"THERE'S to be no noise," Blaine said grimly to the Army surgeon. "Orders are that the report is to be natural death, no matter what." They stepped back from the big body on the living-room couch.

The surgeon nodded. "Exactly. I doubt if there will be anything to prove otherwise. It's his own stuff, I think; it acted like that dope they got Anderson with. His autopsy didn't show a thing, you remember."

Blaine said, "Well, he was in for it and knew it. Probably came over to take the quick way out at Kennedy's table, in the pious hope of embarrassing him a bit."

"Muffed that, anyhow," the doctor said cheerfully. . . .

THE steps of the men carrying Dreihausen out died away. The bedroom door opened. Jenny faced the two men again. She looked very tired. She reminded Kennedy of Sophie still; Sophie, when she had looked at her young daughter and thanked Kennedy for his promise to keep her profession secret from the girl.

She said wearily, "Carl told me this afternoon that it was true about him . . . and Mother." Her face contracted, but she went steadily on: "Carl thought . . . Mother wanted me to do her kind of work. He said you could have him hanged, and Germany needed him. . . . He told me to order the apricot liqueur to cover the taste."

"Jenny!"

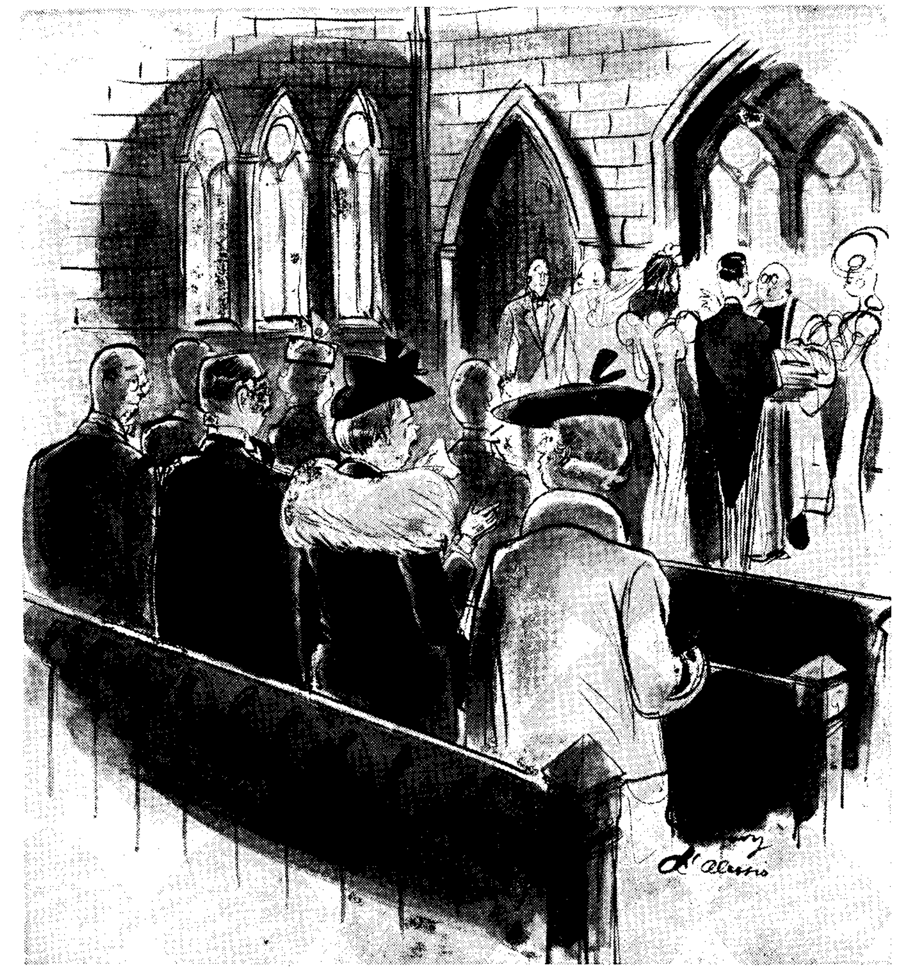
She lifted her hand to hold him away. She never looked at Blaine—she had forgotten him.

"So I had to let him die, instead. I am a wicked woman. Perhaps you will be done with me, anyhow. Sophie Detmar's true daughter, as Blaine said. . . . But you see, from the time I saw you, you were all that mattered. . . . What shall you do with me now?"

Suddenly, for the first time, Kennedy saw her as she was; Sophie's true daughter, indeed, with Sophie's control and keen supple brain; Sophie's single-minded loyalty and passionate fidelity. But with this difference: that all of it was humbly at his service, forever.

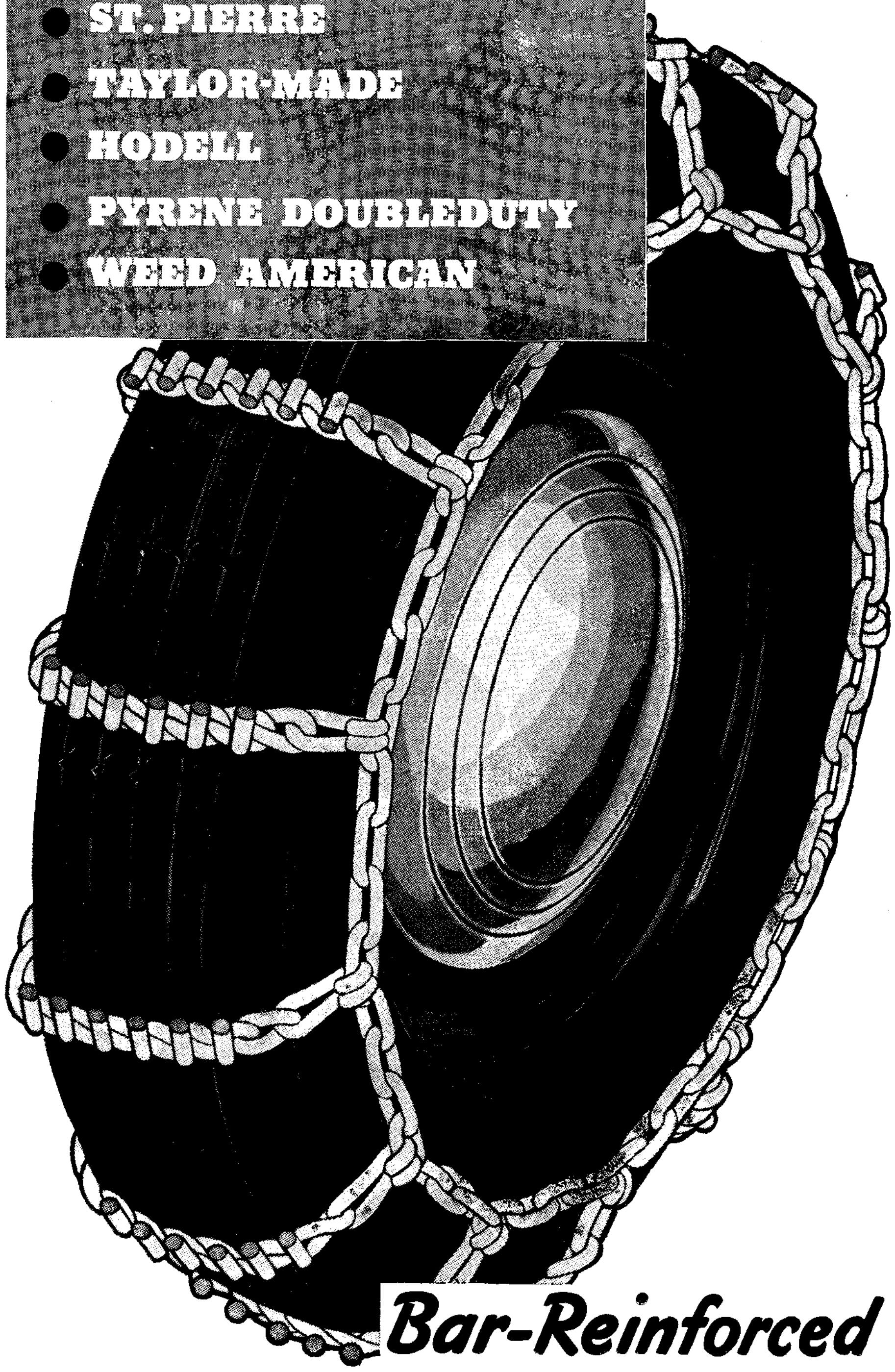
He laughed softly and caught her in his arms. "What shall I do with you? Why, love you," he said.

THE END



"We never cried at weddings before, but this time it's our maid"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO



On the War Fronts and the Home Fronts— Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains

- ST. PIERRE
- TAYLOR-MADE
- HODELL
- PYRENE DOUBLEDUTY
- WEED AMERICAN

Bar-Reinforced

TIRE CHAINS

GIVE GREATER SAFETY
GIVE BETTER TRACTION
GIVE LONGER MILEAGE

● Any old tire chain is better than none when you drive on snow, ice or mud.

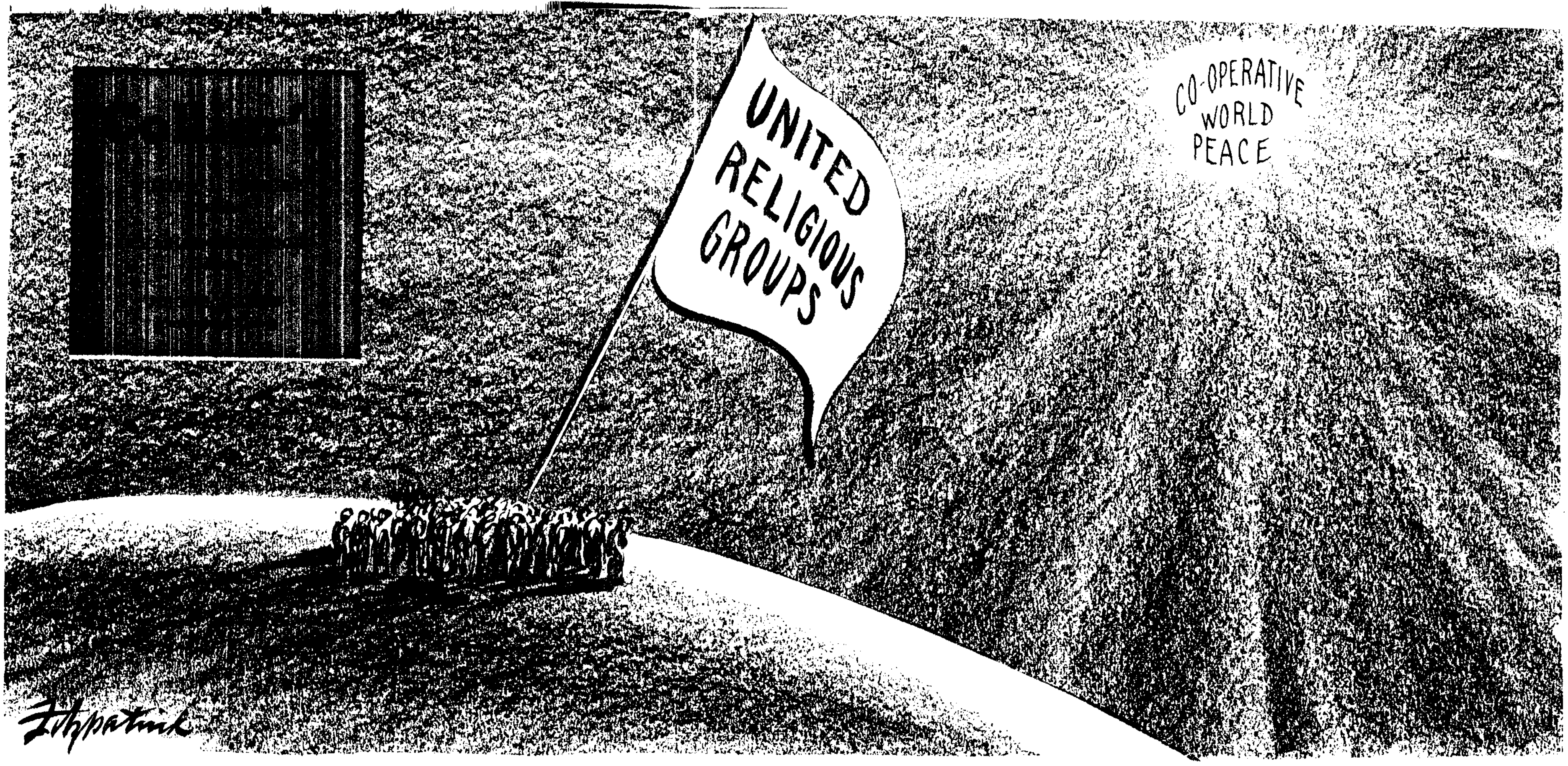
You'll say "amen" to that if you ever got stuck or skidded for lack of traction.

But now there is a new and even more efficient kind of tire chain—the BAR-REINFORCED design, offered in the 5 famous brands listed above. These chains have extra bars of hard steel welded across every link that comes in contact with the road. They do more to resist skidding. They greatly increase traction and mileage.

The military need for tire chains must of course be satisfied first. But for essential civilian driving these 5 manufacturers are making all the BAR-REINFORCED CHAINS they can. They ask you not to buy new chains if you have old chains that are safe or can be reconditioned.

However, if you need new ones, you'll be money ahead to ask for BAR-REINFORCED.

Ask for these 5 famous Brands



THE CHURCHES UNITE

For the first time in any American war period, religious leaders of three categories have got together, sunk any denominational differences that might have stood in their way, and issued a joint statement on what they believe should be the main policies to be pursued by this country after the victory.

We refer to the Declaration on World Peace, recently released by (1) the Administrative Board of Bishops and the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Bishops' Committee on the Pope's Peace Points; (2) the Jewish Synagogue Council of America; and (3) the Federal Council of (Protestant) Churches of Christ in America.

The Declaration on World Peace centers around seven main points, all stated very generally—moral law to govern world order; individual rights to be assured; rights of oppressed, weak or colonial peoples to be protected; rights of minorities to be secured; international peace-maintenance bodies to be organized; development of international economic co-operation; a just social order to be achieved within each state.

All these proposals are in tune with current American sentiments about the complexion of the world after this war. Hence, there is nothing startling in the declaration as a declaration.

What is dramatic and encouraging about it is the fact that it is issued by these three religious groups as a joint statement. While in no way sacrificing their own religious beliefs, attitudes and points of disagreement, these representative Catholic, Jewish and Protestant bodies nevertheless were able to agree on what kind of world they all hope to live and work in after the war.

The accomplishment forecasts, we should think, closer and more vigorous co-operation among all religious groups in this country, as time goes by, toward aims which all can agree on as desirable. It should also help to counteract the anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic and generally anti-religious feelings which the stresses and privations of war always aggravate, and which are played on by demagogues and diversionists.

We think the great religious groups' representative bodies deserve public thanks for this act—with special gratitude to its prime movers: Archbishops Edward Mooney and Samuel A. Stritch, Bishop Karl J. Alter, Rev. Edward A. Conway, S. J., Rabbi Israel Goldstein, and Bishop Henry St. George Tucker.

ANOTHER KAISER RECORD

We're proud and delighted to salute the latest record—latest at this writing, that is—hung up by the Henry J. Kaiser shipbuilding outfit. The Kaiser Portland, Ore., yards, managed by Edgar F. Kaiser, in the month of September rolled out 24 ships for the U. S. Merchant Marine fleet. Kaiser assembly and fabrication methods, too, have been so fined down that, altogether, the total labor required for each one of these 24 ships averaged only 290,000 man-hours—200,000 directly and 90,000 indirectly.

It is another testimonial, we think, to the furiously efficient producing power of American management and labor when they choose to get together and do a job that needs doing. They have chosen, all over the map of the United States and with only an occasional and much berated exception, to get together and do the job which has to be done if we are to survive as an independent nation. That job is the equipping of our Armed Forces with enough supplies of all kinds to enable them, in co-operation with our allies, to swamp the Axis.

We think, too, that this nation-wide management-labor achievement carries with it the best possible promise for the future welfare of the nation. If labor and management can co-operate to lick each war-production problem as it rears its ugly head, then they can also co-operate to lick the problems of peace—of which there will be plenty.

Whenever those peace problems take to looking particularly fearsome to you, you might recall the Kaiser Portland record of 24 ships delivered in one month of 30 days, and take heart.

49 BILLIONS SAVED

Chester Bowles, new General Manager of the Office of Price Administration, reports that price control to the end of the fourth year of the war (Aug. 31 last) had saved the United States $49,000,000,000 in war production costs.

That isn't hay. Mr. Bowles figures out the 49-billion saving along this line of reasoning:

Our total expenditures for war production in the war's first four years ran to 109 billions. If prices had been allowed to spiral upward as they did in the first four years of the first World War, the figure would have been 158 billions. Instead, various government brakes were applied to prices, and the total was held down to 109. Net saving, 49 billions—"a very conservative estimate," according to Bowles.

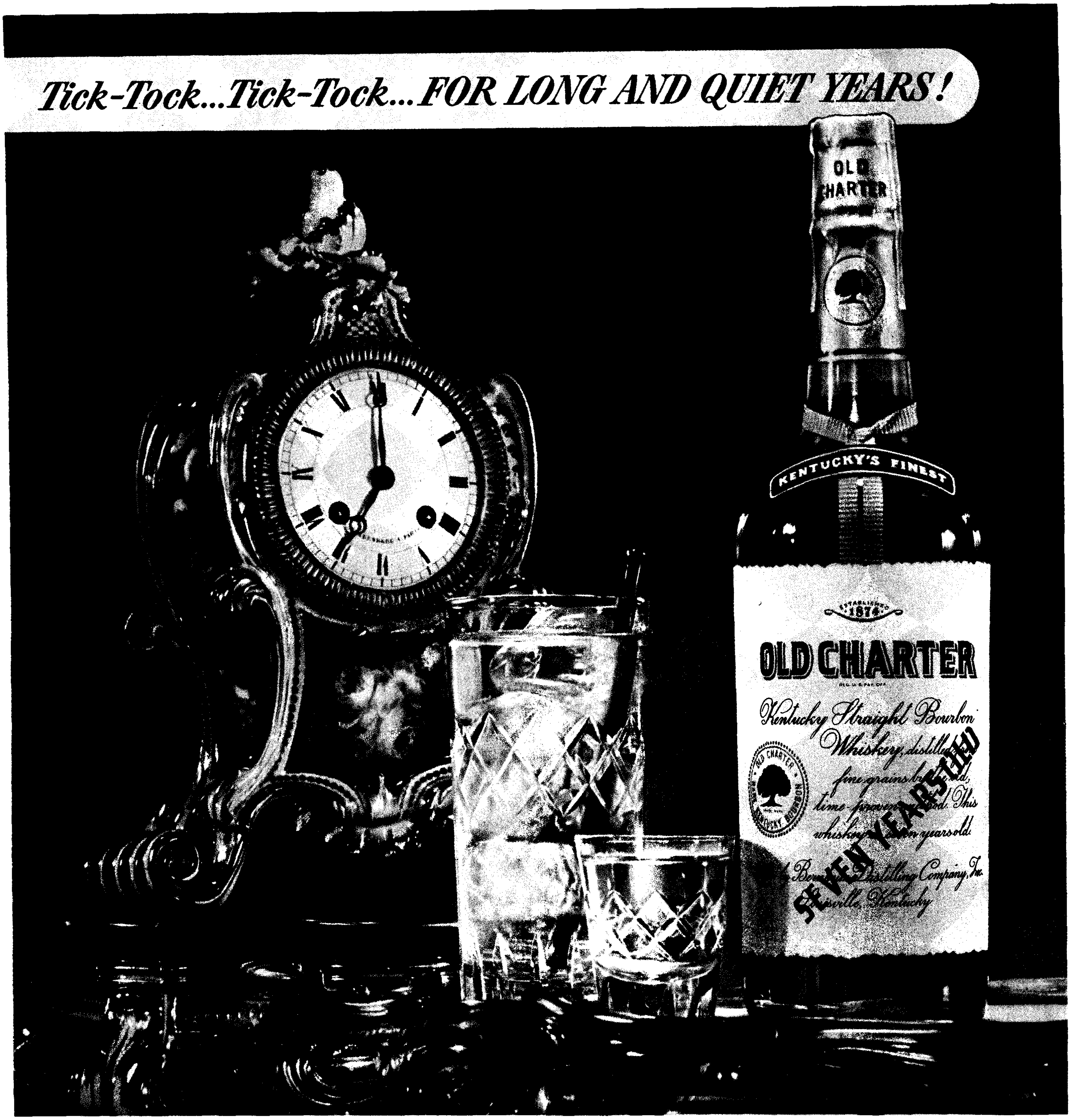
It does seem conservative, too, in the light of further figures furnished by OPA's General Manager.

In the other war, we shifted less than one third of our productive plant to war uses. In the present war, we are using nearly one half of all our productive apparatus on war materials. To reach the correct total of billions saved by price controls, that difference between one third and one half should be weighted into the calculations of money saved in this war by brakes applied to prices of foundry iron, steel billets, steel scrap, antimony, aluminum, copper, lead, quicksilver, zinc, tin, print cloth, hides, gasoline, crude oil, etc., etc.

Of course, there are still hitches and an occasional stall in the OPA's operation of the price-control machinery. Most of these stem from the initial hesitancy to put ceilings over all prices, as was urged by Bernard M. Baruch.

It is too late in the day to apply Mr. Baruch's advice about over-all price control now. But allowing for inherent handicaps and human nature, the OPA appears to be functioning as well as could be hoped—and better than was hoped for several months after its birth.

We seem to be in a cheering mood at the moment, so we'll just round out this editorial page by lifting a cheer for Chester Bowles.


OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
ESTABLISHED 1874
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SEVEN YEARS OLD

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...FOR LONG AND QUIET YEARS!

THE CHIEF THINGS to consider in a whiskey are just two. There's the whiskey you begin with. Then there's the time you let it age. Old Charter goes into the barrel, we believe, the noblest whiskey ever distilled. Then, for long and quiet years Time does for Old Charter what Time alone can do for whiskey . . . ripens its silky flavor, mellows its body and enriches its bouquet. Then and only then Old Charter is ready to show you *how fine* a Bourbon whiskey can really get to be!

As no Old Charter is being distilled for the duration we are allocating existing supplies as fairly as we can. So, if your favorite bar and store are temporarily out of Old Charter, you'll find it worth waiting for.

OLD CHARTER

A SUPERB
AMERICAN
WHISKEY

Buy More War Bonds—Today!

This Whiskey is 7 Years Old · Straight Bourbon Whiskey · 90 Proof · Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. | *Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival." Every Wednesday Eve., C. B. S.*

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WHAT I CAN'T DO WITHOUT ESTERFIELD

When you smoke CHESTERFIELDS you know you're getting the best tobaccos that money can buy—but that's not all . . . the world's best cigarette tobaccos, yes . . . but the blend—Chesterfields' Right Combination—that's the thing.

That's why your Chesterfields are Milder and Better-Tasting...that's why they always SATISFY.

GOOD TOBACCOS, YES
—but the BLEND
that's the thing

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